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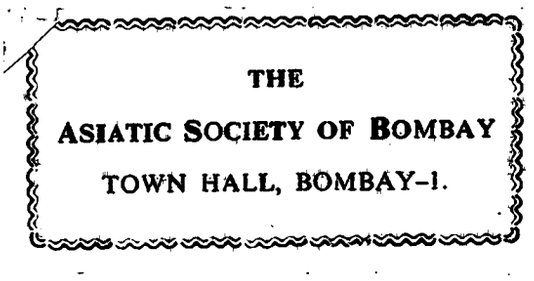


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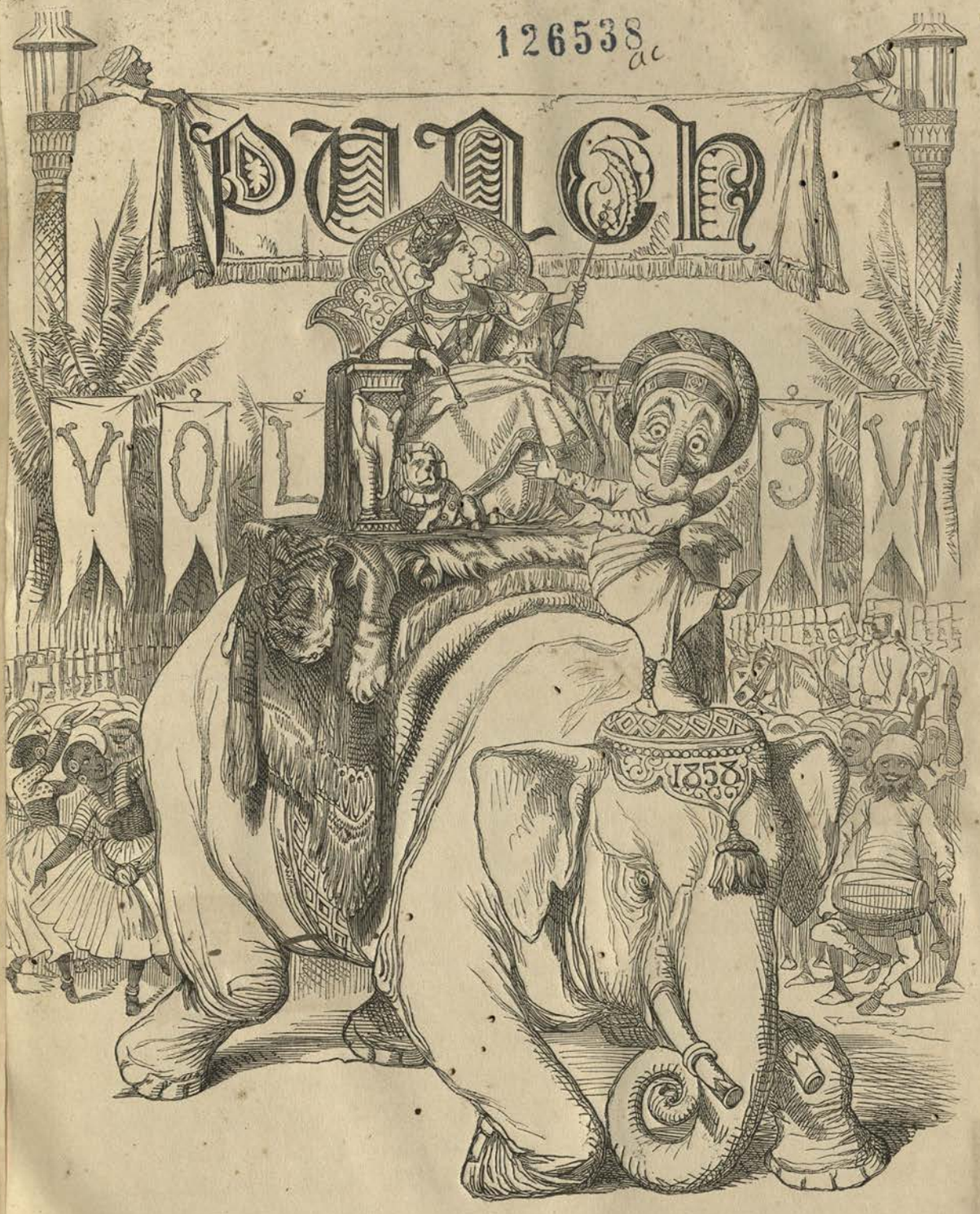



LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1858.

A NEW CHAPTER OF AL KORAN. INTITULED, THE RAIMENT. REVEALED TO THE PROPHET PUNCH, IN THE STREET WHICH IS CALLED FLEET.

IN THE NAME OF THE PROPHET—PETTICOATS!

AND there came unto me a vision, which was perspicuous, yea, and profitable. And behold a maiden, dusky, but lovely as the summer night when the moon hideth her face and the silver stars come forth like diamonds in the crown of a King. Her form, modestly but lightly attired, was graceful as is that of the gazelle, or of the emerald virgin, NORAH, whose gown is sung by the Western poet, TIMOUR. Her name was INDIA. And there were sounds of rejoicing and gratulation, and thunder of cannons, and rushing of rockets, and banging of squibs, and cracking of crackers, and blazing of lights. Lo, it was the first day of the eleventh month, and Asia shouted and said, VICTORIA, even the Queen of the Isles, is now our Empress, and her glory shall be uplifted. And I said, It is well, I, even I, PUNCH, did this thing for her. Then I saw in my vision, that to the sweet maiden, INDIA, as she stood in her soft beauty, there came a fair sister, fairer than she, and her look was as that of a woman who is not afraid to look upon the face of a man, or to smack the same if need be, or none. Upon her head was a helmet, and behold her skirts stuck out like unto the hoops of old, and as she came, men stood aside to make a wide path for her, and some, stricken by the hem of her garments, rubbed their ancles, as in pain. Nevertheless all admired her, for she was comely, and the robe gave her a goodly Presence. Then I, PUNCH, marked the end, which whoso marketh in wisdom shall make his mark in the days. And I knew the name of

the beautiful stranger, and that it meant Land of the Painted Men. For her naked forefathers painted themselves blue. And she came, sweetly smiling, unto the maiden, INDIA, and kissed her, and said, Henceforth we are sisters indeed, daughters of the same mother. And INDIA kissed her, and I, PUNCH, envied each in turn. Then said the Land of the Painted Men, even BRITANNIA, Lo, I have brought thee a present, my charmed garb, wherewith I vanquish and conquer. Place it, I pray thee, upon thee, that it may conceal thy beautiful form, but may show forth the glory of the silkworm, and of the weaver, and of the milliner, and of the lady's maid. It will make thee glorious to behold. Is it not called Crinoline? And the sweet maiden, even INDIA, was allured by the enticing words of BRITANNIA, and with the thing which she brought, even as it were a coop of hoops and bars, did the gracious INDIA invest herself, saying, Lo, now am I too, civilised. And they would have kissed one another again, but could no longer approach by reason of the garments. Then I, even I, PUNCH, stood forward, and I said unto the sweet maiden, INDIA, Truly thou hast arrayed thyself in the raiment of vanity and extravagance, nevertheless, it is fit that beauty do as she will. Howbeit, that thou mayst not wholly be carried away by folly, here is a casket of magic diamonds which thou must daily look upon, and they will sparkle forth to thee teachings and lessons which shall make thee the glory of Asia even as they make thy sister the glory of Europe. And the maiden said, My Lord is all goodness. And I, even I, PUNCH, did present her with my

# Thirty-Fifth Volume.

# THREE CHAPTERS FROM THE BOOK OF CANT.

## CANT IN 1809.

WE regret to observe, that the ridiculous project for lighting the streets of this metropolis with what is affectedly called "Gas," is obtaining both notoriety and support. We are heartily ashamed of sensible, constitutional Englishmen who can lend themselves to such atrocious folly. What do the quacks and humbugs who promulgate this nonsense profess? To illuminate this mighty city with a fluid from a chemist's bottle, an invisible something (or nothing) that is to be carried through miles of pipes, and which they tell us—*credat Judæus*,—can be turned on like water at any point, and at a moment's notice. And JOHN BULL is to be asked to pay for this—yes, to pay for a thing he cannot even see. Not JOHN, if he is the wise man we take him for. But besides, this "Gas" is admitted to be poisonous in the highest degree, and no human life can endure in it. And this abominable stuff is to be carried through our streets, and into our houses, to spread malaria and pestilence. It is moreover of a most explosive character, and there is not the slightest doubt, that should persons be insane enough to use it, not a day, nor an hour will pass but some fearful blow-up will hurry thousands into eternity. We can only say, that should Ministers ever consent to allow the experiment to be tried near the palace of our beloved and revered sovereign, GEORGE THE THIRD, the *pater patriæ*, their heads should roll upon a scaffold on Tower Hill. Another consideration is, that the general use of gas will of course diminish that of oil, the vested interests of the opulent and worthy merchants engaged in the oil trade will be damaged, and the gallant tars now tossing on the ocean in chase of whales will be discouraged. Let the Admiralty think of this, and whether these are times to ruin the reserve fund of our brave Navy. We hear, too, that contrary to all received notions that an Englishman's house is his Castle, the minions of the gas associations are to have ingress to our dwellings to adjust the juggling machinery for measuring this precious humbug. Are the days of WAT TYLER and of Ship-money forgotten? We trow not, and we venture to predict, that in another year we shall hear no more of the unconstitutional, dangerous, cheating, impudent imposture, Gas.

## CANT IN 1829.

Heaven and Earth! Do we live in Turkey or in Britain, the land of the slave or the home of the free? We blush to ask the question, but the wretched apostate PEEL should blush yet redder for forcing it on us. He has, in his dastardly daring, ventured to produce his plan for Bludgeoning London. Yes, we are to have Police! A force of 5000 men, dressed, armed, and drilled like soldiers, is to displace the time-honoured Watch, and is to mount guard over our liberties! A standing army is to parade the streets of London day and night, and to dragoon the free Englishman into abject submission to the mandates of power! Such is the plan of PEEL! Will Englishmen bear it. We boldly answer for them, No! A voice of thunder will go up on high, and crush the police-gang who would crush us. The pleas on which this atrocious conspiracy against liberty is justified are as shallow as the plot itself is base. Robberies are on the increase, respectable people are nightly assaulted and beaten, the suburbs are infested by ruffians, and the feeble old watchmen are either bribed to see nothing, or are too debilitated to protect the honest inhabitant. Grant it all, and far better so than that the bludgeon should supersede the rattle, and the sentinel take the place of the constable. Let Englishmen put up with occasional ill-treatment, rather than empower a miscreant with a brutal stick to knock down everybody he may dislike, or who may be offensive to the fellow's haughty employers. Even the criminal is not to be wantonly oppressed, nor is the bludgeoneer to be let loose upon him, when perhaps he robs only to provide food for his family. The law is strong enough for all purposes. The Police plot is an infamous one, and is designed to bring every Londoner under the espionage and tyranny of the Home Secretary. We dare to predict that the plan will be abandoned in obedience to the cry of our outraged nation, and that our children will never be scared by the inhuman sight of a blue and braceleted bludgeoneer clattering his hoofs on the free Saxon pavement of London.

## CANT IN 1858.

So! More "improvements," as any aristocratic and Sybaritic contrivances are now called. The demand for what is affectedly termed "peace and quietness" in the streets of London has assumed such proportions, that the authorities have resolved to take the subject in hand, and Street Nuisances are to be suppressed. The organ, the band, the hurdygurdy, that enlivened our thoroughfares from morning to night, are to be banished from neighbourhoods where the inhabitants in their luxurious selfishness do not desire them, the poor servant girl is forbidden to buy an hour or two of melody to soothe her slavery, and the Street Boys, those Pariahs, are to be tyrannically remitted to

school, instead of assembling in crowds to listen to the serenaders of Ethiopia. More; for the cup of tyranny is to be filled to overflowing. The Street Cries, which from dewy morn to hazy eve are heard in the complaining districts, are to be put down, on the ground that they render homes uninhabitable, drive the hale man from his home, and the sick woman to distraction. Bah! Suppose that it is so, and that a few thousand well-to-do people do suffer the martyrdom they complain of. What is this trifling evil, in a population like ours, compared to the hardship of forbidding the free Englishman to do as he pleases on his native soil? If tradesmen allege that they are cruelly injured by the peripatetic traffic, is it for them that we should make arbitrary edicts, for them that we should import new edicts into our code. *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutare.* Better that whole districts should suffer by the grinding and yelling, than that police-restrictions should convert the population of London into a mass of slaves. But we venture to predict that the reform will never be effected, and that never shall the humble minstrel be forbidden his pensive strain, or the wandering vendor required to silence his howl!

## PERMANENT ENLARGEMENT OF THE STRAWBERRY.

THERE is an old saying that throws ridicule upon anyone who subdivides his labour to that finikin extent, as to make two bites of a cherry. But with strawberries, this subdivision of labour is absolutely necessary. The strawberry is attaining such a Falstaffian corpulency, that there are few mouths belonging to the female sex that can open sufficiently wide as to take it in at one bite. Two and three bites of a strawberry that has any fashionable pretensions to size, is not at all an uncommon operation. We have seen young ladies put the strawberry on their plate, and carve it into thin delicate slices, and sugar them with as much care, as if it were an orange. However, the sweetest thing in connection with this expanding fruit, occurred last week at Richmond. A newly-married couple were dining in the public room of Honeysuckle Cottage. The husband was trying to persuade his pretty wife to venture on a strawberry. "No, dear," she replied, with the most charming daintiness, "I can't manage an entire one, but if you will have half, love, I will take the other half." The monster "pine" was accordingly bisected; and so large was each moiety, that the young wife had actually to bisect her half again! The person who made two bites of a cherry, would, carrying out the same ratio of affectation, have to make two hundred, at least, of a strawberry.

## SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS.

THE Theatrical Critic of the *Times*, in his notice of MR. CHARLES KEAN'S *Shylock*, declares that "in the trial scene every line is a point." In the name of EUCLID, we beg to protest against the assertion. A line we all know is "length without breadth," and a point is "that which has position but no magnitude." Obviously a thing cannot be both at once. Which definition of his style does MR. CHARLES KEAN prefer? Would he rather have it understood that his performance is remarkable for its length, but utterly deficient in breadth—or that his *Shylock* occupies a place on the stage, but has nothing great about it?

### HARSH DISTRAINT.

IT will be very sharp practice of the Yankees if, as some of their stump orators threaten, they, without waiting for any explanation, at once proceed to seize and sell up our *Styx*.

RETALIATION.—The Jews have often taken in the Lords—let the Lords now prove their spirit of generosity by letting in the Jews.

## MR. PUNCH, PERSPIRING, DEBATETH OF DINNER.

FYTTE FIRSTE.

THE sunshine is baking—thermometer making
Attempts up to tropical figures to climb;
The Dog-days outspeeding old Sirius his leading,
Have come up to town quite six weeks ere their time.

O'er man-hole and gully, with nose informed fully
Of the odours for London olfactories stored,
You may curse Vestry-talkers—improvement's staunch balkers,—
And to pave Satan's palace send THWAITES and his Board.

To a stomach so squeamish, nor GUINNESS nor BEAMISH,
Tonic Bass nor brisk ALSOPP can wake it to play,
And a languid digestion, how solemn the question,
"Where, my dear *Mr. Punch* should a man dine to-day?"

Far from London's stagnation, her streets' exhalation,
The dust of her parks, and the scorch of her stones,
There is nothing to curb an escape to suburban
Sweet air and green shade, for the sunstricken bones.

There 's Greenwich invites me, and Blackwall excites me—
Where crowned with blue borage the Badminton reams;
Oh, iced cup of Moselle!—the very proposal,
To fall like sweet dew on my parch'd palate seems.

Oh, the Moët to sip, with the ice at one's lip,
While the breath of the river just waves the green blind!
The breath of the river! A horrible shiver
Crawls through me, to think what those words bring to mind.

Though the Ship's *cordon bleu*, or the Brunswick's outdo
All that SOYER, or UDE or CARÊME e'er have done,
Who for them boldly stems the foul water of Thames—
That Acheron, Styx, and Cocytus, in one?

Between banks fringed with nuisance, safe guarded by usance,
With fœtor of fæces and blackness of pitch,
Rolls that huge open sewer, that gutter impure,
That many times magnified Fleet or Hound's ditch.

But were Thames even purer, I'm not so much surer
That the Ship and Trafalgar and Brunswick combine,
Such dining attraction, as wakes into action
An appetite *blasé* and bilious as mine.

With turtle beginning—therein, though, not sinning;
From fin to green fat—dear *chelonians*—I kiss 'em!—
Our meal, on its journey—"*formosa superne*,"
*Non "desinit" solum, sed it tota "in piscem."*

I'm sick of those douches of thin water-souches—
Of spitch-cocks and Spey trout, and huge Gloucester jowls;
As somewhat a bore I regard e'en John Dory;
I abhor whiting-pudding, and lobster-rissoles.

To old hands e'en the whitebait, though devilled, 's a slight bait,
What to *gourmand's* a treat, is to *gourmet* a trial:
In short, by St. Venter, my protest I enter
'Gainst a dinner of fish "*et præterea nihil.*"

All gammon and spinach are Blackwall and Greenwich,
And by civilised diners "taboo" should be reckoned;
When I learn where one *may* go, and 'scape fish-farrago,
I will mention the fact in some future Fytte Second.

### Nearly Kicking the Bucket.

A MAN was seen at the foot of Chelsea Bridge taking fish out of the Thames with his hands, and putting them into a bucket of fresh water. They were only just saved in time, as they were all but poisoned with the filth. Amongst the varieties that fell an easy prey were gudgeons and perch. There is another variety, however, which is not recorded, and which is to be found in the greatest abundance in the river. One has only to breathe, and it is caught in a minute. We allude to the famous Thames(S)Tench. At this time of the year it is most prolific.

N.B. THIS IS NOT A JOKE.

WHY would it not do to row the LORD MAYOR'S barge on the Thames with silver oars? Because the oars would instantly get tarnished with sulphuretted hydrogen.

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

ONDAY, *June* 21. The one absorbing topic in both Houses of Parliament, during the week, was the Conspiracy to Poison question. Of the guilt of that old offender, Father Thames, there was the most ample evidence presented to the Houses, and the complicity of various other parties—as the Central Board of Works, the Dock and Gas Companies, the Chief Commissioner of Works, the Sewage Boards, and others distinctly criminated—was only a question of degree. Both Houses concurred in desiring immediate remedial measures, but, as usual, nothing was done. In other words, the awful stench from the river was so pestilential, that it became matter of consideration whether the Senate should not fly from the unequal conflict. MR. GURNEY, who ventilates the place, gave formal notice that he would no longer be responsible for the health of the members, as his reservoir of air in Star Chamber Court was now poisoned. The judges hastened to shut up their Courts, and everybody who could get away from the locality hastened to do so.

Under these circumstances it would be a departure from that justice on which *Mr. Punch* particularly prides and piques himself, did he apply any severe rule to proceedings carried on amid so much discouragement. He did all that became a patriot and a man. He sent a box of CARLON'S very best cigars (the same which *Mr. Punch* himself smokes) to each Member of the Lords and Commons, with a beautiful little silver box inscribed with the Member's name, and holding Vesuvians. He sent a splendid great Meerschaum and a quarter of a ton of Cavendish to MR. DENISON, the Speaker. He, further, invited the Houses to adjourn to his place, volunteering to put his own room at the disposal of the Lords, and the publishing office at that of the Commons. CHELMSFORD might, *Mr. P.* said, sit on his inverted waste-paper basket, and the new coalscuttle should be turned up for DERBY. There was room for the whole House of Commons on the counter down-stairs, PALMERSTON might get upon the shelf, and the cat should resign her corner to MR. ROEBUCK. *Mr. Punch* continues the invitation, adding that he will with pleasure stand beer to the Senate whenever desired. Had the LORD MAYOR, and the mock Fathers of the City, shown a tenth part of *Mr. Punch's* energy, something might have been done towards arresting the plague; but their energies are exhausted in defending the rotten old Corporation, and in trying to do gaol schoolmasters out of their salary; for which latter offence, by the way, LORD CAMPBELL gave "persons high in the City" a most withering wipe. "He was astonished at such a defence."

On *Monday*, the day being fearfully hot, the Coolies were very properly selected as a theme by the BISHOP OF OXFORD, and Government was urged to see that we did not practise the Slave Trade under another name. LORD MALMESBURY said, that LORD DERBY thought the Lords would have quite time enough to discuss India when the subject came regularly before them. GREY hoped they were not going to be hurried, and CLANRICARDE thought that the Indian rubber ought to be played out at once without any more shuffling and cutting.

The Commons had a very good debate on the Paper Duty. MR. MILNER GIBSON moved a resolution condemnatory of the tax, and made an excellent speech against it. MR. INGRAM ably pointed out its impolicy and unfairness, and MR. SALISBURY pleaded the cause of the working-man. MR. AYRTON and MR. COWAN also denounced the duty, and MR. DISRAELI, as Chancellor of Exchequer, made the usual answer; namely that he should like to get rid of the tax if he could, but that he couldn't. MR. BRIGHT drove the nail further in with some of his vigorous hammering. The two Whigs, LEWIS and RUSSELL, made faint opposition to the resolution, and MR. HENRY DRUMMOND said a petulant thing or two; not because he liked the paper duty, but because he disliked some of its opponents, a logical proceeding not uncommon with certain theologians. However the House agreed, without division, that the maintenance of the paper dues as a permanent source of income would be impolitic. Down will go the duty one of these days, and then *Mr. Punch* will be enabled to add another fifty or sixty thousand a year, (which he now pays to the Crown) to the salaries of his young men.

The House then voted £563,435 for educational purposes, in order to qualify the people to read the books which the removal of the paper duty will place in their hands.

*Tuesday.* On the Bill for improving the Divorce Act, LORD REDESDALE found fault with the Divorce judges for getting over their work too fast, for which impertinence LORD CAMPBELL gave REDESDALE a good wigging. This did not prevent S. OXON from talking similar nonsense, but the bill passed. LORD CARLISLE then wanted to present a petition from the Quakers against Church Rates, but as the haughty Friends had not described their appeal as the "humble" petition, the equally haughty Lords kicked it out. S. OXON made a sort of joke on presenting another petition in the contrary direction, and got "a laugh."

The Commons passed a resolution against Members of their House advocating any measure for any pecuniary fee or reward. This was directed against the lawyers, and they felt it, and one after another jumped up to protest against such an insult; but LORD HOTHAM, the mover, persevered, and the very Broad Hint was registered by 210 to 27. The lawyers had previously voted 80 strong, to get rid of the motion altogether, but like the Tories on the first night of ADDISON'S *Cato*, they afterwards echoed the applause "to show that the hit was unfelt." MR. ROEBUCK, of course, introduced a personal anecdote of himself, stating that on its being sought to get him on the side of the QUEEN OF OUDE, he said, "Sir, what the Devil do you mean?"—a story of profound interest in British history.

*Wednesday.* A Bill for making partners in trade register their names publicly was a good deal resisted, and withdrawn. The state of the House from the river odours was so bad that Members kept out of doors, and only popped in their heads now and then to cry "hear, hear." Luckily there was no evening sitting.

*Thursday.* LORD BROUGHAM took great pains to explain an excellent Conveyancing Bill of his, and then—withdrew it.

In the Commons the Corporation Reform Bill was debated, very dully. And then the India Bill was read a second time. This is No. 3 of the attempts at legislation, and very eccentric betting is being offered as to its fate.

*Friday.* In both Lords and Commons the most energetic protests were made about the state of the river. "Stench," cried the DUKE OF BUCCLEUGH. "You do not exaggerate," said LORD MALMESBURY. "Cholera, typhus, and the plague," were the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE'S words. "Enormous evil," said LORD GRANVILLE. "Never smelt such a smell," quoth EARL GREY. "Pestilential," said LORD WYNFORD. And the same sort of outcries broke from the exasperated Commons. Nevertheless, as aforesaid, nothing is to be done—first we are to wait for a report of a committee, and then to see whether the country will agree to pay for purifying the river, or meanly insist on the whole expense being borne by London.

The LORD MAYOR made a speech against Rag Fair, and the India Bill went forward, LORD PAM twice trying to make alterations, and, on both his attempts, being defeated by a large majority. Should either House survive another week, *Mr. Punch* will resume his report in his next publication.

## THE RATE OF HANDS AT MANCHESTER.

AN interesting trade report from Manchester informs us that—

"There is no further giving way in prices. Little business is done, because spinners remain firm at their former quotations."

What manner of market is this in which spinners remain firm at their former quotations? Is not "spinners" a term convertible with "spinsters?" The continuation of the report seems to afford a decisive answer to that question:—

"A slight concession might lead to considerable sales, but spinners are so fully engaged that they are not disposed to concede anything in price. Domestics and T cloths are in fair demand, other kinds remain as before."

These are rather mercenary spinsters, however, if, notwithstanding that they are engaged, they are yet willing to sell themselves at a certain price, although a high one. Widows are not quoted in the Manchester matrimonial trade-report; wherefore they may be inferred to be a drug in the market. Wives, our French readers will please to observe, are likewise not mentioned at all. We are gratified by the information, that Domestics are in fair demand, but sorry to find that they take with them their tablecloths, or rather the tablecloths of their masters and mistresses, which we understand to be meant by the T cloths of Manchester slang, and the cognate dialect of the rag-and-bone-shop.

### Joint Stock River Banks.

THE Banks of the Thames are rich in Deposits, forming wealth of which the quantity is immense. In the event of a panic being created by Typhus or Cholera, it may be well to bear in mind that these banks are constituted on the principle of unlimited liability.

TO SIT UPON A CHAIR, AND HAVE ONE'S HORSE HELD, IS NOW A VEWY FASHIONABLE WAY OF WIDING IN "WOTTON WOW."

## THE THAMES IN ITS TRUE COLOURS.

WE understand that MR. COOKE, to whom the Cockneys are indebted for the pleasant little sea-whiff called, *A Sniff of the Briny*, has, in consequence, been honoured with a Government commission, and will shortly begin painting a companion work. The picture MR. COOKE has been instructed to prepare, is a painting of the Thames as it appears at low tide; and if health be spared him to complete its execution, we may expect to see the work exhibited next year, with the parodying title of *A Sniff of the Slimy*. It being, of course, desired that the river be depicted as faithfully as possible, it was at first thought that the painting should be done in water-colours. By chemical analysis it was however ascertained, that what is called in compliment the "water" of the Thames, is in reality a semi-liquid kind of mud; an artificial compound of pestiferous ingredients, in which the aqueous particles can only be distinguished by inspection through a microscope. To have painted this in water-colours would clearly not have shown it, as intended, in its true ones; and we hear that MR. COOKE has been considerably puzzled to discover in what medium the filth may be most truthfully put upon the canvas.

The spot which we believe has been selected for the sketch, lies somewhere between Lambeth and St. Stephens, Westminster, that being perhaps the place where the Thames is seen and smelt to the greatest disadvantage. In the background will be shown the bone-boiling and grease-mills, which there add their vile pollutions to the fouling of the stream, while some only half-submerged putrescent canine carcases will be introduced to give effect to what is called the "middle distance." In the foreground of the picture, or, to speak with more correctness, we should say in the fore-filth, it is intended to present a sketch of the small steamboat which was chartered by the Government upon a nosing expedition, and sent out with the view of ascertaining if the Thames were in reality as black as the *Times* has lately painted it. An additional interest will thus be given to the picture, by its containing faithful portraits of those unfortunate M.P.s who were appointed members of the Thames Sniffing Committee, and to ensure a strict fidelity to life, the group of smellers will be shown as they actually appeared, with their right thumbs and fore-fingers closely clasped upon their noses.

This, as far as we can gather, is a glimpse of the intended composition of the picture; and if the artist have but health enough to finish it, we cannot doubt that it will prove a highly interesting work. There is, however, clearly need to make this sanitary proviso; for of course the task of taking sketches of a sewer so pestiferous and deadly as the Thames, is as dangerous a work as well could be devised, and we may almost doubt if any one will ever get well through it. If MR. COOKE have not the strongest and most cast-iron constitution, his friends ought to dissuade him from so perilous a service. By way of preparation for the work which lies before him, we are given to understand that he has prudently commenced a course of nasal training, which will pretty fairly test his powers of endurance. A pailful of Thames water is every morning placed within nose-shot of his studio, and he is thus becoming gradually accustomed to the smell of it. For the interests of Art, we are gratified to learn, that a marked success attends the progress of his efforts. By a fortnight's constant practice he has brought his nasal organ so well within control, that he is confident of making it in course of time Thames-proof. We hear that he already can inhale no less than four distinct sewer-sniffs per hour, without being made ill by them: and if his course of training continues satisfactory, we believe that at the end of another fortnight's practice, he will back himself to pass a dozen dead dogs in a day without taking any nasal notice of their presence.

### Addition to the Language of Flowers.

THE Auricula is a very pretty flower. It should be plentifully employed in the floral decorations of St. Paul's and St. Barnabas's Churches, Pimlico, to signify the propensity of the Clergy and frequenters of those pseudo-Catholic edifices to auricular confession.

### STREET NOMENCLATURE.

SHOULD the War-Office and the Horse Guards ever be united together, it is the intention of Government, out of compliment to the Hon. Captain, who was the proposer of the union, to call the Street, in which the new Offices may be located, the "*Rue* VIVIAN."

# FATHER THAMES INTRODUCING HIS OFFSPRING TO THE FAIR CITY OF LONDON.

*(A Design for a Fresco in the New Houses of Parliament.)*

## A PRIZE CANARD.

WE have bagged the following magnificent *canard* in one of the French literary preserves. It is so large, so plump, so perfect of its kind, that we prefer giving it as we found it, with all its beautiful French plumage still fresh upon it. We should be sorry to touch a feather of the dear bird. *Le voici* :—

"La semaine dernière, un cultivateur d'une commune voisine de Saint-Omer a tué un porc, dans l'estomac duquel il a été trouvé une montre en argent avec sa chaîne, qui avait été perdue deux mois auparavant, et qui appartenait à l'un des domestiques de la maison. Cette montre, sans verre et à caisse entière, était noire comme le charbon. Ce qu'il y a de plus étonnant, c'est *que la montre n'était pas arrêtée.*"—*Constitutionnel.*

*Voilà!* If there was a Poultry Show for *canards*, the above, we think, would beat all other competitors out of the field. It would inevitably carry off the prize. It would be useless stuffing the *canard* with any savoury comments of our own. It is deliciously dressed, ready to be served up on any gentleman's library-table. We only want to know, whether the pig did not swallow the key as well as the watch and chain, as otherwise we are puzzled to understand how the watch, since it was found going, was wound up during the two months it was lost. You may be sure that the pig wound it up regularly every night before *going to bed*. The swallowing the watch is easily accounted for. Without a doubt, the *porc* mistook it for a bunch of thyme?

We begin to think that the French fatten *canards* for the literary market better than we do. We have heard of watch-dogs, but this case of a watch-pig caps everything we ever heard before.

## LIBERTIES OF THE PRESS.

(*From the* "*Earwig.*")

MR. WILLIAMS, the author of *Winifred Jones*, lives at Parson's Green. Before he had acquired his present celebrity he resided in the New Cut, where he occupied a two-pair back, and was frequently in arrears with his landlady. He eloped with MRS. WILLIAMS, whose maiden name was BARKER, and whose father was a tanner in Bermondsey. Old BARKER cut up badly, disappointing WILLIAMS, who had been cherishing the delusion that he had married an heiress, and at the death of the tanner found himself sold.

The editor of the *Extinguisher* is WILLIAM GREEN; he is often to be seen riding in Rotten Row, where he may be recognised by a large excrescence on his nose, and a cast in his eye. His father was transported for forging a bill of exchange. His staff of contributors consists of MR. PAUL JOHNSON, MR. JAMES BAXTER, MR. ALGERNON ADAMS, and MR. SIDNEY CROW. They are each of them paid fifty guineas a week, except JOHNSON, who gets a hundred. He was an orphan, but received a first-rate education from his uncle, who is now a pauper in St. Pancras Workhouse.

The popular novelist, MR. JENKINSON, is about five ten or eleven in height; he is stout, has red hair, and green eyes, in one of which he sticks a glass. He receives a thousand pounds a month from his publishers. He has invested most of his literary earnings in Government Securities, but lately purchased a house for £10,000 and has a balance at his banker's amounting to £449 6*s.* 11½*d.* MRS. JENKINSON is a plain woman, with a rather fine set of terro-metallic teeth. MR. JENKINSON has three children, two girls and a boy. The former are scrofulous, and the latter is subject to epileptic fits. JENKINSON generally wears three shirts a week, and a clean collar every day; his usual dinner consists of a leg of mutton; but when once we dined at his table, he gave us soup and fish, and we understand that yesterday he had a fillet of veal.

MR. SCOUT is a billiard-marker, and not connected with the *Earwig*, for the editor of which he was horsewhipped the other day by mistake.

HOW TO MAKE THINGS PLEASANT.—Of all persons, LADY DINORBEN seems to possess this art to the greatest perfection. She would be invaluable in a country-house during the wet season!

## CHAFF IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH.

IN the Case of PARKER *v.* CARDEN and others—an action for unreasonable dismissal from the situation of Newgate schoolmaster, tried in the Court of Queen's Bench—the day being hot, and the heat apparently relaxing the dignity of the learned Judge, and of course that of the Counsel also; the following dialogue—according to a law report—occurred between the plaintiff in the witness-box, my LUD, MR. EDWIN JAMES, and MR. FRANCIS:—

"LORD CAMPBELL. Was there any additional salary allowed you?

"MR. PARKER. None whatever. MR. WEATHERHEAD also wanted me to be on duty at six o'clock in the summer, and told me that 'by' the new rules which he had made I should adhere.

"LORD CAMPBELL. That 'by' should be 'to'. (*Laughter.*)

"MR. JAMES. The schoolmaster is now abroad. (*Laughter.*)

"MR. PARKER. I told MR. WEATHERHEAD, that I did not like the duties of turnkey.

"LORD CAMPBELL. I really should have thought there was more respect for literature in the City.

"MR. PARKER. In consequence of my refusal to discharge the office of turnkey, I was suspended by the Governor.

"MR. JAMES. Not, I hope, suspended *per collum* outside the building. (*Laughter.*)

"LORD CAMPBELL. Did he put on a black cap? (*Laughter.*)

"MR. PARKER. No, my lord, but I was suspended.

"MR. JAMES. Not by the hangman, I hope. (*Laughter.*) Who suspended you?

"MR. PARKER. The Governor.

"MR. JAMES. Was the Chaplain present to administer religious consolation to you? (*Laughter.*)

"MR. PARKER. He was not.

"MR. FRANCIS (*Junior Counsel*). Were you really suspended?

"MR. PARKER. I was.

"MR. FRANCIS. How did you receive your punishment?

"MR. JAMES. I suppose you were quite resigned? (*Laughter.*)"

The reporter to whom we are indebted for the above facetious colloquy, does not state what might be well imagined to be the fact, that the Bench and the Bar were provided with cigars and tumblers of brandy-and-water. In the Strand, not far from the disappearing remains of the Adelphi theatre, is exhibited the signboard of a nocturnal tavern, whereon is depicted the portrait of a legal sage, who, by anybody who has read the foregoing example of comic law proceedings, and does not know LORD CAMPBELL, might be mistaken for the Lord Chief Justice. The picture represents the Judge of a mock tribunal, held below-stairs in the nocturnal tavern. The parallel between the Court above and the Court below is not quite complete as regards both Judge and Jury; for the twelve gentlemen in the higher Court took a serious view of the case, and returned a verdict for the plaintiff with damages to the tune of £45, and an expression of regret that they could not give him more. The witnesses in the respective Courts, moreover, are not quite similarly circumstanced; inasmuch as the witness in the lower Court does not answer jocose interrogatories on a real oath, whereas the witness in the higher tribunal does: a distinction between the two cases which makes some difference.

## TO THE THAMES.

(*After* TENNYSON.)

BAKE, bake, bake,
O Thames, on thy way to the sea!
And I would that thy stink could poison
A Bishop, Peer, or M.P.

Oh, well for the Rotherhithe boy
That he shouts with the mudlarks at play!
Oh, well for the Greenwich lad,
That he dives for the browns in thy clay!

And the swoln dead dogs go down
Through the bridges, past Tow'r Hill;
But, oh, for the touch of a despot's hand
To the works of a Board that is *nil!*

Bake, bake, bake,
O Thames, on thy way to the sea!
But the appetite which thy stink strikes dead
Will never come back to me.

### Fraud on a Friend.

IN consequence of the determination of the Local Board of Health, representing the people of Worthing to diddle their contractors, MR. FRIEND and partner, by a legal quibble, out of £1,100, justly due for drainage and waterworks executed, it is proposed that, unless that dishonest intention is abandoned, and the money paid, the swindling town of Worthing shall henceforth, instead of Worthing, be called Worthless.

THE HEAVIEST PAPER-WEIGHT.—The Duty on Paper.

## AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.

*Young Sparrow.* "OH, I'M SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU, UNCLE—BUT COULD YOU LEND ME A RAZOR? MY CONFOUNDED FELLOW HASN'T PACKED UP MY DRESSING CASE!"

## THE SONG OF THE DYING SWAN TO THE THAMES.

AIR—"*Weber's Last Waltz.*"

I AM shortly going,
Faint and feeble growing,
My life's sands from flowing
Soon will cease.
Prematurely dying,
Whilst the winds are sighing,
Airy voices crying
Rest in peace!
I faint, your strong perfume oppresses me,
Ye waters brown, exhaling scented breath,
Soon, from the fragrance that distresses me,
Delivered shall I be by early death.

Now I burn, then shiver,
All through thee, Thames River,
Fatal fever-giver,
On thy breast,
In the hot sun reeking,
Foul beyond all speaking,
I was, pleasure seeking,
Struck with pest.
Upon thy bosom odoriferous,
Upon thy oozy, slimy, putrid shore,
Too long I've breathed an air mortiferous,
And now I am about to breathe no more!

With thine odour stricken,
Whilst thy warm waves thicken,
How I heave and sicken
On thy brink!
My life's tide ebbs quicker,
As thou growest thicker,
*Flood of filthy liquor,*
Nasty sink!
I choke! thy stifling vapours cover me:
Ah! now my failing nerves no more can smell.
Sing, sing ye gales, your wild dirge over me:
Thou nasty, dirty, filthy, Thames farewell!

AN OPEN QUESTION (*and left rather too open*).—How to remedy the foulness of the Thames?

## PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS EXTRAORDINARY.

IN illustration of the utter want of medical reform manifest in the provinces, may be cited two handbills which we have received from Middlesborough, one issued by a physician, and the other proceeding from two surgeons. The physician is a DR. BODEN, the surgeons are gentlemen who call themselves DRS. PHILLIPS, father and son. Besides a long list of cures, the former of these respectable practitioners publishes a statement that "DR. BODEN has lately invented a machine, worked by steam, for the cure of deafness, which has never yet failed to cure all cureable cases. Price only £1. 105 have now been sold." The doctor of course means to say, that 105 machines have been sold, not 105 simpletons. He immediately adds, "Beware of Impostors"—by whom, doubtless, he intends those practitioners whose title is derived from any regular college or university.

DRS. PHILLIPS and SON represent themselves to be the "founders of the PHYSIOPATIC or NATURAL System of Medicine." They allege that "this system is entirely their own," and that "the success which, under the blessing of Heaven has attended it, is truly miraculous." The piety of the authors of the PHYSIOPATIC system is as remarkable as their grammar and orthography. Under their treatment "HEALTH is immediately within the reach of all." Never say die while DOCTORS PHILLIPS live! They declare that "the Press in all parts of England and America resounds with the praise of DRS. PHILLIPS and SON, and unanimously hails them—the Prince of Physicians!!" The two notes of admiration here are not without meaning. The mystery of two doctors constituting one prince of physicians is with great propriety thus doubly signalized.

Another splendid proof of the needlessness of medical legislation for the country is the advertisement, also forwarded to us, of DR. GREER, of Glasgow. DR. GREER advertises "Genuine Hygeian Vegetable Pills, which he improved after he resigned the Professorship to the British College of Health, London, in 1834, after the death of MR. MORISON." MORISON died in spite of his own pills, which, as improved by DR. GREER, would perhaps have saved him.

The following is DR. GREER'S statement of his pretensions:—

"The Scottish Hygeian Institution stands in relation to Royal Colleges as Dissenting Churches do to Royal Churches All it wants is the State Law and State Money to make it equal to, if not superior to, other Colleges, because Hygeianism tries no dangerous experiments nor poisonous drugs, but gives one safe and efficient medicine to all, which purifies the blood, and Cures all Diseases—by DR. GREER'S Vegetable Pills, Powders, Tinctures, and Infusions, which he improved after he resigned the Professorship to the British College of Health in 1834. Frown not, honest reader, that God, in every age of the world, raised as humble men as JAMES GREER to overturn the tyranny of man against His holy laws—to establish truth, peace, and health of the earth. If God wrought superhuman miracles by illiterate men, can He not work philosophic miracles by DR. GREER? He can, and has done so these fifty years, which no man that loves omnipotent and inspired truth can refute.

N.B. DR. GREER sends to any part of the kingdom, free, three miraculous philosophic pamphlets, containing more than 300 extraordinary cures, which comprise cholera, consumption, cancers, &c., for six penny stamps.

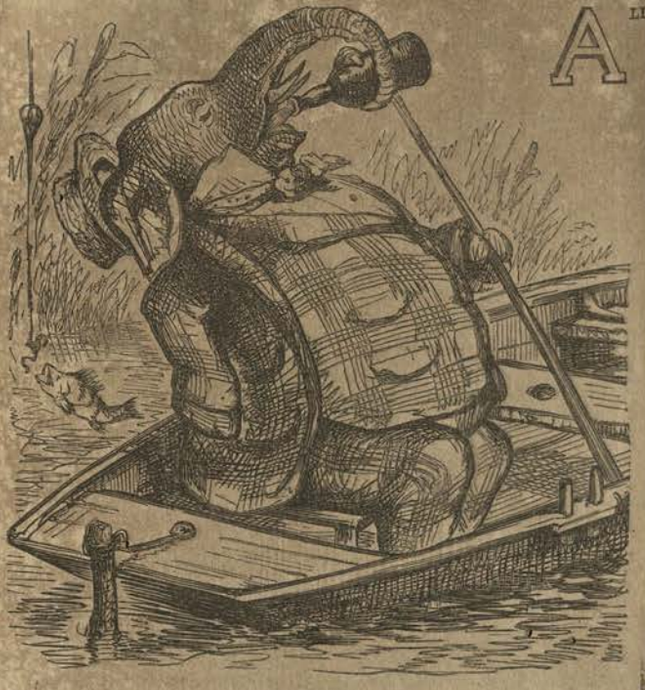
"He is ready to be tried,* and can prove a medical education, without God or his Bible, is devilish, and a destroyer of the souls and bodies of doctors, their patients, just as they trust one another."

DR. GREER also will have been perceived to be a man of religion as well as of science and literature: equally a man of each. His claims to those attributes, and all the claims of the other above-named physicians and surgeons, might be denied. It might be said, that their advertisements were parcels of impudent lies from beginning to end, and that they themselves were mischievous fellows; and the public might be warned against giving any credit to their ridiculous falsehoods. Fortunately for the protection of the British Public, an action for libel or slander would lie against anybody for saying anything of the kind; and we call upon MR. COWPER and all other framers of medical bills, to be cautious in introducing into their respective measures, any clause for withdrawing that protection which the British Public enjoys in common with the British Quack.

* By a jury of his country?

CROSS PURPOSES.—It may be said of Puseyism that, with Protestantism, as well as with Popery, it is always playing at Cross-purposes.

## ADVICE IN HOT WEATHER.



ALLOW nothing to worry you. Refrain from reading the Debates. Keep as cool as possible. Enter into no arguments with an Irishman. Eat plenty of salad. Pay a cabman his fare sooner than dispute with him. Order in no more meat than you want for the day's consumption. If you have occasion to consult a Railway Guide sooner than do it yourself, pay some one to do it for you. Avoid going near a tallow-chandler's shop. If a blue-stocking, or a blue-bottle, torment you, sooner than enter into a controversy with her, or him, go into another room. Cold meat is better than hot. Shun public dinners. Walk on the shady side of the way. Be very careful how you trust yourself to a sun-stroke or a five-act tragedy. Be prodigal, even to your enemy, with the Wenham. Keep clear of concerts, classical quartetts, *matinées, soirées, réunions, thés dansantes* or *chantantes*, private parties, "a few friends," and all great mobs whatever. Allow no man, if you can help it, to tread upon your corns; but better to bear with the pain you have than put yourself to any violent exertion in resenting it. Should you be button-holed by a red-haired friend, you shouldn't look at him oftener than is polite, or absolutely necessary. Walk twice the distance rather than get *inside* a red-hot oven of an omnibus; in the latter case, you will be infallibly baked alive.

If any letters come with the printed superscription "*On Her Majesty's Service*," without meaning any disrespect to HER MAJESTY, or surlily refusing to do her a service, don't open them, as they will only annoy you with the remembrance of neglected duties, or work on your tender feelings by some pathetic allusion to unpaid taxes. Better not call on affectionate cousins. Close your lips tight against London milk and German metaphysics, as well as everything that is sour or likely to sour you. Exercise the same wise obstinacy with regard to unripe fruit. It is as well to keep out of a butcher's shop, and all pastrycooks', unless you happen to have a partiality for flies. Give up the idea of going up to the top of St. Paul's Cathedral until the weather is considerably cooler. Avoid all theological hair-splitting matters of metaphysical mysticism, Spurgeonisms, parish squabbles, and Puseyite scandals, until the cool of the evening. Wear old boots. Don't attempt the Herculean task of putting on your gloves, supposing your hands are labouring under the usual influences of the weather. Count ten, and look at an oyster (at least) twenty times, before you venture to swallow one. Babies, that are addicted to crying, should be kept at a distance, as their music, especially if long continued, is rather apt to spoil the sweetness of one's disposition. If you feel you are getting peevish, open your waistcoat. Before leaning back, see that there is not a "Stick-'em-alive-oh" behind you, on which your head may adhesively recline. Finally, flirting is dangerous. Too much VERDI is relaxing. Tight clothes are a nuisance. Agricultural speeches have, at 92° in the shade, a tendency to madness. And above all, be extremely cautious what pastry you eat, and what light literature you read, during this brain boiling and all-your-joints-hot-roasting weather.

N.B. Elbow no bull; and don't cross the path, much less the temper, of any unamiable-looking dog.

## ALMACK'S LATE JOYS.

THE Lady Patronesses of ALMACK'S are reverently invited to entertain a proposal, suggested by the following report of the proceedings of that fashionable society over which they preside:—

"ALMACK'S.

"The second of the above aristocratic balls took place on Thursday Evening, at WILLIS'S Rooms, and fully sustained the prestige which attached to the first *réunion*.

"The Company numbered 600.

"The rooms were prettily decorated and the festivities of the evening were prolonged until four o'clock on Friday Morning."

"*We won't go Home till Morning!*" is a mild and tame resolution compared with that determination to enjoy themselves which caused the jolly companions of ALMACK'S to prolong their festivities till 4 A.M. Another chorus ought to be composed for the expression, on the part of exclusive circles and superior classes, of the intent to stay up beyond a late hour to an hour which is not very early. Would the following answer the purpose?

We won't go home till day-time,
We won't go home till day-time,
We won't go home till day-time,
Till milkmaids do appear.

This refined variation of a vulgar chorus might be sung by some of the aristocratic revellers, whilst others danced on tables; but the idea of making that vocal and saltatory display is not what we meant to suggest in the proposal above mentioned, to the Lady Patronesses of Almack's. The notion which we do venture to recommend for their consideration is this. To exclude those sunbeams, the intrusion of which on festivities prolonged till four o'clock in the morning, must be felt to be unpleasantly impertinent, would it not be as well to sink WILLIS'S Rooms, or some other rooms in their stead, certain fathoms, or at least yards, in the earth, and call them WILLIS'S Cellars? That devilled kidneys and stewed cheeses should supply the place of cream and water ices, and that stout, pale ale, and spirits should be substituted for lemonade, need not absolutely follow; though possibly towards the break-up of the assembly, a desire might be partially experienced for poached eggs, inasmuch as some of the younger portion of the company would perhaps not have lost their natural and seasonable appetite for breakfast.

Among their seniors of both sexes, there might, moreover, be not a few whose exhausted energies might demand the refreshment of whiskey, brandy, gin, rum, or Hollands. That the proposed arrangement would, if carried out, render the elegant and exclusive roysterers of Almack's seedy the next morning need scarcely be apprehended; and it could hardly make them more seedy the same afternoon than many young ladies at present look in Hyde Park, whose pallid, not to say sallow cheeks and maudlin eyes, unmistakeably intimate that they have been, as the common people coarsely say, "going it" till four o'clock of a summer's morning.

### Manifesto of East India Directors.

WE, the undersigned old stagers,
Civilian fogies, Colonels, Majors,
Declare that, of our constitution,
The India Bill is Revolution;
(Signed) COLONEL CURRY, COLONEL TIFFIN,
MAJOR CHATTNY, MAJOR GRIFFIN,
MAJOR RICE, SIR MULLY GATAWNY,
SIR ANDREW SOY, SIR BRANDIE PAWNIE,
SIR MANGO MACKENZIE, SIR ARCHIBALD SAWNIE.

### Shakspeare for the First Time at Fault.

GOVERNMENT has wisely dropped the prosecution against the two Booksellers. This is a happy refutation of the Shakspearian saying, that "the course of TRUELOVE never did run smooth."

THE HOUSE MOVED BY THE THAMES.—Should the state of the River be the cause of the question of adjournment being put to a vote, you will see that the "Noes" will have it.

*Dealer.* "THERE! I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO FIND A FAULT WITH HIM!"
*Customer.* "BUT HE'S GOT SUCH A BEASTLY TAIL!"
*Dealer.* "BEASTLY TAIL! THERE NEVER WAS A BAD RAT-TAILED OSS. WHY *WE GO MILES TO FIND 'EM;*"

## THE HUMBLE PETITION OF FATHER THAMES.

*To the* LORD MAYOR *and Court of Conservancy.*

SHEWETH:—

That I am terribly put upon on all sides.

That all kinds of filth are flung at me, and that I am abused for the dirt of others.

That the saying of "Throw plenty of mud, and some of it is sure to stick," was never more painfully exemplified than in my own unsavoury person.

That the blackness of this treatment is but too evident to any one who looks at me, either on the right, or the left side, where the blackest mud has been heaped upon me to such an extent that, when I look at my bemired self, my stomach rises not less than my indignation, and the water comes involuntarily into my eyes.

That these offences bring me into ill-odour with every one.

That the purity of my whole life has been poisoned with such foul courses.

That, in consequence of being made the receptacle of everything that is nasty, impure, repulsive, and pestilent, my career has been made, not only distasteful to myself, but positively offensive to others.

That the source of my happiness is tainted, and the character I once enjoyed for sweetness and cleanliness, so thoroughly dirtied and befouled, that even children turn up their noses at me.

That, feeling my nature is capable of sweeter things, I solemnly declare that I cannot live long under these noxious aspersions.

That the whole current of my being is agitated, and my rest disturbed, by the unclean life that the long-continued neglect of your Honourable Board forces me shamefully to lead.

That your Honourable Board should take into generous consideration that as you, gentlemen, make my bed, so am I, Father Thames, compelled, unfortunately, to lie in it.

That as I am deeply anxious to cleanse myself in the estimation of the public, as well as to pursue for the future a cleaner path, I beg to request that your Honourable Board will adopt such means, and vote them liberally into the bargain, as may henceforth induce men no longer to hold their nostrils with the profoundest disgust as often as they have occasion to pass by me.

Until then, your Petitioner regrets (and the regret lies heavy and stinging as a blister on his bosom) that he must ever prey on the weak and the delicate, and all the poor of heart and body, whose poverty of pocket compels them to dwell in his corrupt neighbourhood.

## ABSURDITIES OF LEGAL UNIFORM.

TALK of the barbarity of compelling soldiers to wear bearskin-caps and brass-helmets during the late broiling weather! What is that to the cruelty of making learned Counsel load their heads, at such a season, with those preposterous wigs? The absurdity of the forensic, as compared with that of the military head-dress, is as ten to one; for it is in any case necessary that brains which are to be employed in pleading should be kept cool, whereas the temperature of those which may be destined to be blown out is a matter of comparative small importance. The heated state in which the heads of pleaders are kept by their ridiculous wigs may perhaps be the cause of the intemperate language which too many of them are sometimes guilty of using.

### Hebrew Nursery Rhyme.

To the Lordth ve go'th up, up, up,
To the Commonth com'th down, down, down;
Then ve go'th backvuth and forruth,
And then ve fall'th to the ground!

### THE FIRST JOCULAR ATTEMPT OF SOYER.

"EVERYBODY'S SAUCE" (*Source*).—ADAM and EVE.—Oh, M. SOYER! M. SOYER!!

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, July 3, 1858.

## THE MUSIC SHOW AT SYDENHAM.

O their Flower Shows and Shower Flows (this latter word has birth in the spray of the Great Fountains) the Directors of the Crystal Palace now are wisely adding Music Shows. Unthinking minds may fancy that, as music is addressed to the ear, not to the eye, it is somewhat of a Taurism to say there has been a "Show" of it. But a concert like last Friday's, with its acre of performers, and its square mile or more of audience, appealed not less to the ocular than to the aural sense. A blind man or a deaf one might alike have been delighted with it. Besides, whoever cavils at our calling it a Music Show may be silenced by a reference to the official programme. The concert is there termed a Choral Demonstration; and DR. JOHNSON'S synonym for this big word is Show. *Quod est Demonstrandum.* Argal, *Punch* is right, as usual, in his coinage; and, as the words struck from his mint invariably pass current, the next "Grand Choral Demonstration" will be more simply called a Music Show, and will not upon that account, *Punch* bets, prove less attractive.

Opera-goers are well used to hear music in a hot-house: and there therefore was small fear that SIR JOSEPH PAXTON'S green-house would be found too hot to hold them. Indeed, grilled as they've been lately, with thermometers at midnight standing at 100° in the coolest shade procurable—that is, we should say, in the shade of Aristocracy — we think that the *habitués* of Covent Garden and Her Majesty's, must have felt a new sensation in listening to music in a comfortable temperature, and where they could respire without the exercise of fanning. Moreover, in a floral point of view, the Great Green-house at Sydenham surpasses both the London hot-houses. The bouquets in Covent Garden are growing more and more gigantic every season, but they can't quite yet come up to the Crystal Palace flower-baskets: and there is no green in the eyes of the frequenters of the Haymarket, so freshly verdant as the leaves of the orange-trees at Sydenham. Comparisons are "odorous:" but even in a nasal point, the C. P. has just now undoubtedly the best of it.

We are sure the dauntless LUMLEY and the indefatigable GYE do everything they can to keep their houses in good odour. But fresh air in London is not so easily imported as fresh pine-apples and cherries; and, disguise it as we may with pleasanter perfumery, there is just now an all-pervading something in the air (an air-dresser might christen it *Bouquet de la Tamise*, or Concentrated Sewer Scent) which, follow our noses where we may, we can't, in town at least, get out of them.

But how about the music? cries some unbiassable critic, who has in his wisdom been reserving his opinion until he ascertains what *Mr. Punch's* may be. We regret to disappoint him, but our hatred of routine will not allow us to indulge in musical criticism. Critics must look elsewhere for the cut and dried phrases on which they pin their faith. *Mr. Punch* went to the Music Show solely to enjoy himself; and he therefore cleared his mind of all idea of being critical. *Mr. Punch* has a notion (it may be a mistaken one), that the man who, at a concert, listens as a critic can't have much enjoyment in it. The hearing of the music is a business, not a pleasure, to him. With his ears stretched to their utmost to detect the flaws, he has no aural power left him to appreciate the beauties. To write about a concert without mentioning the music will certainly be varying from the regular routine; and, as variety is charming, *Mr. Punch* by this course will best keep up his character.

Nevertheless, as in these days of Rampant Puseyism some sort of auricular confession will doubtless be expected of him, *Mr. Punch*, (speaking not as a professed critic, but as one who has enjoyed it) is "free to own" that the Music Show at Sydenham was as pleasant as the temperature in which he sat and listened to it. In both respects the green-house had the better of the hot-house. The varied bill of fare which was presented at the Sydenham feast formed an appetising contrast to the *toujours Verdi* diet with which the British opera-goer has of late been sickened. The *morceaux* of MOZART, and MENDELSSOHN, and ROAST-BEEF (this latter is the musical synonym for HANDEL) which were put before us last Friday afternoon showed that MR. COSTA, the celebrated *chef*, was as choice in his selection as in his serving up. Every dainty dish was fit to "set before a king;" and *King Punch* is pleased accordingly to intimate His relish of them, and to state that, long before His aural feast was finished, the taste of *Traviata* was clean gone from His mouth.

### Mutato Nomine de te Fabula Narratur.

THE Thames, following the example of other individuals whose designations, like themselves, stink in the nostrils of the public, has resolved on changing its name, and figuring in future as the River Oder.

"Water, water, all around,
And not a drop to drink."

## DELICACIES OF THE RIVER.

"MR. PUNCH!

"SIR, in my opinion we have heard a great deal too much about the state of the Thames. What I say is, that if fish can live in it, human beings ought to be able to stand it. The panic which some people affect to feel about the state of the River cannot equal the alarm and consternation with which I read the following passage in the report of a Parliamentary speech of SIR JOSEPH PAXTON'S:—

"His plan would deodorize the sewers, but it would kill the fish and discolour the water."

"The plan alluded to by SIR JOSEPH was that of throwing lime into the sewers. Sir, I hope—Sir, I say I do hope, and trust—that this plan will not be adopted. If unhappily it should, what, let me ask, with every rational mind—what would become of the whitebait? The fluid in which those delicate creatures swim cannot be so bad as it is represented to be when they, which come out of it, are so good to eat. As long as the Thames does not smell strong enough to poison the whitebait, at any rate I am sure that it won't poison me,

"Your obedient Servant,
"GORGIAS PUDDLEDOCK."

"*City, July*, 1858."

"P.S.—They say the Thames smells worst at low water, but if we are to believe all they tell us on that subject, the Thames must be always High water. But what I maintain is, that high Thames, like high venison, is not too high to support animal life. Let us have no more abuse of the gentle River."

## TO THE IRISH MEMBERS.

AIR—"*I Remember, I Remember.*"

IRISH Member, Irish Member,
The year is fleeting by
The House met in December,
And won't sit beyond July;
For your row, Sir, for your row, Sir,
We once had time to spare;
But your summer prosing now, Sir,
Is more than we can bear.

Once your flowers, once your flowers
Of speech endured might be,
But now they fill up hours
Of supply and *L. S. D.*
Gems to night, Sir, gems to night, Sir,
Of eloquence forbear;
Folks now of faction fights, Sir,
Aren't so patient as they were.

We were merry, we were merry,
When BUTT or WHITESIDE came,
And the zeal of LONDONDERRY
Match'd TIPPERARY'S flame.
While we've you, Sir, while we've you, Sir,
Such treats can not be rare;
But with COX and AYRTON too, Sir,
*Your* bosh is scarcely fair.

### A Joke of Doubtful Paternity.

"I SAY, BERNAL, you know everything," exclaimed the other night a half asphyxiated Member, who was vainly trying to deodorise the Thames-stink through a scented pocket handkerchief; "I say, BERNAL, what has the Thames done for us that we should call him Father?"—"Well, really, I can't say," replied our second SIBTHORP; "unless it be we call him so, because we wish to see him Farther."

## OUR NASAL BENEFACTORS.

Is it true, we wonder—it should be, if it isn't—that with the view of ascertaining the exact state of the Thames, the Government have sent out a Smelling Expedition, for which service none but the sharpest-nosed M.P.s were allowed to volunteer? As we are always anxious to avoid misstatement, we should be glad, if we are wrong, to be officially corrected; but we have heard that, with the knowledge of the perils of the trip, it was agreed, that only the unmarried members should be suffered to embark on it. Lest widowhood result, none but single men were accepted for the service.

We understand, moreover, that to give the sniffers ample time for making their experiments, a Government express-boat was chartered for the voyage, as being, it was thought, the slowest craft in use, and surest to break down. No member was allowed on board who had not made his will; and an experienced *corps* of surgeons were commissioned to attend, in order to prevent loss of life, if possible. All kinds of antidotes were abundantly provided, and there was a goodly store of brandy and other tried restoratives. In short, the nauseating nature of the service being known, due arrangements were made for the comfort of the sick, and every medical appliance to relieve them was in readiness. There was a most liberal supply of hand-basins, and every member was allowed a Steward to himself, to prevent the fruitless bellowing and bawling for that officer, to which sufferers from sickness are commonly reduced.

Now the question we would moot for the reflection of the public is, how are we most fittingly to honour these brave smellers, and show our gratitude for what they have had the courage to go through for us. Their nasal gallantry must clearly not be left unrecognised. Having sacrificed their noses on the altar of their country, how are we to recompense them for their patriotic act? Shall we institute forthwith an Order of Nasal Valour, and decorate the heroes who survive to wear it? Or should it be more suitable to erect them, each, a statue? or strike a medal to commemorate their distinguished nasal service? On one side might be shown the head of Father Thames, seen in his most filthy and disgusting aspect; while the other might be graven with the outline of a nose, pressed rather tightly with a thumb and forefinger. If this design won't do, let the nation find a better. Such exalted nasal heroism we have never before known, and it is not meet that it go unrewarded.

## SOCIETY AT CREMORNE.

ARISTOCRATIC Beauty takes Cremorne for one night to its own fair cheek. Will there, consequently, be more or less rouge than usual exhibited at that place of popular entertainment? The cause of Charity is that for which Rank and Fashion profess thus to appropriate Cremorne, and render that commonly comprehensive pleasure-ground for the nonce exclusive. But the chronicler of the vagaries of Fashion and Rank tells the following rather different story:—

"THE FORTHCOMING FETE AT CREMORNE.—The singular interest occasioned by the first announcement of this fête has gone on daily increasing, until the subject now forms a leading topic of conversation in all the clubs. Every one in Society is desirous to know from personal experience, what are the peculiar attractions which draw the multitude some four miles from the metropolis almost nightly during the season."

Did Society never see rope-dancing, or a panorama, or a puppet-show, or a ballet, or a balloon ascent, or a display of fireworks? Society will probably examine all these things through its eye-glass, yawning, and, after having concluded its survey, remain as wise as before. To comprehend the peculiar attractions of Cremorne, it will be necessary for Society to enjoy itself after the manner of the multitude. Will Society go into cigars and brandy-and-water? Will Society dance with vigour and animation? Will Society, consisting chiefly of people who have nothing to do, and who do nothing but amuse themselves, bring with it that appetite and relish for amusement which result from previous occupation of mind and body to people with whom hard work is the rule and a holiday the exception? Unless Society can contrive to fulfil this condition, it will perhaps fail to discover the chief attraction which draws the Multitude to Cremorne four miles from town. Moreover, the Multitude goes to Cremorne to mingle with the Multitude; whereas Society will go there to mix with Society: which Society will find no novelty, and probably pronounce a Baw.

## THE TRIUMPH OF MOSES.

So the struggle of MOSES is over at last,
The Jews are no more a disqualified caste,
And MOSES will henceforth in Parliament sit,
If either the Lords or the Commons think fit.

In the Commons 'tis certain that MOSES will meet
With no opposition in taking his seat,
Which he 'll firmly endeavour with credit to fill,
For economy, measures, materials, and skill.

He will soon make his way with their Lordships, the Peers,
As his high reputation will come to their ears,
And I 'll warrant they won't shut their doors in his face,
If HER MAJESTY makes him the Duke of Duke's Place.

Only think how 'twould be if they didn't give way:
Consider what England and Europe would say:
The Commons and Lords their old titles would lose,
This called House of Christians, and that House of Jews!

Then room for LORD MOSES, ye proud Barons, yield,
With his crest on his carriage, and arms on his shield,
And his pedigree, higher than Norman's can run,
And his business—which he can entail on his son.

## PRESERVE US FROM OUR PRESERVERS!

ALARMISTS we are not, and would never frighten needlessly. But it is quite clear that our ultra-Chartist Tory Government are sapping one by one the Foundations of the State, and breaking down the Bulwarks of the British Constitution. *Having* crept into office under the cloak of Conservatism, the *Derbyites* are now coolly throwing off their disguise, and appearing in their truer garb as Radicals and Chartists. Emboldened by success, they think concealment now may safely be dispensed with. In their fancied plenitude of power they turn a deafened ear to the whisperers of caution. They care little for such maxims as "*cavendo tutus*." Instead of going "slow and steady" in their course of reform, they are rapidly outstripping their most advanced competitors. The pace which they keep up is a desperately killing one. No sooner over one fence than they bark for'ard to another. Property Qualification they have already overleapt, and next Spring they 'll be doubtless clearing Vote by Ballot.

What next and next, we leave to stronger minds to contemplate. If they go on as they have done, we shall soon have hardly one of our Ancient Institutions left us. Call themselves Conservatives, indeed! Why they really appear minded to conserve nothing—but their places.

Well, whatever be our fate, we must make ourselves resigned to it. We are in LORD DERBY'S hands, and there is apparently no getting out of them. If our position be a bad one, we must needs make the best of it. All that we can hope for is, that if he gets us in a hole, he will have sufficient strength to get us out of it. Now they've got their hand in, there 's no knowing what the DERBY desperadoes may not do. But, nervous as we are, we still may entertain some feeling of security. If the worst come to the worst, they may *turn out* for our advantage. Having only lately saved the country, as they tell us, the country may of course expect, that if need be, they will repeat the operation.

## A BOTANICAL ROOT AND DERIVATION.

WE read that "the Bombay Geographical Society announce in their proceedings, that they have received a specimen of the Walking-leaf from Java." A person who walks off is said to take French leave. You may be sure that this tree was originally in France, and, not liking a soil that was subject to many political upheavings, it took French leaf, and walked off. Hence, probably, the origin of that term; or, perhaps, the phrase of "cutting one's stick" may be owing to the habits of this Walking-leaf. It "cuts its stick," and walks away. We think we have very cleverly explained two very vulgar idioms, the exact meaning of which has never till now been properly accounted for. By the bye, the Birnam Wood that walked into *Macbeth*, must have been a perambulating forest of these Walking-leaves.

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*June* 28. *Monday.* LORD MALMESBURY'S *aria d'intrata* was as follows:—

"We see, my friends and I,
How much this town endures
From yonder Pest-ditch gliding by,
And therefore raise *pro tempore* cry,
'Deodorise the Sewers.'"

Borrowing a plan that had succeeded at Leicester, Government would therefore introduce a Bill making them to Do Something, and as soon as circumstances permitted, they would do something better. "Fear," he remarked with much pluckiness, flushed perhaps with his victory over the royal nuisance in Italy, "was a bad counsellor." In that case Fear must be the family name of a large proportion of the Privy, Common, and a good many other Councils of whose shortcomings we daily read.

LORD STANHOPE, a Peer exceedingly well entitled to be heard upon any such subject, then obtained an Address for cutting out of our Prayer Books the savage and abject forms of worship which our forefathers, at certain moments of excitement, thought it well to prescribe on certain anniversaries, as Guy Fawkes Day, the Martyrdom Day, and Oak Apple Day. When one reflects, that the people who composed such things adulated the dirty old coward and fool, JAMES THE FIRST; looked on while the body of the greatest of our English kings (except ALFRED), we mean, of course, KING OLIVER THE FIRST, and unfortunately the Only, was dragged from its grave to the gallows; and ecstatically murmured the *Nunc dimittis* when the friend of NELLY GWYNNE, by no means *his* worst friend, returned to betray the public honour of England, and debauch that of her private life; one only wonders that such ecclesiastical profanities have been tolerated so long. The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and the BISHOPS OF LONDON, OXFORD, and CASHEL expressed the sentiments that might be expected from enlightened gentlemen; but the offensive services found defenders in the poor old BISHOP OF BANGOR, in the BISHOP OF ASAPH, who has *Mr. Punch's* royal licence henceforth to sign himself A SAP, and in a brace of foolish Peers, called MARLBOROUGH and DUNGANNON: opposition which was the only thing wanting to show that every man of decent intellect feels alike on the subject.

The Commons amused themselves with a Financial debate, and MR. WILSON moved, as an amendment to one of MR. DISRAELI'S Budget arrangements, the ridiculous proposition that, when we had borrowed money for war, we ought to pay it off in peace. It is needless to say that, after some elaborate talk, such a preposterous notion was got rid of, and MR. DIZZY'S Bill proceeded. After this, the same Minister promulgated his new and constitutional theory of Parliament, namely, that Government was not bound to take notice of the decision arrived at in a small house by a small majority. The VIVIAN anti-Horse-Guards' proposal was the theme, and COLONEL NORTH took the opportunity of saying the most donkeyfied thing ever heard in Parliament. *Mr. Punch* is aware that his statement is startling, but he will be justified in having made it, when he states that NORTH attributed all the mismanagement in the Crimea to the interference of civilians with the military. *Mr. Punch* will here allow his readers a pause of twenty minutes to recover from their fit of laughter.

*Tuesday.* The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY stated, that he should next Session introduce a Bill for preventing Parsons from getting into debt, or at least for preventing their flock from being thereby deprived of the shepherd. "Clergy to Owe no man Anything," will probably be one of the marginal notes, the command having escaped the notice of a good many of our spiritual guides.

The Bill for disfranchising the Galway freemen was proceeded with in the Commons; but there was a good deal of feeling that, to punish these poor rogues for being bribed, and to allow the high-minded and virtuous Lords and Gentlemen who had — of course not bribed them, but profited by their being bribed, to escape without a slash, was almost too brilliant an illustration of the working of our beautifully equal system of legislation. Simply for the sake of a row, MR. FITZGERALD, lately an Irish law officer, attacked MR. WHITESIDE, the Irish Attorney-General, on the subject of an alleged appointment of an Orangeman to office. WHITESIDE was only too happy to give battle, and there was a very good fight, after which the amused leaders of the House pulled decorous faces, and protested against quarrels on such subjects. As it happened—though the matter is of no consequence—WHITESIDE was in the right, and even MR. ROEBUCK admitted it, though the Honourable Gentleman must have passed a bad night after such a condescension.

*Wednesday.* The Sister-in-Law Enfranchisement Bill made progress, and it may be as well said here, that at the end of the week the Bill once more passed the Commons, MR. BERESFORD HOPE opposing it, and being defeated by 100 to 70.

*Thursday.* A great day for Israel. *Mr. Punch* had thought of writing his record thereof in Hebrew, and was deterred from that course only by the recollection that he did not understand that language. The EARL OF DERBY, happily convalescent, came down, thanked the Peers for their kindness in not muddling over matters until he could come and put them in the right way, and then the two Bills, LYNDHURST'S and LUCAN'S, for letting the Jews into the House of Commons, came on. Naturally LORD DERBY preferred the worst of them, and might, we think, have gracefully allowed his old friend LORD LYNDHURST to have the credit of Mosaic Emancipation, instead of associating with it the name of the Crimean blunderer, LORD LUCAN. However, the business was done, LORD DERBY announcing, that he detested MOSES as much as ever, but would accept the compromise which admits him to the parlour, but excludes him from the drawing-room. What LUCAN proposed, of course his affectionate and admiring relative, CARDIGAN, must oppose, and he separated himself from his Tory friends rather than support his brother-in-law. On division, Israel triumphed by 143 to 97, majority 46. The nation is now, we understand, completely "un-Christianised," and a closely boarded enclosure has just been run up before Westminster Abbey, within which pale we have been told that an image of Diana of the Ephesians is going to be put up to draw people from the Sunday Services. One of the bishops has been heard to remark, that there is a good deal to be said for MOHAMMED, and we have heard, but do not vouch for the fact, that the funeral car at Marlborough House has been bought by some wealthy worshippers of Juggernaut, to be turned into a car for that divinity. A general massacre of the Jews, in the course of the Wednesday or Thursday at the latest, might save us, but there is little true piety in these days.

The Commons got upon India again, and in every grapple the opponents of the Bill were thrown heavily.

*Friday.* Rather a curious incident in the Lords. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON protested against the arrangements that were being made for the monument to the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. His existing Grace considered the plan unsatisfactory. The PREMIER defended the proposed course.

Then came a long debate on the Bill for Abolishing Church Rates, and the Lords, led by Government, abolished the Bill by an enormous majority, 187 to 36. *Mr. Punch* has some slight idea that the question is not exactly at an end.

The Thames and the Ganges again divided the attention of the Commons, and *Fluellen's* comparison of the rivers of Macedon and Monmouth, "and there are salmons in both" reminds *Mr. Punch* that something of the kind may be said of the European and Asiatic streams. To which is offered the largest number of Human Sacrifices?

## A MYSTERY OF MUSTY RECORDS.

IF the inelasticity of red tape some idea may be derived from the subjoined bit of news announced by the *Globe*:—

"THE ARCHIVES OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE.—The attention of LORD MALMESBURY has been directed to the great inconvenience occasioned to historians and others by the stringent rules at present existing with regard to access to the foreign correspondence at the State Paper Office. His Lordship has directed that authority will be given to the Master of the Rolls to permit, in future, any State Papers in his custody belonging to this department of a date prior to 1688 to be copied by historians without their being submitted for the approval of the Secretary of State as heretofore."

What a very small stretch that same almost unyielding substance, red tape, has conceded to the strong pull of history and literature! Old PARR lived to be 150, if we mistake not; and there may perhaps now exist some very extraordinary exception to the rule of three-score-and-ten who has attained to the patriarchal age of 170; but if there is any such old man or old woman still extant, that person is some obscure individual, and no noble lord or lady whose feelings would be likely to be hurt, or character compromised, by any revelations of State secrets more than a century old. State doctors seem to think that recent historical facts are, like new bread, unwholesome for digestion; but surely transactions whose antiquity extends beyond the memory of man, are quite stale enough. If History is not to take cognisance, independently of the censorship of the Secretary of State, of any matters recorded in the archives of the Foreign Office, the same mystery might as well be maintained as to domestic affairs, and a particular favour might be made of the gracious permission to divulge the death of QUEEN ANNE.

TO THE HEADS OF FAMILIES.—It is a familiar saying, that ladies "keep men on by keeping men off." In other words, men are treated by ladies much in the same fashion as their bonnets. They are both held on by being kept back.

## ART-ALLEGORIES.

IN a description of the MASTERMAN Testimonial we are informed that—

"There are three figures—science, commerce, and industry—of course, all females. Science has one foot on the globe, holds a tablet, with compasses, and has a flame on her head as an indication of genius. Commerce has a caduceus in her left hand, her right leans on a cornucopia, and bales of goods are on the ground by her left side. Industry has a distaff in her left hand, her right rests on a capstan, and by her side is a beehive."

Why these figures should be all females does not seem at all obvious, unless for the reason that personified abstractions ought to be, like *Mrs. Malaprop's* allegory, headstrong. Industry may be feminine, but Science is certainly of a masculine nature, and no woman will ever set the Thames on fire; moreover, a flame on the head of a female figure seems to signify not genius but flirtation. Commerce ought not to carry a caduceus, a thing which belonged to Mercury, and may be regarded as the symbol of theft as well as of merchandise. It is true that prevalent commercial dishonesty would fully warrant the emblem, if it were placed in the right hands, which should be those of Business, whose sex is clearly the sterner, and whom, accordingly, we yet hope to see represented, by some master of British sculpture, reading an invoice, with an apron on and a pen behind his ear.

## SERVANTGALISM; AND

## FINELADYISM.

*First Elegant Mamma.* "HOW SHOCKING THIS IS!—THE WAY NURSERYMAIDS NEGLECT THE CHILDREN!"

*Second Do.* "YES, DEAR! AND I DON'T SEE THAT ANYTHING CAN BE DONE. FOR WHAT WITH PARTIES, AND THE TIME ONE NATURALLY DEVOTES TO DRESSING, AND THE NUMEROUS CALLS ONE HAS TO MAKE, ONE CAN'T LOOK AFTER ONE'S OWN CHILDREN, YOU KNOW!"

---

WHY is the Thames like a confirmed sot?

Because the more drains it takes, the less drunk it is likely to be.

# THE "SILENT HIGHWAY"-MAN.

"Your **MONEY** or your **LIFE**!"

## THE THIEVES' OWN TAX.

IN the House of Commons, MR. WILSON, in moving an abortive resolution in connexion with the Funded Debt Bill, is reported to have declared that—

"He believed for his own part, that the unpopularity of the Income-Tax had been greatly exaggerated in that House. All the best informed and most reflective people out of doors were in favour of maintaining the tax, and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER might easily have maintained the 2d. which he had abandoned."

Perhaps the unpopularity of the Income-Tax has, as the honourable Member for Devonport says, been exaggerated. That tax may not be very unpopular with capitalists, to whom it is merely a tax on rents or dividends. Those with whom it is unpopular are people who have to earn their living, and to whom it is a tax on their whole earnings, that is, on their whole property. Nor can these unfortunate beings be reconciled to the Income-Tax by the profoundly logical argument, that when the income ceases the tax also ceases, it being just precisely when a man's income ceases that he feels the want of those savings of which the Income-Tax has robbed him. Nevertheless, a good many people out of doors are very likely in favour of maintaining the Income-Tax; to wit, all the gipsies and vagabonds who do not live within doors. The thieves may like it very well, for it does not rob them, conformably with the only principle of honour which it has been based upon.

MR. WILSON represents the opinions of a certain set of pedants, who, for reasons of their own, watch, with dogged perseverance, to seize every opportunity of upholding the Income-Tax. Their wish is father to their thought, or their assertion, that it is not unpopular, and they will assuredly fix it in all its iniquity on the British Public for ever, unless every word they say in its favour is received with a shout of execration.

### Crinoline in the Slums.

GREAT inconvenience is occasioned by the crowding of the Mart held every Sunday by the Old Clothesmen in Petticoat Lane. The nuisance is of course worse than ever, now that, in consequence of a ridiculous fashion that the ladies of Houndsditch borrow from those of Belgravia, the petticoats of Petticoat Lane have attained to such preposterous dimensions.

## ROYAL GARDENS, CREMORNE.

# GRAND FÊTE,

**FOR THE BENEFIT OF ANY CHARITY**

WHICH WILL CONDESCEND TO ACCEPT THE MONEY.

(NOT)

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HER MAJESTY.

**LADY PATRONESSES.**

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF SHOREDITCH.
HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF PEA AND THIMBLE.
HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF LOWCHURCH.
LA DUCHESSA DE SHARPINO.
THE MOST HON. THE MARCHIONESS OF BEERBARREL.
&c. &c. &c.

Vouchers, without which no entrance can by any possibility be obtained, will be exchanged for tickets of admission, at Bell's Life Office, Ben Caunt's, Jemmy Shaw's, the Lord Chief Baron Nicholson's, and of the Parish Clerks of all fashionable (high and low) Churches in the Metropolis.

**REGULATIONS.**

1. All Married Ladies and Widows to produce their Marriage Certificates at the door.
2. Single Ladies must be accompanied by Chaperones.
3. No dogs admitted, and no smoking allowed until after sunrise.
4. Procul! oh, procul! este profani.
5. Music from the *Traviata* specially forbidden.

**PROGRAMME.**

**A Popular Prelate will offer up a Prayer.**

AFTER WHICH,

**THE COMEDY OF "HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS"**

Will be Played by live Dukes and Duchesses.

**Game of "Fly the Garter," by Knights of the Order.**

TO BE FOLLOWED BY THE SCREAMING FARCE OF

## THE CONFESSIONAL.

*Fair Penitent* - By Lady Harriet Humbug; her natural character.
*Father Confessor* - The Rev. D. R. A. W. L. Silvertongue.
*Priests Attendant* The Revs. Highchurch, Lowchurch, Nochurch, and Slowchurch.
*Acolytes, Candle Snuffers, &c.* - Messrs. Jones, Brown, and Robinson.

TIGHT-ROPE DANCING BY THE RIGHT HON. MR. DIZZY.

**Grand Ascent in a Balloon by the Present Ministry.**

RAPID DESCENT OF DITTO WITHOUT PARACHUTES.

**DANCING ON THE ILLUMINATED PLATFORM.**

Pas de L'Eglise, by Bishops' Wives and Daughters.

Strawberry Quadrilles, by Duchesses and their Daughters.

Several Dances by the Inferior Nobility.

**CHEESEPLATE HORNPIPE,**

BY TOM TIDY OF THE TREASURY.

The following Song will be Sung in the course of the evening:—

TUNE—"*King of the Cannibal Islands.*"

1.
The Duchess of D. she says to me,
We 're all a-going to have a spree,
We have arranged so charmingly,
To meet at Cremorne Gardens.
We love the lower orders so,
That we 're determined just to know,
The places where they 're used to go,
To dance on the fantastic toe.
The tickets are just half a pound,
And all amusement will be found,
Kiss in the Ring and Merry-go-round,
All night at Cremorne Gardens.

CHORUS.
Smoking, joking, grand and gay,
We vessels of delicate china clay,
Like humble delf, for once in a way,
Will stoop to Cremorne Gardens.

2.
Lord Box-the-Watch, and Jemmy the Swell,
And many more nobs than I can tell,
All liked the notion very well,
Of going to Cremorne Gardens.
Says Box-the-Watch, "Oh! if they knew
How very drunk both I and you
Got, at Cremorne, with Moss the Jew;
I really think there would be few,
Who 'd sport their tin and risk their fame,
For fear some people should cry shame!
On the swells who dance in *Charity's!!* name,
On the Boards of Cremorne Gardens."

CHORUS.
Smoking, joking, grand, and gay,
We vessels of delicate china clay,
Like humble delf, for once in a way,
Will stoop to Cremorne Gardens.

3.
As hoops have now resumed the stage,
And Ranelagh was once the rage,
Why shouldn't we bring back the age
Of Ridottos at Cremorne Gardens?
To go upon the people's night
Of course were out of question quite,
But, *entre nous*, what need for fright?
What fashion sanctions must be right.
Then, lower classes, pray take care,
And your offensive selves beware,
Of bringing betwixt us and the air
That breathes in Cremorne Gardens.

CHORUS.
Smoking, joking, grand and gay,
We vessels of delicate china clay,
Like humble delf, for once in a way,
Will stoop to Cremorne Gardens.

MORAL.
Take care, lest after all this rout,
And exposing yourselves to sneer and flout,
In your calculations you prove to be out,
Of fun at Cremorne Gardens.
Like the Lord, first flow'r of Debrett's bright bunch,
Who once on a time, it is said, bought *Punch*,
And invited a noble party to lunch,
And enjoy his bâton and squeak, and hunch—
*Mr. Punch* was produced,—but aghast they stood,
'Twas a voiceless dummy, of rags and wood,
For purpose of fun, about as good,
As your fête at Cremorne Gardens.

CHORUS.
Smoke it, joke it, as you may,
I 'm afraid, with its "snobs," will have past away,
The laughter and lark, the fun and play
Of a fête at Cremorne Gardens.

**FINALE.**

Gregorian Chant by High Church Peers and their Families.

Nasal Hymn by Low Church Peers and their Families.

**THE REV. STURGEON,**

Introduced by a Lady Patroness of the Highest Rank (one of his Congregation),

**WILL ADDRESS THE AUDIENCE**

On the Evils of Dancing and the Sinfulness of the Pomps and Vanities of the Wicked World.

Dance of Hung(a)ry Needlewomen in the Costume of their Country.

THE CONFESSIONAL IN THE HERMIT'S CAVE

For the Convenience of those who cannot get to St. Barnabas in time for early service.

**SUPPER BY GUNTER.—FIREWORKS, FLIRTING, &c.**

*Vivat Regina!* [*No Money Returned.*

## A DENIAL NOT GIVEN BEFORE IT WAS KNEADED.

A BAKER, who turns out more "bricks" and "cottages" in the course of one morning than CUBITT does in a whole year, upon being accused of putting alum in his bread, repudiated the charge as "a rank (c)alumny."

## THE "LAST MAN" IN THE HOUSE.

(*Fragment from his Autobiography.*)

WHILE the Houses were thus intent, year after year, upon the squabbles that broke forth in each, or the quarrels that grew up between the two, there arose at their doors, there floated around the portals of the Legislative Palace, an enemy, mighty, deadly, subtle, and irresistible, threatening destruction to both.

That enemy emanated from the Thames.

The evil had sensibly been increasing upon us for years. During twenty-seven sessions within my own Parliamentary experience, and indeed long before, the House had annually "renewed" the Public Health Act. For just so long had the Commissioner of Works been squabbling with the Board, which was traditionally known—from the name I believe of its first chairman—as the "THWAITES Parliament." It was squabbling still. Every year Hon. Members grumbled at the state of the River; but when had they not been grumbling? Every year they voted that it was time to "do something:"—but when had they refused to admit that something must be done?

Meanwhile the copious receipt-book, bequeathed to the House by the late excellent MR. GOLDSWORTHY GURNEY had been tried and exhausted. Quicklime was thrown by the hundred tons into the river. Chloride of ditto was sprinkled over the floors. Currents of pyroligneous acid vapour were sent down all the corridors. East India "tatties" were hung before the casements and saturated with aromatic vinegar. Fountains of Frangipanni played in the lobbies. At night cressets were lighted, burning camphor, cedar wood, and gum-benjamin. In the Central Hall a granite cistern was placed, filled with eau-de-Cologne, into which every Member dipped his handkerchief as he passed.

All these were, however, mere palliatives. The advances of the enemy were masked, but not repelled. The subtle poison was disguised but could not be neutralised. The deadly foe mocked all our contrivances.

This could not last. It was in the Session of 1889 that affairs first seemed evidently coming to a crisis. The summer that Session was hot and early. By the beginning of May the House became almost intolerable. The river terrace had long since been shut up, and was used only as a platform on which to burn pitch incense and other antiseptics. In the library the windows were hermetically sealed, and ventilation contrived by zinc tubes carried high into the air. The river steamers had ceased to ply. Passengers rarely ventured to cross the bridges. The Thames Tunnel now paid handsome dividends. During June it became difficult to make a House. Members were hurrying off in all directions. The Public Health Act was renewed for another year; and the Session then closed before July.

Next year we met in tolerable spirits. February, when the Session opened as usual, was very cold. Montagnes Russes were erected on the Serpentine. The Thames was frozen over, and the atmosphere became really bearable. For some weeks the House was almost full, and business progressed cheerily. This went on until Easter.

Returning after the holidays, we found matters changed much for the worse. April set in close and muggy. Noisome vapours rose from the tepid waters. The House rapidly thinned. Night after night we saw fresh gaps on the benches, and missed familiar faces. Each day the *Morning Post* recorded the departure of three, four, or half a dozen dear and honourable members for Wales, the Highlands, the Alps, or some other remote and elevated region. After a while, in order to assuage the public anxiety, means were taken to prevent these melancholy announcements. Henceforth, when we saw fresh vacancies, even behind the Treasury bench, no one ventured to notice the circumstance.

A resolution was now passed allowing members to smoke even in the House itself. The aroma of tobacco was supposed to be a disinfectant: it was at any rate a consolation.

Whitsuntide passed. May was hot. June hotter. Thermometer 92° in the shade. The state of the river and House indescribable.

A complete panic now set in. It was a regular *sauve qui peut*. In one week forty-five members applied for the Chiltern Hundreds. During the next sennight the number rose to ninety-seven. Every evening a dozen or twenty writs were moved to fill up vacancies. New elections were proceeding over the whole country with some curious characteristics. No candidates appeared, but the friends of every influential personage in each locality nominated his best enemy. The Whig magnate proposed a Tory, and the Tory a Whig. At the poll, Yellows voted for the Blue nominee, and Blues for the Yellow. The scenes that occurred when the unfortunate victims took leave of their families were heart-rending: some, instead of obeying, escaped into foreign lands, beyond reach of a Speaker's warrant; others hid away, or wandered forth in strange disguises. A son of the DUKE OF RUTLAND was traced into Lincolnshire, and found dressed and serving as one of his father's gamekeepers. He was brought to the table, and sworn in between two detective policemen.

Notwithstanding the infusion of new members, for several nights there was "no House." This could not be allowed to last: the Government of the country must be carried on. Forty members were accordingly caught, and committed to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms. Splendid apartments were fitted up for them at the top of the Victoria Tower, which, being 432 feet above high water, were beyond reach of the miasma. Here they were boarded, lodged, and amused at the public expense. Four times a week, at ten minutes to four, they were let down in a cage, and ushered into their seats to make a House. When the debate closed they were hoisted up again. Between Friday evening and Monday they were allowed to take exercise in some suburban district, but always under charge of a posse of A police, armed with cutlasses and revolvers to prevent their escape.

The officers of the House were now disappearing fast. The Librarian had obtained leave of absence. The Sub-Librarian took it. The Clerk of the Works went on a tour to the Pyramids. One afternoon we waited for the Speaker's Chaplain; presently there came a telegraphic message, saying that he was at Malvern. Finding an old precedent where the absence of the Commons' Mace had been supplied from the other House, a message was sent to borrow a Chaplain from the Lords. The Doorkeepers were next attacked. Several nights there was nobody even to call "Who goes home?" when the House adjourned. Fortunately the Speaker reached his mansion in safety, notwithstanding.

The crop of blue books fell off this year. There were no reports, since no Select Committees sat, and no returns, as no one moved for them. The printer's bill fell £200,000 below the average. Some new plans were sent in for purifying the Thames. There were, as the venerable Member for Devonport computed, just 174 square miles of lithographed designs, covering 1798 tons of paper, already stored away among the archives of the House, on this important subject.

The Session closed early and dismally. When the supplies were voted, there was nothing left to do but to pass the Bill continuing the Public Health Act "until the close of the next ensuing session." Parliament was then prorogued.

When we reassembled in the next Spring, the beginning of the end was evidently at hand. Few Members attended, but all idea of compulsion was given up. Matters were gone too far for that: but a patriotic band of some threescore voluntarily remained, grimly determined to die at their posts. By mutual agreement they attended in relays on successive nights, to economise their endurance, as a besieged garrison economises its rations to make them last longer.

Still the number dwindled. On the 11th of May the last Member

disappeared from below the gangway; four days later the three Members, who had hitherto remained staunch on the front Opposition bench, vanished together—having determined, it was said, to attempt an ascent of the *Pic du Midi*. Another evening showed the back Treasury bench actually tenantless. During the following week half-a-dozen Cabinet Ministers departed, one per night, never to return. Lay figures, dressed in the Windsor uniform, were regularly brought in and placed in seats, and the Speaker counted them when it was requisite to make a House.

All this time the Ladies' Gallery was crowded! The reporters gallery, after several generations of stenographists had succumbed to asphyxia, remained in abeyance. But curiosity in the sex overcame all other emotions. Every night the demand for seats exceeded the supply. In other parts of the House strange and ghastly figures flitted about in forbidden places; there were no policemen to stop them. Country cousins, who must see everything at every hazard, wandered about in the deserted lobbies, and even penetrated within the bar unrebuked, as owls and vultures perch on the bastions of a fortress whose defenders are all dead or escaped.

For my own part, during this terrible season I felt no fear. I was case-hardened. In my youth—why should I shrink from confessing a fact to which I owe my preservation?—I had officiated for some years as manager of a bone-boiling establishment. Afterwards I became proprietor of extensive tanneries, I was accustomed to live in and on the odours which extinguished the rest of my fellow representatives.

One night we learnt from "another place," that the Chancellor had gone away to inquire into the state of the law of real property among the Arabs. With prudent forethought, he had left the Great Seal with the policeman, in case it should be wanted.

The end now rapidly approached. One evening I sat on the Treasury Bench with the Premier for my only companion, and a dim vision of the Member for Birmingham flitting to and fro on the opposite benches.

On the morrow I missed the vision; and the Prime Minister wrote a note to say, that he, who had kept the House so long to their p's and q's, was on his way to Ems.

Next day I came down as usual at four. There was NO SPEAKER. I waited until half-past four—until five.

He never came.

I gazed disconsolately at the empty benches, and the vacant Chair, on whose empty cushion I threw myself back, and looked on the solitude that begirt me—

I was *the* last man in the House.

The House!—there was no House. It was prorogued beyond recall by royal summons for "despatch of business," dissolved, with no prospect of a general election.

And the all-inquiring river, the huge Cloaca, swelled up triumphantly upon a full tide, pouring rank vapour into the midsummer air, reflecting from its foul surface the rays of the midsummer sun.

Forty years before, the struggle had become one of life and death between the river and the legislature. Shall Parliament purify the Thames, or the Thames extinguish Parliament? this was the question; and thus after the long conflict, had it been answered. The legislature had vanished, but the river remained.

What made the matter more aggravating, we had not even continued for another year the Public Health Act!

## INTERESTING TO PATERNOSTER ROW.

A GOVERNMENT clerk, who has a great taste for literature, has nearly, after six weeks' assiduous labour, completed a conundrum. He has got the question all right enough, but for the life of him he cannot find the answer; though probably we are somewhat premature in giving to the world the latter statement as a fact; for, if anything, our friend has too many answers (some five hundred, at least) but unfortunately there is not a point in any one of them. We understand that when the Government clerk has completed the conundrum to his critical satisfaction, it is his intention to try it first on a circle of intimate friends at a grand dinner to be given by him at the Star and Garter, and then, if perfectly successful, as there is no doubt it will be, he talks about publishing it in a handsome volume, with a flattering dedication to COLONEL PHIPPS, K.C.B. We hope we shall not be accused of divulging any particular confidence that has been honourably reposed in us; but the object of the above dedication is evidently to see if the conundrum cannot possibly be introduced to the notice of the Royal Family. There is no doubt that COLONEL PHIPPS, with his well-known love of the humorous, will undertake this delicate task, even though he should resort to the excusable stratagem of giving out the conundrum as his own. The good intention will be all the same, the motive being only to raise a laugh. In any case, the Government clerk has our best wishes for his success.—*Observer*.

A SEVERE CHRISTMAS.—There are three or four Christmas Books already advertised!

## STANZAS.

BY A LAND SURVEYOR.

THERESA has got such a sweet little Farm,
With two hundred acres of meadow in Surrey;
And her manners are so calculated to charm,
My pulse at her name always feels in a hurry.
Her smile is bewitching—her eyes Saxon-blue.
At Goodwood—she sits her horse well—I first met her;
And the man who has coursing and shooting in view,
Might travel much further without doing better.

Bilandcoo Villas are held by GRACE LEE
For ninety-nine years, at a peppercorn rent:
Could I hold the heart of that lovely lessee
On equivalent terms, I might well be content.

Her cheeks' soft indenture—or dimple called rightly—
Conveys an impression that all is serene;
While she steps like a sylph, so discreet and so lightly,
No burdens on land in her presence are seen.

Then MRS. FITZ-ALPINE, who weaves such a spell
By her wit, a delightful young widow, just twenty,
Is Lady, I hear, of the Manor of L——,
And looks like the classical Goddess of Plenty.
Mansion-house, Orchard, Preserves, what a boon
With game well provided—on foot and on wing too—
All in a ring fence, and I fancy that soon
The Lady herself will be fenced by a ring too.

MARIA! and Mines! how melodious they chime,
If coupling such treasures be really no sin;
When love sinks his shaft, as he will in due time,
What veins will he meet with of sweetness and tin!
CARLOTTA! and BLANCHE! Sisters fair, must be rich,
With that fine old Baronial Estate on the Rhine;
But their hearts are so soft, that I scarcely know which
To choose for a tenant in common with mine.

Oh, deem me not venal, nor say matrimony
Is look'd upon as a mere banking affair,
Fond lovers can't year after year live on honey,
Of which, for one moon, they've enough and to spare.
To see Cupid beat up for hard cash with drum,
Must sadden, no doubt, the most prudent of Quakers;
But though Consols afford consolation to some,
Let me find my heart's-ease alone in fat acres.

## THE JOCULAR MARKET.

WE make the following extract from a provincial paper, as it alludes to a new article of commerce that has not been extensively imported as yet from the Colonies:—

"MOLASSES.—A few puns. of West India have found buyers at 15*s.* to 16*s.* per cwt."

We are afraid that these "puns" must be of rather a heavy description, since they are sold by the "cwt." A "hundred weight of puns" does not seem a lively article to purchase in this hot weather. How many years have they been kept in the wood, and can they be warranted sound and dry? Since they are sold in connexion with molasses, we should conclude that they were good for mixing, and would probably make a great stir amongst Clapham tea-parties, or would be in great demand with the vestrymen of Little Pedlington, settling the affairs of the nation over their hot grog. However, it is highly wrong to condemn an article before one has tasted it, and, accordingly, if our West Indian agent will send us another small sample of these "puns" (say, half-a-pound to begin with), we will promise to report upon them, and say how far they are likely to suit the English palate. We suspect that they are better adapted for the *Record* and the *Tablet*, and other elderly ladies, who, when they do indulge in a pun, or a witticism, always fall into the fatal error of making it too sweet.

## ASTONISHING A YOUNG ONE.

*Dick (to little Brother).* "HAH! THIS IS ONE OF THE DISAGREEABLES IN BEING GROWN UP. WHY, BLESS YOU, IF I DIDN'T SHAVE TWICE A DAY THIS WARM WEATHER, I SHOULD NOT BE FIT TO BE SEEN!"

## THE QUEEN ON THE RIVER.

WHAT sight was that which loyal eyes
Beheld with horror—not surprise—
On Thames's filthy tide,
Which bore VICTORIA, England's QUEEN,
Who, down the River having been,
And the *Leviathan* ship seen,
Back to her Palace hied?

Familiar with that River's smell
Who cannot fancy, all too well,
The odour which prevailed,
Which rose from the polluted stream
As thick, but not so white, as cream,
And in a suffocating steam,
The Royal sense assailed?

How shall I state what thousands saw,
Indignant, yet oppressed with awe,
Their blood which well-nigh froze?
The River's perfume was so vile,
The SOVEREIGN, as she neared Dogs' Isle,
Was fain to hold—nay do not smile—
A bouquet to her nose!

Where will the Constitution go,
If sewage shall much longer flow,
Thy banks, old Thames, between?
The Lords and Commons, by thy breath,
Which both their Houses poisoneth,
Thou sickenest almost to death,
And hast not spared the QUEEN!

### Inconsistency of Fashion.

ACCORDING to *Le Follet*, on the "Fashions for July,"—

"For chapeau de ville, the most charming wreaths are formed with heart's-ease, double laurel, azaleas, honeysuckle, primroses, cassia, unripe grapes, and small plums."

Heart's-ease and unripe grapes in the same wreath! what a mistake, considered with any regard to the language of flowers! How can heart's-ease co-exist with stomach-ache?

THE BEST WAY OF MANNING THE NAVY.—Increase the number of *berths*.

## CONTRABAND BABIES.

FRENCH politeness has as high a reputation as French polish, but there are exceptions now and then to prove the rule of it. We take the following from the *Times* of the 30th ult., where it is recorded by a Boulogne correspondent:—

"Last Saturday the family of a nobleman, consisting of his wife, sister, and three children, the eldest aged four and the youngest a baby in arms, were in the act of embarking for London, their luggage being already on board and the passage paid. While being carried across the plank, the children were rudely pushed back by the French police officials, and the baby snatched from the nurse's arms, on the plea, that not being designated on their parents' passports, the children could on no account be permitted to embark.

"The lady, without being able to apprise her husband and sister, who had already embarked, had only time to step on shore to rejoin her children, when the vessel set sail, bearing with it baggage, purse, husband, and sister, and leaving the lady and children alone, without clothes or money."

Who can doubt the bravery of our valorous allies, when we find them braving thus the loss of reputation. While acting in this gallant manner towards the English, their gallantry can never for a moment be in question. Courageously defiant of the world's bad opinion, they are as well prepared to face the provocation of its ridicule. They fear neither being laughed at for their passport regulations, nor censured for their brutal manner of enforcing them.

To those who think it strange that the French police should lay their hands upon our babies, and tear them from their parents at the moment of departure, we deem it right to offer a few words of explanation. Ever since the memorable Fourteenth of last January, there has been a Reign of Terror throughout official France. All Government *employés* have confessed its sway, and none perhaps have done so more than the police. Half-blinded by their fears, they may have viewed a baby as a budding insurrectionist, it being accounted one of the Rising generation. The official story given of the capture at Boulogne may have stated that a portion of the populace had been found in arms; but, through the careful watching of the ever vigilant police, the outbreak which was threatened had been happily prevented; or, to give a still more heightened colour to the statement, the police may in their nervousness have represented the four children as a strong body of infantry, which had been surprised by the Imperial forces, and cut off to a man (or rather, to a baby) from the Foreign Contingent to which they were attached.

If it be essential to the safety of the state, that our children, when in France, be passported to leave it, we think the knowledge of the fact should be as widely spread as possible, and we therefore haste to note it in our world-pervading columns. From their ignorance of the law, parents might, when carried to extremities, be tempted to evade it. However much she may respect the institutions of *la France*, we can conceive an English mother would not hesitate, if need were, from the snapping of her fingers at them. Even the institution of the Passport would be terrorless, and that of the Police might not be more appalling. In defence of her offspring, the timidest Mamma assumes the bearing of a lioness. Brought to bay by the officials, there is no saying to what acts of desperation she 'll be driven. If she find at the last moment, that her baby can't leave France without being duly ticketed with leave to do so, we feel sure that MRS. BULL, rather than be separated from her child, would smuggle it. Yes! if this law of public safety—*la loi des enfants suspects*—is to remain in force, we shall be hearing every week of English ladies at Boulogne being taken into custody by the Imperial police, for attempting to make off with Contraband Babies.

### "Flow on, thou Stinking River."

IN being, as it is, the foulest and most sewerish, the Thames may also be regarded as the most paradoxical of streams. Bad punsters have asserted their confident belief, that there is no such thing as high tide in the Seine, inasmuch as when in Paris one invariably hears the water spoken of as *l'eau*. But in London we *vice-versâfy* the case; for, owing to the villanous pollutions we throw into it, there is really now no question that, nasally considered, the water of the Thames is invariably high.

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## THE SAINTS OF ALMACK'S.

*To the Editor of the "Record."*

"SIR,—IN a well-known fashionable daily paper I find the subjoined interesting statement, under the head of 'ALMACK'S:'

"One of the great advantages of these pleasant gatherings is, that they enable many wealthy country families to meet the *élite* of the London fashionable world in a more agreeable manner than any other means could afford."

"What a happy arrangement must that be which serves to bring country families that have been blessed with worldly wealth into communication with the *élite* or elect of the London fashionable world, by whose conversation and example they must necessarily be directed to the right employment of their riches! It is cheering also to know that there are any elect in the fashionable world; wherein they have heretofore generally been considered scarce. Truly ALMACK'S must be a delightful place, and its gatherings, doubtless, are pleasant indeed. I can well understand that the liberty to mingle in them is a very great privilege. In what connection is ALMACK'S? LADY HUNTINGDON'S? Or are its Lady Patronesses simply serious ladies of different denominations? Beseeching the favour of an answer to these earnest inquiries,

"I remain, affectionately yours,

"SIMON PURE."

*** Lest the *Record* should not be in a position to afford MR. PURE the information which he requires, we may satisfy his curiosity by stating, that the gatherings at ALMACK'S are meetings at which the worship of Terpsichore is chiefly celebrated. We may add, that the *élite* who assist thereat do not dance in separate groups of gentlemen and ladies, after the manner recommended by a popular preacher. The "SPURGEON Quadrilles" have been introduced into other dancing-rooms; but these latter are not frequented by the fashionable elect.—PUNCH.

## SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.

TAKING up a Newspaper the other day, our eye fell on the following, extracted from the *Banff Journal*:—

"All parties who have taken observations throughout the winter, say that their plumage was never more brilliant, their combs brighter, or their crowing louder."

We thought this must be a London Correspondent's description of the Ministry. On looking a little further, however, we found it was the Editor's own account of the grouse. If all the *Journal* says be true, Ministers and Birds will be well matched on the 12th of August.

PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.—We suppose that BARON ROTHSCHILD can now be called a Member of the House of Commons *de Jewre* as well as *de facto*.

## KEEPING UP A LONG LINE OF CORRESPONDENCE.

WE read that PROFESSOR HUGHES, with his wonderful printing telegraph machines, was enabled at Plymouth to "write through the 3,000 miles of Atlantic cable, at the rate of thirty-two letters per minute." That is something like a correspondence! We only wish we could knock off our letters as quickly. Ladies, however, might object to corresponding through such a channel, for though their communications might be everything that was desirable in the way of "linked sweetness long drawn out," still they might object on the ground of their being so extremely "wire-drawn." By the bye, the above rapidity of communication will be the ruin of our penny-a-liners. Fancy transmitting the President's Message by the Atlantic cable. As it would resolve itself, knotty points and all, into only one line, so our poor penny-a-liner would receive for the transmission of it only one penny. Measured by the same rule, the longest yarn about the American Sea Serpent would not amount to more. We are afraid that the creative geniuses, who fill our columns with vegetable and meteorological phenomena, will find their imaginative profession completely snared and killed, as dead as any Welsh rabbit, by this long wire. In the meantime, the penny-a-liner's fate is mercifully suspended, inasmuch as the chain has come once more to an open rupture, owing to several of the links, that should constitute its unity and strength, having broken out again, and proved their inveterate snappishness.

## THE LIFE OF A FRENCH SAINT IN ENGLISH.

OUR orthodox readers may thank us for the information that the subjoined advertisement appeared the other day in the *English Churchman*:—

"Copyright Translation. Third Edition, 1*s.* 6*d.*

LA TRAVIATA. The Tale upon which the Opera is founded, namely, *The Lady with the Camellias*, is published by GEORGE VICKERS, Angel Court, Strand.

We of course presume that the work above announced is the Edifying Edition of the *Dame aux Camellias*. No doubt it is accompanied with the notes of an eminent Divine, whose principles coincide with those of the *English Churchman*, although we are not told the name of the reverend commentator.

MILITARY PROVERB.—Sell the Kit and get the Cat.

## SUMMONING AN EVIL SPIRIT.

AT a Meeting the other day of the Parliamentary Committee on the State of the Thames, a singularly dramatic incident occurred. The subjoined extract, from a report of the examination of a witness, presents a lively idea of it:—

"By MR. TITE. If these expensive furnaces were formed, it might relieve the streets from the offensive smells from the gulley-holes, but it would not relieve the river from its present stench.

"[At this point a steamer passed up the river, and the stench coming into the Committee-room was so great that all the windows were immediately ordered to be closed.]"

The stench came upon its cue:—

"The bell then beating one—
Peace, break thee off; look where it comes again!"

More prompt, however, than the *Ghost* in *Hamlet*, the Demon of the Thames had only to be named to bring him up. Talk of that devil, indeed, and he appears to the Committee of legislators, in an olfactory, if not a visible, form. A very good thing too. Actually to sit upon a body may not be necessary for a coroner's jury; but, for the chance that something will be done to purify the Thames, it is lucky that Parliament is holding an inquest thereon with the nuisance under its nose. Parliament is obliged to smell the River whilst talking about it, and not only that, but fortunately, also whilst it is talking of other things; for if the Thames never made itself sensible in the House but when it was mentioned there, the reply of our legislators to every complaint against it would be, "Don't mention it!"

### The Readiest of Ready Reckoners.

SHORT reckonings make long friends; but, perhaps, no reckonings at all make the longest friends. With MR. COX HUGHES, however, long reckonings make it long indeed before his friends come again.

WHY are the Trafalgar Square fountains like Government Clerks? Because they play from 10 till 4.

WASHING THE BLACKAMOOR WHITE.

SIR JUNG BAHADOOR AND HIS KNIGHTS COMPANIONS OF THE BATH.

## ENCOURAGEMENT OF PESTILENCE.

THE battle is as to who shall pay for the purification of the Thames. The country objects, and we are afraid, that some fine pestilential morning, Father Thames will make a forcible appeal to the feelings of Englishmen, and throw himself regularly upon the country in the shape of Cholera. It is said that the sewage of the Thames is a sure, safe, and tid(e)y fortune, but apparently no one likes to draw upon its banks. In the meantime, the miasma continues. The Pestilence may knock, with its plague-cart, at our doors to-morrow, and demand a heavy poll-tax of every living person. It will be too late, then, to stand higgling-haggling about the exact rate of payment per head of this pestilential tax. When the evil is at our thresholds, we shall regret doubtlessly that we allowed the accumulation of filth at the bottom of the river to be the only settlement of this question. In the meantime, so long as this pernicious squabble continues, *Vive le* Cholera! Our only fear is, that its creed will not altogether be "Live, and Let Live."

### Weedon Words of Command.

THE word of command most familiar to the military storekeepers at Weedon seems to have been "Stand at Ease."

A word which we trust they will soon become better acquainted with, is "Dismiss!"

One command they should never hear—"As you were!"

"LIMITED LIABILITY." — The Statute of Limitations.

## COMMITTEE ON THE THAMES.

THIS select body of investigators assembled yesterday to inquire into the unpleasant state of the river Thames.

MR. BROWN was in the chair, having in his hand a bottle of Eau de Cologne, which he held to his nose during the greater part of the inquiry. On the table, in front of each committee-man, was placed a basin full of solution of chloride of lime.

MR. CRUCIBLE was the first witness called. He had been a chemist for some years. A laboratory offered various opportunities of experiencing odours. Some of those were nasty—at least would be generally considered so. Should say the smell of the Thames was nastier than most of them. Nasty smells were occasioned by gaseous or volatile substances, which produced disagreeable impressions on the olfactory nerves.

By ALDERMAN BOAKES. There was a substance called cacodyle. Cacodyle was so called from its bad odour. He had never found it in the Thames.

By LORD MUGGINS. Cacodyle was a compound of carbon, hydrogen, and metallic arsenic. It stank enough to poison anybody. So did the Thames. Cacodyle was a liquid; it took fire on exposure to the air. The Thames was incombustible itself; but he could set some of the sewer-gases on fire.

MR. METER was then called. He was surveyor and engineer to the Economical Gas Company. Gas was combustible. Gas issuing from sewers might be burnt as well as gas issuing from pipes. Explosions of gas sometimes occurred in a sewer. Had not considered the question whether the combustion of the sewer-gases could be rendered a source of artificial light.

By MR. PUDDINGHEAD. If the gases of the sewers could be applied to the purpose of illumination to any considerable extent, the interests of the Gas Companies might seriously suffer.

PROFESSOR BLOWPIPE examined. Was Professor of Chemistry in the University of Smithfield. Did not think the sewer-gases would do to light the streets with. All gas was not inflammable. Carbonic acid gas was not. It would put out fire: sulphuretted hydrogen was inflammable. Both sulphuretted hydrogen and carbonic acid gases were contained in sewers. The latter would interfere with the combustibility of the former. It was also contained in soda-water.

By MR. WISEACRE. Thought it would not be very easy to separate the carbonic acid gas from the other gases in the sewers, and utilise it in the manufacture of soda-water.

By MR. SOLON. If the sulphuretted hydrogen could be obtained pure it would be of no use, as it burnt with merely a pale blue flame.

By SIR SIMON SAGE. Carbonic acid gas could be condensed into a solid. In that form it would not be available for manure. It would evaporate too fast. Ammonia was a powerful fertilising agent. It was a volatile substance, and was in fact, the essence of sal-volatile. Ammonia was emitted from the Thames. The exhalations of the Thames did not smell like sal volatile.

By MR. J. JESSAMY. Perfumes for the toilet were composed out of materials of unpleasant odour—the refuse of gas-works for instance. Was not at present prepared to say that sewage could be converted into otto of roses.

ANDREW WHITE, M.D. was next examined. The exhalations from the Thames were exceedingly prejudicial to health. Had known them produce giddiness, nausea, sickness, fainting, typhus fever, and Asiatic Cholera.

PETER BLACK, M.D., F.R.S., was then examined. As far as his experience was concerned, persons employed on the Thames were more healthy than ordinary labourers.

MR. SUMP was the next witness called. He was of opinion that the deodorisation of sewers would be effectual. It would deprive them of smell. It would also render them innocuous. Their contents could be safely collected in suitable reservoirs, and beneficially employed in agriculture: thus converted into food.

MR. PUMP then gave evidence. Sewage could not be collected in any kind of reservoir without injury to the health of the neighbourhood. As a manure it would, when deodorised, be perfectly useless. Deodorisation would not destroy its noxious properties, but only deprive people of the warning afforded by its unpleasantness.

By MR. MULLER. Thames mud was a substance of a semi-fluid consistence. In a state of rest it was decidedly offensive; and the more you stirred it the more offensive it became. Any one uncautiously taking steps to remove it might make bad worse by putting his foot in it.

By MR. MUFF. The state of the Thames had not affected the swans. It probably would not be very injurious to ducks. The mud did not possess properties sufficiently nutritious to warrant the expectation that any number of ducks would eat it up.

Here the atmosphere of the room became intolerable and the Committee adjourned.

### Ineffectual Ablution.

HIS Highness the Maharajah JUNG BAHADOOR has been created a Knight of the Bath. A similar experiment has been tried before. JUNG BAHADOOR is a gentleman of a dark red complexion. The Bath will not render it white.

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, *July 5th.* LORD DERBY stated that the Braw Highlandman who is fighting the battles in India had not yet written home to say what title he would like, but the moment he signified his wishes on the subject, SIR COLIN should be created a Peer. LORD CAMPBELL has been in a great state of alarm lest the soldier should choose to be ennobled by his family name, in which case the lawyer imagines he shall be snuffed out. But even if SIR COLIN does choose this, the other must not grumble. He has got two peerages in his family, and should not be greedy. Nor need he be so modest as everybody knows he is. We shall read and admire the *Lives of the Chancellors* none the less for being grateful to somebody else for extinguishing the Lives of the Sepoys.

LORD LYNDHURST, naturally a little riled at the way he has been treated on the Jew question, made some severe strictures on the Bill at present passing, and declared that it had been drawn up by some gentleman who had been accustomed to charge for his words by their number, not their value, and who had therefore stuck a great lot of nonsense into the Bill. LORD CLANCARTY professed awful fear of the measure, on behalf of HER MAJESTY, who, LORD CLANCARTY is hereby informed, is quite capable of taking care of Herself (with the aid of *Mr. Punch*) without any patronising and protection from foolish Irish Peers. LORD DERBY intimated that the question had been considered, and that if the two Houses passed the Bill, there was no intention, on the QUEEN'S part, to say *La Reine s'avisera*. LYNDHURST then, in no very good temper, tore up his own Jew Bill, which was much better than the one the Lords have assented to.

The Commons went on with India and the Scotch Universities, but the question of the fête at Cremorne was the real one of the night, and debates whether the Ladies had any right to turn the public out, or whether, having that right, they were wise in exercising it, mainly occupied the senators. Some members growled dreadfully at being "expected to go," and abused women for their curiosity and eternal love of sight-seeing; and some, who were most sarcastic on this subject, *Mr. Punch* recognised as gentlemen specially fond of slinking from the smoking-room, going to Westminster Bridge, and thence by a boat to Cremorne; "not that they care about the place, but a little fresh air is really necessary to a fellah."

*Tuesday.* The Lords did not do much, but what was done was in the right direction; for LORD RAVENSWORTH (the Horatian), meddling with an Ecclesiastical Bill, in order to increase the power of the Bishops, was set on by LORD DERBY (the other Horatian) who likes knocking over Bishops occasionally; and the Peers, by 38 to 12 voted against the Ravensworthian proposition.

India again, in the Commons, LORD PALMERSTON trying to insert a variety of emendations of his own in the Bill, none of which would the Commons permit. On one occasion, his Lordship said that he should confine himself to a simple but strong expression of dissatisfaction, and accordingly, when the question was put, he bawled out "No," in a bold voice. Now DENISON, instead of minding what was said, was very likely calculating how soon he should be allowed to get away, and whether he would go to Baden, or Rome, and how, and hearing PAM shout, he lost his head, and declared that the Noes had it. Thereupon LORD PALMERSTON was obliged to go into the lobby with a ridiculously small following, much to his disgust. We can sympathise with DENISON for being bored, but then he must remember that he is paid for undergoing it, and should attend to the debate.

*Wednesday.* MR. M'MAHON, who is an able Irish lawyer, sees an objection to a man being hanged when he is innocent, and when a new trial would prove him so; and therefore has brought in a Bill for giving a convicted person the right to a second trial in certain cases. Considering that when the merest trifle of property is at stake you may have your case tried three or four times, and in three or four ways, it seems reasonable that where one's neck is in peril one should be allowed the benefit of a second investigation, if the first has been unfair or incomplete. The Bill will not pass this year, however, so innocent people had better take care not to be suspected, until further notice.

*Thursday.* The DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH being in fear lest some Jew official might some day advise the QUEEN what parson to put into a Crown living (as if, under our precious system of Church patronage, heaps of parsons were not presented by Jew proprietors), caused the insertion in the Hebrew Emancipation Bill of a clause prohibiting any such interference with the Christian pulpit.

Then came a solemn and an awful ceremonial. It became the duty of the proper officials to intimate, at an early hour, to the convict JOHN COMPANY, lying under sentence of death, that the time had come for the law to be carried out, and that though he had had many reprieves, he must hope for no more. He received the news in sulky silence, and not one word of penitence fell from him. In the evening, about seven o'clock, the fatal procession was formed, and JOHN COMPANY was led to his long and well deserved doom. He was attended to the scaffold by the venerable PALMERSTON, who vainly sought to impress upon him the righteousness of his fate, and who was ably assisted by the benevolent RUSSELL, who also explained to the guilty creature in the clearest manner, that he deserved what was coming upon him. The culprit, however, persevered in his stolid silence, and even an attempt by a party called ROEBUCK, to get up a row, possibly with a view to a rescue of the criminal, elicited no notice from him. MR. DISRAELI then uttered a few well-chosen and impressive words, congratulating all around him in having brought such an offender to his end, and gave the fatal signal, on which DENISON finished the law. The cheers of the whole assembly evinced their sense that stern justice had been done.

Gold has been found in NEW CALEDONIA, so law is naturally wanted there, and Colonial Secretary BULWER made his maiden attempt at official legislation upon the young colony. And as all the Dublin Police are Popish, and consequently the Protestants have no confidence in them (for in Ireland you must know a man's creed before you can let him look after your spoons), the Government are endeavouring to adjust the balance. But the Irish members will not hear of such a thing, and threaten to talk till the end of August.

*Friday.* LORD DUNGANNON, taking the House *en route* for Cremorne Gardens (where the rain utterly spoiled Society's fête, and *Mr. Punch* hereby pours a libation in grateful honour of Jupiter Pluvius), made a speech about glebe houses and clergymen, and to attune his mind to the Cremorne business, had a discussion with the BISHOP OF LONDON.

In the Commons, MR. DISRAELI promised, in the next week, a Bill for purifying Father Thames. *Mr. Punch* is too much excited at the news to be able to do more than cry, "Go it, BEN!" and to liquor.

### THE ENEMY OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

FAR down underneath the Atlantic's vast billow,
The Telegraph Cable was sunk in the deep;
In the bed of the sea it possessed such a pillow,
That philosophers fancied it snugly would sleep.
For the tempest that lashes the surface of ocean
Into mountainous waves, when the stormy winds blow,
Produces no sort of perceptible motion
In the depth of the water a few miles below.

The fact is, however, the Telegraph Cable
Has a second time failed in the lowermost main,
And why, all the sages are wholly unable,
By proof or conjecture, the cause to explain.
Nor is it a very great matter for wonder
The question should puzzle the learned and wise:
As touching the Cable 'tis like they would blunder,
Being out of their depth when they get where it lies.

But what 's dark to the sage may be clear to the simple,
Who take an unprejudiced view of a case,
And this is as plain as a pikestaff or pimple
That sprouts on the nose of an Alderman's face.
The Serpent enormous, old Neptune's grand ranger,
Cuts the Cable right through with teeth sharp as a knife,
For though, where they sink it, "the storm is a stranger,"
There, BYRON says also, "the Sea-Snake hath life."

### No More Modistes.

WE believe there are no more *Modistes*. The dresses they now put on the backs of the ladies are not only sadly disfiguring to them, but also wofully inconvenient to the gentlemen. In fair justice, they should be called *Incommodistes*.

SERIOUS REMARK BY A ROGUE.

A SANCTIFIED thief, hearing of the proposed Bill for the greatly required improvement of the law in criminal cases, made a grimace, and said, "It will increase our trials!"

A TOAST FOR YOUNG AMERICA.—"Here's to the Flag of Stars and Stripes, and may it dash its stars if it doesn't soon outstripe the entire world!"

## THE FAIR TOXOPHILITES.

*Constance.* "OH, MAMMA! I'M SO DELIGHTED. I HAVE JUST MADE THE BEST GOLD, AND WON THE BEAUTIFUL BRACELET GIVEN BY CAPTAIN RIFLES."

*Lucy (disappointed).* "WELL, CONSTANCE, I THINK YOU HAD BETTER NOT SAY MUCH ABOUT IT. YOU KNOW IT WAS A FLUKE! FOR YOU TOLD ME YOU ALWAYS SHOT WITH YOUR EYES SHUT, AS YOU FEEL SO VERY NERVOUS!"

## LIVING PICTURES AT CREMORNE.

AN entirely new series of aristocratic *Poses Plastiques* was given at Cremorne, for the exclusive fête of Friday.

The following groups were particularly admired:—

"*The Choice of Hercules,*" represented by LORD SHAFTESBURY, as the cleanser of the Augean stable, between Pleasure (as a *Folie* pointing to Cremorne), and Piety (as a Pew-opener, pointing to a Parish Church), with the motto "*Proh Pudor!*" in variegated lamps.

"*The Peasant's Heel Galling the Courtier's Kibe.*"—The Peasant, *à la Watteau*, by a season-ticket holder. The Courtier by the HON. POODLE BYNG.

"*Hope in Search of (a) Charity.*"—Hope by the COUNTESS OF SHAFTESBURY, bearing the proceeds of the fête in her hand. We could not learn who represented the Charity on the occasion.

"*The Triumph of Ingestrie.*"—Displaying the youthful organiser of the fête enthroned on a cylindrical pedestal of Aylesbury-ware pipe, waving a flag over his head inscribed "*Meliora!*" which wish was devoutly responded to by the company.

"*Hope told a Flattering Tale, that Joy would soon Return.*"—One of the most admired groups of the evening. Hope by the Honourable Member for Maidstone, assuring a fervent acolyte of St. Barnabas of the speedy restoration of MISS JOY to her visiting duties in Belgravia.

"*The Judgment of Paris*" (*draped after Flaxman*).—Paris by the DUKE OF MALAKHOFF; Venus, Minerva, and Juno, by three of the Lady Patronesses of the evening. The strictest propriety could find nothing to object to in this group, despite its mythological and, at first blush, questionable character. The costumes, which were *not* diaphanous, and the Crinolines, which were ample, had previously been submitted to, and pronounced irreproachable by, His Grace the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

"*The Veronesse*" (*after Teniers*).—A delicious *tableau*, composed of elegantly costumed female members of the Aristocracy playing at "Skittles."

"*The Seven Categories of Kant.*"—A metaphysical *tableau*, arranged by the Right Rev. the BISHOP OF OXFORD. Kant by the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH; his Seven Categories by distinguished female members of the serious circles of the Aristocracy.

## GOVERNOR WALL AND GOVERNOR CHILD.

GOVERNOR WALL, for having flogged an innocent man to death, was hanged like a dog amid the shouts of the multitude. LORD MANSFIELD declared, "If you pardon DODD, you have murdered PERREAU." What would that eminent Judge have said if he had read MAJOR CHILD'S own statement of the cowardly and infamous cruelties, which, whilst Commandant of Norfolk Island, he practised on the helpless and innocent prisoner, BARBER? Might not the noble and learned oracle of judicial consistency have spoken somewhat of this kind:—"As you cannot transport MAJOR CHILD to a penal settlement, you ought not to have hanged GOVERNOR WALL?"

### "Wanted the Spud."

AFTER the discovery by the Royal Commission of the rascalities that have centred round our system of military contracts, and the cashierings that have followed their exposures, we can only say to GENERAL PEEL, emphatically, "Weed-on."

# THE ARISTOCRATIC FATE AT CREMORNE.

**Terrific Descent Amidst Showers of Water-Works.**

## EDWIN THE FREE, NOT THE FAIR.

We beg to call attention to the following dialogue:—

"Dr. Buchanan said that the defendant had been placed under his moral control, and in all matters connected with drinking he considered the defendant was unsound in mind. (*Laughter.*)

"Mr. Justice Bramwell. This is a new mania. (*Laughter.*)

"Mr. James. A sort of bibomania. (*Laughter.*)

"Witness. Tipso-mania.

"Mr. James. That is, when he saw a bottle of gin he went mad. (*Laughter.*) He had taken to drinking?

"Witness. I do not know what that is.

"Mr. James. It is a very common expression. You know the old song—

'He took to drinking ratafia,
And thought upon Miss Bailey?'
(*Laughter.*)

"Witness. He left my house suddenly, and was found by his aunt in the Haymarket.

"Mr. James. Is there anything so unusual in a medical student being found in the Haymarket, though not often by his aunt? (*Great laughter.*) In fact, he had *delirium tremens?*

"Witness. He had.

"Re-examined. He stated that he saw spectres round his bed.

"Mr. James. Inspectors? (*Laughter.*)

"Witness. No, spectres. He had a curious fancy about gratings in the street. He took them for money-boxes. (*Laughter.*)

"Dr. Bartlett, the manager of Dr. Forbes Winslow's Establishment at Hammersmith, proved that the defendant was there in 1855, suffering under delusions that he had interviews with the devil, and was persecuted by his family; but he was aware it was right that he should be there. He was also under the delusion that he was constantly haunted by a blue pig, which was under his bed.

"Mr. James. Not the Blue Boar in the Haymarket? (*Laughter.*)"

The dialogue we have given was not spoken outside a booth at a Country Fair, but inside a Court of Justice. The part of Mr. Merriman, as usual, by Mr. Edwin James.

That gentleman has profited, apparently, by his study of the vocalist who does the "comic song and dialogue" business, at the *Café Chantant*. But with such exhibitions so constantly recurring in the Law Reports of our Newspapers, we have a difficulty in believing, notwithstanding the assurance of Dr. Beattie, that "Edwin is no vulgar boy."

## THE ORIGIN OF PEG-TOP TROUSERS.

The pattern must have been taken by some inventive genius from the Cochin China. Look at his legs. Depend upon it, their unsightly bagginess first suggested the idea of the "Peg-Top." Stultz, bankrupt for ideas, rifled the poultry-yard for new forms. The "Goose" has not minded stooping for once to steal from a Cochin China! If this creation of a trouser be not true, it ought to be from the similarity of shape; or is this story of a Peg-Top to turn out to be all a "hum?" We would pause for a reply, only the servant has just announced that "Dinner is waiting!"

### A Precious Breach of Promise.

In the Court of Exchequer, the other day, a British Jury, consisting probably of husbands and fathers, and excited by the eloquence of Mr. Edwin James, gave £400 damages to a servant girl, the daughter of a publican, for breach of promise of marriage on the part of an unhappy medical student, excessively addicted to brandy-and-water, subject to *delirium tremens*, and now a lunatic in the Asylum of Dr. Forbes Winslow, at Hammersmith. What a catch to miss; what a husband, what a son-in-law to lose! What a sympathetic and considerate British Jury!

### WORK ON RAISING WOMAN.

A Lady has published *Thoughts on Self-Culture, addressed to Women.* A fat and fair friend complains that all the culture she has expended on her person had caused it to grow only in circumference.

### "QUITE THE SKIM OF SOCIETY."

Mrs. Trollope maintains that in Vienna only is to be seen the "*crême de la crême*" of society. After the fête of last Friday, London may at least boast its possession of the "*crême de la Crém-orne.*"

## MACBETH ON MEDICINE.

"Mr. Punch,

"From too much study and perturbation of the brain; perhaps also from excessive employment of the digestive organs, I am often troubled with vertigo, deafness, singing in the ears, throbbing of the temples, and palpitation of the heart. These symptoms indicate, as I take it, a tendency to apoplexy. Whenever they threaten my existence I lay up my intellect, reduce my diet, and increase my exercise. These measures, hitherto preventive, may at last fail. In that event what will the doctor do with me? This question is suggested by a letter in the *Times*, signed "S. Dickson, M.D., formerly an officer in the Royals." The writer cites Mr. Russell's account of the routine treatment of sunstroke in India—thus:—

"The veins of the arm were opened and leeches applied to the temples . . . Notwithstanding every care, the greater number of cases were fatal immediately."

"He then adds:—

"Twenty-two years ago I printed and published the result of simply dashing cold water over the head, and supporting the worn and fatigued man with brandy and water. . . . Almost every man recovered. Their convalescence was accelerated by ammonia and quinine."

"Dr. Dickson further states that—

"A few years ago Dr. Todd, following in my footsteps, instead of bleeding in apoplexy, brought out his 'new treatment of apoplexy—mild tonics and quinine—from the commencement.'"

"In case I should be prostrated by an apoplectic attack, shall I have brandy given me or be let blood; the vital fluid taken out of me or the *eau-de-vie* thrown in? For some doctors, it seems, are for blood-letting, others for brandy; and

Which is right,
Black or White?

I'll be doctored if I can tell; but not otherwise if I know it. And how, *Mr. Punch*, is the distinction, contemplated in the Medical Bill, between qualified and unqualified practitioners, to be drawn with any degree of practical accuracy? Can one man be qualified to bleed me in a given case, and another, in the same case, be qualified to brandy me? Does there indeed exist in Nature any such a person as a duly qualified practitioner, unless, according to the adage, every man is such who is above forty and not a fool. Albeit no Scotchman, I am, for a particular reason, strongly inclined to subscribe myself,

"Macbeth."

"P.S. I would of course have Professor Gulloway's pills thrown to the dogs too; as well as all the stuff advertised by your friends the other quacks, whose false and foul advertisements still disgrace most newspapers."

## "THE MEETING OF THE WATERS."

There is not in this wide world a River so sweet,
As the Thames when the tide and its black waters meet;
When the scent-laden treasures from London which fall,
Commix with the perfumes returned from Blackwall.

Yet it is not the bone-boiling bouquet you smell,
Nor the blue-billy streams from the Gas-works that well,
'Tis not patent manure-works that fragrance distil,
Oh! no, it is something more odorous still!

'Tis the rich cordial compound that gushingly comes
From the labours of those who should sweeten our homes:
And we sensibly feel how our case we improve,
By combining for all, what each strives to remove.

Sweet Vale of the Thames! 'tis my lot to abide,
Where the mud-banks, perennial, embellish thy side;
And ne'er, while thy redolent stream ebbs and flows,
Shall the smell of thy sewage depart from my nose!

### Arches' Court.

We see that a successor has at length been found for the Arches Court. We should like to know who is likely to succeed at those Courts of iniquity—the Adelphi Arches?—unless it may be the thieves, who succeed but too well in the absence of the Police.

### SCENTED SALTS.

The Thames has lately been found to contain an unusually large quantity of saline matter. Persons ignorant of Chemistry may be disposed to denominate the salts of the Thames River smelling salts.

## THE GRAND NATIONAL ROSE SHOW.

IN the days of the Great Stench of London, the Naiades ran from the banks of Thamesis, with their pocket-handkerchiefs to their noses, and made a complaint to the Goddess Flora how exceedingly unpleasant the dead dogs were, and how that they couldn't abide 'em, indeed they couldn't. And Flora forthwith, out of her sweet charity, engaged apartments at the Hall of St. James's, and came up with 10,000 Roses to deodorise the river, and revive the Town. But Venus no sooner heard of her advent, than (as if to illustrate the severe sentiment "women do so hate each other") she put on her best bonnet, and went forth, in all her beauty, to "set down that conceited flower-girl," who had dared to flirt at Chiswick, the Crystal Palace, Regent's Park, &c., with her own favoured admirer, Mars. So, awfully beautiful, she came in a revengeful glow, and Flora's roses grew pale, and fled before the roses on the cheeks of Aphrodite, and the poor goddess went back to her gardens, and the pocket-handkerchiefs went back also, to the noses of the unhappy Naiades.

## MEDICAL CONFISCATION.

THE Medical Bill now in progress through Parliament contains a clause obliging medical men, both those already existing, who have paid for their diplomas through their noses, and those to be hereafter admitted, to pay, for compulsory registration, "such fee as may be fixed by the General Council"—the future presiding and examining body of the Profession. This clause is an admirable provision for the regulation of the registration fee, if it is the object of the Legislature to empower the Council to screw it up to any amount that may suit their purpose, whether that of driving poor struggling practitioners out of practice, excluding from it young men of ability but slender means, or pocketing the money. Why should the registration of a medical man's titles cost more than the registration of births and deaths, unless the object is to tax medical men for some exclusive, or lucrative, or penal object? If medical men are to be punished, or plundered, or disentitled, well and good; but if not, then perhaps some friend of the poor doctors will move as an amendment to the clause in question, that in the words "such fee as may be fixed by the General Council, every word except 'fee' be omitted, and that before the word 'fee' be inserted the letter 'a,' and after it the words 'of one shilling.'" Surely a shilling fee is quite enough to ask a man to pay for obliging him to furnish the public with a statement of his qualifications, by the publication of which he himself gets nothing whatever more than the ability to maintain a lawsuit against any patient who will not or cannot pay him his bill, and the chance of getting any practice that a neighbouring quack may lose, in consequence of being found to have no diploma, if there happens to be any quack in his neighbourhood.

### To the Lords and Commons.

IF we were to put a paternal wish into the mouth of Father Thames, it should be *Mercutio's*, —"A Plague o' both your Houses,"—for then something would be done to cleanse the River.

## SWINDLING THE SOLDIER.

THE *Examiner*, in an article on the rascalities at Weedon, which have been lately exposed, mentions the curious fact, that out of 170,000 pairs of soldiers' boots in store, which cost the Government from 8*s.* 6*d.* to 8*s.* 9*d.* per pair, sold by somebody in charge of them to some receiver, wilful or unwitting, of stolen goods, 20,000 were bought at an auction for about 5*s.* 5*d.* a pair by "a person named LEVI." The same contemporary, in the same article, states the equally curious fact, that certain soldiers were supplied with kits at £2 11*s.* 3*d.* per kit, of inferior quality, and not worth the money, by "a man named ISAACS." How is it that so many equivocal transactions are associated with Hebrew names? Persons may have been heretofore bribed to adopt those aliases, by fanatics, for the purpose of maintaining a groundless prejudice against a particular class of HER MAJESTY'S subjects; but now that the Lords have conceded the Jewish claims, bribery, to the end in question, can be no longer operative.

There are other rogues in this world than the posterity of JACOB, as the *Examiner*, still in the same article, proceeds to prove, by showing how a recruit is cheated out of his bounty. The recruit is promised a bounty of £5 on joining his regiment. He gets, however, only £2: the rest of the money being stopped to pay for his kit. The price of that is £2 11*s.* 3*d.*, which, added to £2, makes £4 11*s.* 3*d.*, a sum *minus* £5 by 8*s.* 9*d.* This 8*s.* 9*d.* is unaccounted for; and is, of course, pocketed by some scoundrel, authorized or unauthorized to rob the poor soldier. Is this a person of the name of SHADRACH, or a similar name? Probably not; somebody of a Christian and even aristocratic appellation more likely. But why promise the recruit a bounty of £5, when you mean merely to give him £2 and his kit; the kit not even worth £3? Why tell the man a lie? Why keep up, on the part of the Government, the traditionary falsehood of *Serjeant Kite?* Does any hooknosed money-lender, who discounts a bill partly in bricks and bad cigars, exceed in dishonesty the authorities who guarantee the soldier a £5 bounty, and pay him £3 of the money in a vile kit. We are glad to see a statement that "the authorities have agreed to present each recruit with a free kit." We will not say we wish the recruit may get it, but we shall be glad to hear that he has got it.

### Courteous Consideration.

THE Committee of the Royal Academy of Music, prompted by the kindest feelings of loyalty, took the most effectual precautions in order that the Mass of LORD WESTMORELAND should be delivered in a locality where it could not possibly be heard. With this generous view, they selected St. James's Hall. Thus ingeniously, HER MAJESTY was spared the infliction of listening to it.

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

*Cremorne* (*loq.*). The British Aristocracy
Acknowledges my charms,
"They used to come in twos and threes,
But now they comes in swarms."

### Swearing to the Fact.

"*Où est-ce que c'est, ce fête?*" asked the DUKE OF MALAKHOFF of the COUNTESS OF S——.

"*A Cremorne,*" was her Ladyship's answer.

"*Cré-morne! . . . . cré mâtin!*" exclaimed the astonished and energetic ambassador.

THE LETTER X.—In algebra, *x* stands for an unknown quantity. It is pretty nearly the same with Beer. Double X and Treble X, only too frequently stand for an "unknown quantity"—of hops.

## ORGANS OUT OF ORDER.

ARE really sorry to see the following statement in a well-informed contemporary:—

"DECLINE OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC PRESS.—The organs of the Roman Catholic body in this country will, it is said, be soon reduced in number. The proprietors of two of them, the *Tablet* and *Dublin Review*, have appealed by circulars to their supporters, and especially to the Roman Catholic priesthood, for pecuniary aid to continue in existence, which if not rendered within a short space of time, the *Tablet* and *Review* must cease to exist. Since the death of the late MR. FREDERICK LUCAS, M.P., the *Tablet* has been conducted by its proprietors, MR. RYLEY, the well-known actuary, and MR. JOHN WALLIS of the English bar. The *Dublin Review* has been managed by CARDINAL WISEMAN and MR. BAGSHAWE, Q.C., of the Chancery Bar."

Without joking, we repeat that we are concerned to hear of the declining state of the *Tablet* and the *Dublin Review*. The latter was never a venomous organ of Popery, and the former had apparently ceased to be venomous for some time. The last time we looked over the *Tablet*, and the time before that, and on many previous occasions, we found no virulent abuse of the English Church and nation in it, no exultation in the misfortunes of England, no sympathy with England's enemies, no invitation of foreign bayonets, no sedition, no treason. It is curious that the decline of the *Tablet* in circulation should be simultaneous with its decrease in bigotry and malignity. Respectable Roman Catholics will now, perhaps, be induced to take in a paper which will not disgust them as it formerly did, inasmuch as it has in a great measure discarded those peculiar characteristics which procured for it the support of the savage and disaffected Ultramontane friar-party.

## TRUMPET-PLAYING EXTRAORDINARY.

MR. DISTIN has evidently been giving lessons to the DERBY Ministry. They blow their own trumpets with the most wonderful skill; but their talent does not stop there; for sooner than their accomplished lips should be idle, they blow the trumpet for each other. This they do with a power of sound that not only takes away their own breath, but the breath of their audience as well. The echoes of the famous *solo* played by MR. DISRAELI on his own trumpet at Slough, have scarcely died away, before the LORD CHANCELLOR begins another *solo*, with still more wonderful flourishes, at the Mansion House. This habit of trumpeting brazenly everything they do is beginning to jar most discordantly on the tired ear of the nation.

There is too much brass in the trick. "Trumpet me like a trump, and I'll trumpet you in return," seems to be the secret engagement entered into amongst the members of this harmonious band. However, this unanimity of mutual laudation is so suspiciously unanimous that we should not wonder at its ending in a regular row. When tired of blowing each other's praises, they will amuse themselves by blowing up each other. Excess of admiration generally ends in jealousy. You will see that the next thing to be blown will be their own characters, and he who can blow highest and blow lowest on that inviting theme, and illustrate it with the greatest variations, will carry off the prize.

### Parallel Customs.

IN England we expect proof of a young husband's endurance and bravery. We look to see him tolerate, for a time, his Mother-in-Law's invasion, and then to behold him defeat and expel her. Curiously enough, DR. LIVINGSTONE says that in certain tribes of Africa "no husband is regarded as a worthy member of society until he has sustained a severe scourging, and has killed a Rhinoceros."

## SELF-CONSERVING CONSERVERS.

IF Parliament has not done much for the conservancy of the Thames, it has at least done a good deal for the conservancy of Parliament. However seemingly indifferent to the health of other people, our legislators are most nervously careful of their own. For fear its precious inmates should suffer from infection, the House has been furnished with deodorising window-blinds, and bucketsful of limewater have been hourly sprinkled in the passages. By way of fumigation, pastiles have been burnt in the library and lobbies, and cigars smoked by the ton outside upon the terrace. Members sitting in Committee have been allowed leave of absence every other day, and have been supplied when on duty with scented pockethandkerchiefs. In short, every known disinfectant has been tried; and anxious MR. GURNEY, the conserver of the House, has exhausted science to keep it in good order.

Of course we need not say, that all this has been done at the national expense. Nor equally, of course, have we any mind to grumble at it. Self-preservation is the first law of the legislature: and to conserve itself is clearly the first duty of a Conservative Government. Heaven will help those, it is said, who help themselves; and it doubtless is to prove their pious faith in this, that our senators have helped themselves so freely to our money: at least, have sanctioned its expenditure for purposes devoted to their own peculiar benefit.

But granting the necessity of studying the sanitary welfare of the House, and of paying such round sums to secure its nasal comfort, we own we somewhat feel a disposition to complain that Parliament is only lavish on itself, and is niggardly in voting public money for the public. No sooner is a plan proposed for cleansing Father Thames than the member for old Scroogeborough rises from his seat, and in the name of his constituents protests against the outlay. The protest generally is followed by a general "hear! hear!" and member after member echoes the absurdity. Regardless of expense to disinfect the House, when this is done the House becomes immediately close-fisted. So long as Father Thames is deodorised at Westminster, Parliament conceives that nothing more is requisite. Now this really is too bad. JOHN BULL wants his river cleansed, and can afford to pay for it; but his misrepresentatives declare that No, he can't, and jabber, jaw, and jangle by the hour and week to prove it. After all, it may be this excessive love of talking to which we owe the fact that next to nothing has been done for us. Great talkers are proverbially accounted little doers, and certainly our M.P.'s do their best to prove the proverb. After debates nightly to the length of the *Leviathan*, they just vote supplies of lime enough to whitewash Father Thames in front of their own windows; and then are ready to declare the river certainly looks cleaner, and as far as they can see, nothing further need be done to it.

## "THE HOPES OF THE SESSION ARE ALL FLED AWAY."

### A Whig Lament.

AIR—"*The Flowers of the Forest.*"

I'VE seen PAM laughing, the Derbyites chaffing,
The Derbyites chaffing, so jaunty and gay;
Now the Whig Tapers low burn at Broadlands and Woburn,
The Hopes of the Session are all fled away!

At BROOKES's each morning, no OSBORNE is scorning,
The Fox-Club is silent, and sad and distrait;
With importance diminished, when dinner is finished,
Each man takes his beaver, and hies him away.

Suspended the rush is to Cambridge House crushes,
The DUKE OF ARGYLE's gone to Carlsbad to play;
The star of CLANRICARDE to a rush-light has flickered,
The Hopes of the Session are all fled away!

The loaves and the fishes have left HAYTER's dishes,
At the pay-office dawneth no Whig quarter-day;
Despite CARDWELL's motion, and BOB LOWE's devotion,
The Hopes of the Session are all fled away!

Round the lobbies at gloaming the Whig whips are roaming,
Their pack, once so tame, running wildly astray;
On divisions checkmated, in speaking o'er-weighted,
The Hopes of the Session are all fled away!

With BRIGHT up to back them, and SMITH to attack them,
The Cabinet pluckily carries the day;
More far and far off is the Pisgah of office,
The Hopes of the Session are all fled away!

THE PREMIERSHIP.—The EARL OF SHREWSBURY AND TALBOT has been graciously pleased to accept the resignation of the EARL OF DERBY as the Premier Earl of England.

## MOST UNACCOUNTABLE.

*"CONFOUND THAT URCHIN, HERE HAVE I BEEN FLOGGING AWAY ALL DAY, AND NOT EVEN CAUGHT SO MUCH AS A TITTLEBAT."*

## THE GREAT BRUNSWICK HOTEL CONTROVERSY.

THE bills that have been brought forward on the above question have been summarily dismissed, with leave to any member of the community to move the indignation of the public again, in the event of MR. COX HUGHES persisting in his absurd claims. Before the matter was dropped, that ill-Hughes-ed individual managed to have the last word. Your British hotel-keeper will not let you off, without making you suffer to the last extremity. With all deference to MR. HUGHES (who has literally proved a host in himself by dealing with so many assailants, and has shown that he can sustain heavy charges as coolly as he makes them), we cannot come to the conclusion that the Brunswick Hotel is exactly the House for a DICK WHITTINGTON, or a PARSON ADAMS, visiting London, to resort to, or, indeed, for anyone but a person under a heavy wager to spend a thousand pounds in a thousand half-hours.

MR. HUGHES, with a coolness that would be invaluable for his cellar, admits that some of his bills were headed "Ascot week," and "Derby week," as a pretext for his extra-extraordinarily high charges; and contends that such is the custom, or rather the Hughes-age. It would, therefore, appear that the Inns of the West End, like the Inns of Court, have special "terms" for special seasons, which would suggest the necessity of an hotel-keeper's almanack on the principle of the legal one, with these terms, or term-times, prominently marked in red-ink, as indicative of additional bleeding on such occasions.

> "Hotel me when, hotel me where,
> That I may know when you are dear."

To tell the truth, however, it does not appear that MR. COX HUGHES requires the stimulus of a race-week to justify his indulging—as far as his charges go—to excess: for his bills in other weeks—in every week of the Calendar, in fact—appear, from the specimens that have been filed in the *Times*, to be equally racy, comprising the same dreary courses and steaks, and exhibiting a knowledge of jockeyship not always displayed on the part of a landlord, who is in the habit of running for the plate. Not merely one week, but each week throughout the year, seems with this Leviathan of hotel-chargers to be a Ledger week. The book he excels the most in making is decidedly his banker's book.

MR. HUGHES, however, may certainly be pronounced a right loyal man, well worthy of his Sovereign's attention—for he has succeeded in making the "House of Brunswick" truly dear to Englishmen—very much dearer than the "Crown and Sceptre."

## A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.

THE *Constitutionnel* is the *Père Duchesne* of the Empire. Like his Revolutionary model, the *Constitutionnel* is "*diablement en colère*" at the impertinence of the British House of Peers, in daring to question the right of France to introduce into her colonies "free immigrants" even against their wills and by help of handcuffs.

The *Constitutionnel*, with withering sarcasm, contrasts the state of the French and English colonies.

"There have not been," exclaims the Imperial organ, "so far as we are aware, thousands of prisoners shot, hung, or blown from the mouths of guns, in any French colony, without any form or trial."—Probably not: that sort of thing is, no doubt, confined to the mother country. "The anti-Christian spectacle," proceeds this excited penman, "has not in any French colony been presented in the middle of the nineteenth century, of towns given up to all the passions of a soldiery; that is, to pillage, rape, and murder."—How about Algiers, my excited *confrère*, and the caverns of Dahra, if the worthy DUKE OF MALAKHOFF will permit the allusion?

"Our colonies," continues the *Constitutionnel*, "are at present models of order, peace, mutual benevolence, and good government."—Then all we can say is, we wonder all Frenchmen don't emigrate.

"We have raised the former slaves in them to the dignity of citizens."—And by way of counterpoise, we suppose, have degraded French citizens at home to the condition of slaves.

"We permit them to enjoy all the rights inscribed in our code of laws."—Considering what the rights inscribed in the present French code amount to, the niggers ought to be exceedingly obliged to you.

But after all, this article does go far to explain the extreme wrath of the Imperial organs at our persisting in speaking of negroes kidnapped on board ship, and then manacled, and clapped under hatches, as slaves. Because if this is slavery, what is French citizenship?

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**CRINOLINE FOR EVER—NO BATHING-MACHINE REQUIRED.**

A HINT FOR THE SEA-SIDE.

## "NON REDOLET SED OLET, *NEC* REDOLERE SOLET."

BOTH in Parliament and out of it a good deal has been said of the Conservancy of the Thames. Unsavoury as it may be, the subject has been lately in everybody's mouth. But although public speakers, not less indeed than private ones, have done their utmost seemingly to exhaust the fertile topic, a remark still remains which (so far as we're aware) has not as yet been made on it. In fact, unless the truth be sacrificed, the observation we allude to cannot possibly be uttered. It is as clear as its own mud that, while the River-sewer Thames is suffered, as it now is, to continue in bad odour, its conservancy at any rate can never truthfully be spoken of as a conserve of roses.

### Address to General Peel.

"YAH!" Weedon hoots,
"PEEL! do your duty!"
Who sold the boots?
Who sacked the booty?

A NICE NEW FEAST FOR THE CALENDAR.

THERE is one feast that nobody would grudge the Corporation of London, if only true grounds for its observance could be established—the PURIFICATION OF THE THAMES.

"VERY HARD LINES."—The two unhappy failures that have followed the attempt to lay down the Atlantic Cable.

## SIR POT AND SIR KETTLE.

(OR, BATH *versus* GARTER.)

SIR POT, the new Knight of the Garter,
On SIR KETTLE, the Knight of the Bath,
(One a Turk was, the other a Tartar,)
Once emptied his vials of wrath.
If SIR KETTLE with interest retorted,
Is a fact that the reader must settle,
By perusing the fray here reported,
Between these renown'd men of metal.

Quoth SIR POT: "For your late K.C.B.s,
The Bath 's an appropriate order;
For washing 's a process agrees
With such knights as that wretch JUNG BAHAWDER.
Though to wash such a blackamoor white,
If even *your* Bath, Sir, be equal,
Is a problem (you 'll own I am right)
Which has yet to be solved by the sequel."

Quoth SIR KETTLE: "I own it was rash,
To blow out the brains of his cousins;
To settle th' avuncular hash,
And shoot down his rivals by dozens;
But if you cast up my BAHAWDER,
Why on your own list should be found
ABDUL MEDJID,—to drop all soft sawder—
That servant of heathen MAHOUND?"

Quoth SIR POT: "But just look at your host
Of CARDIGANS, LUCANS, and AIREYS,
Famed, betwixt you and me and the Post,
For nought but their blund'ring vagaries.
I 'll fling you DUNDAS in therewith;
The whole four will make up a poor HECTOR;
And what do you say to A. SMITH,
Ex-medical Army director?"

Quoth SIR KETTLE: "Don't cast up to me!
Just look at your own order's blazon,
Where a LOUIS NAPOLEON we see,
Hard to say if more bloody or brazen.
Not even your chancellor bland,
SAM OXON of skill saponaceous,
Can wash off the stain from his hand,
Or to truth twist his dealings mendacious."

So SIR POT's and SIR KETTLE's black lips
Each the other's high order kept roasting:
SIR POT flinging in the great "PHIPPS,"
And SIR KETTLE with "HERTFORD" riposting.
"JAMIE SIMPSON!" cried POT, "prince of muffs!"
"With SAL'SBURY!" cried KETTLE; "you capp'd are."
But here KETTLE and POT got to cuffs,
And this made an end of the chapter.

## LORD CAMPBELL IN ERROR.

THE Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench is a judge whose remarks are usually judicious. At the late Norfolk Assizes, however, the noble and learned lord made an observation, an *obiter dictum*, not perhaps characterized by his usual shrewdness. GEORGE BATES, aged 34, was indicted for stealing a certain thing, the property of GEORGE NEWENS, under-bailiff to BARON ROTHSCHILD. During a fire which happened at NEWENS's house, BATES had saved the thing in question, but refused to surrender it unless he were paid 1*s.* for his services. He was acquitted of the charge of larceny; whereupon the following opinion was pronounced by—

"LORD CAMPBELL. I am sure that if BARON ROTHSCHILD had been present, he would willingly have paid the sum."

Now the thing which had been saved from the fire, and for the rescue of which 1*s.* was demanded, was—what do you suppose? A ham. Does LORD CAMPBELL think, on consideration, that BARON ROTHSCHILD could possibly have paid salvage for a ham? We cannot conceive that the honourable Member for London would have consented to make any such payment for any such purpose, when we consider how long a conscientious scruple has kept him from taking his seat in Parliament, by deterring him from making a merely formal profession, which many other honourable gentlemen do not hesitate to make without meaning it. BARON ROTHSCHILD, if in personal danger, might be anxious to save his own bacon; but he can have no ham to save, and to expect that he would pay for the preservation of his bailiff's would be unreasonable.

## CRINOLINE AND ITS CONFESSORS.

SUBJOINED is the conclusion of a letter addressed to a morning contemporary of fashionable celebrity, and views which may be elegantly described as *Haute Eglise*. The previous part of the epistle consists of insinuations of partiality, injustice, and subservience to vulgar prejudice, against the BISHOP OF LONDON for refusing to listen to the special pleading of the pseudo-Father Confessor, MR. POOLE, and the cackling of certain noisy individuals of his flock. The remainder also indirectly alludes to the Bishop.

"However supine his official superiors might be, he would not escape rebuke if *Parliament were sitting*. Is there no one in the House of Peers having *manliness* enough to ventilate this subject in the interests of *truth* and *justice*?

"HOMO."

"*London, July* 13."

The passages in the foregoing sentences unnecessarily underlined should be taken into account in translating the word "HOMO." That signature must not be received as synonymous with *Vir*. It is to be understood to signify a human being, a mortal, an individual, or, as Society says, a person. *Homo* is a substantive of common gender, and in the present instance is evidently to be referred to the second sex. If there were any doubt on this point, the fact that the particular word *manliness* is underscored without being rendered emphatic in the sense of an attribute, would conclusively settle it. "HOMO" is evidently a fair devotee of the Belgravian persuasion, determined to stand up like a woman for her parson, and the privilege of the private catechism of the confessional. We should like to know how many yards of Crinoline "HOMO" is surrounded by during her devotions; how much space on a seat in St. Barnabas's Church is occupied by "HOMO's" petticoats. Though, if "HOMO" is the better half of a *Vir*, or husband, it may be, and is, indeed, very likely, that she has repudiated the last-mentioned garments, and wears the opposite sort of things. Figuratively, at least, those things must needs be worn by that married lady who, with the knowledge of her husband, goes to whisper everything she has to blush for, into the ear of a reverend young gentleman, or even an old one.

## ROME AND CARTHAGE.

SUBJOINED, MR. JOHN BULL, you have another hiss and rattle from our sacerdotal and serpentine contemporary, the *Univers*:—

"The world will never recover substantial peace until England shall have become Roman Catholic, or shall have ceased to be a first rate power. . . . . With England no alliance is possible. The nations of the earth ought, therefore, to come to an understanding, and hurl against her the famous sentence—'Delenda est Carthago.'"

So, according to the Romish organ, England is the Carthage of modern Rome. Such being the case, Carthage has a great advantage in knowing it, thanks to the *Univers*. The Carthaginians will perhaps learn to keep a sharp look out after the Roman emissaries and sympathizers, who would of course be only too happy to facilitate the invasion of Carthage by the nations of the earth which the *Univers* represents, if ever they should come to the very Catholic understanding alluded to by that eminently Christian organ. Threatened men live long; they are forwarned and consequently forearmed. The Carthaginians accordingly will perhaps contrive to find a HANNIBAL, and more than one, who will at least give Rome some trouble, and render her sentence for the destruction of Carthage less easily exacted than pronounced.

### The Giaour's Potion.

"MAY you eat dirt!" enraged Turks roar;
The curse is nasty—vain you think it:
But as for dirt, when Thames you pour
Into your mouths, at least you drink it.

### SPARE TABLES.

A BOOK has just been advertised under the title of "*Tables Showing the Income-Tax, at* 5*d. in the pound*." We should think that the chief peculiarity by which Tables would show the Income-Tax at 5*d.* in the pound, would be that of being very scantily supplied.

MOTTO FOR THE THAMES ABUSES.—"Live, and *don't* let live."

## THE M.P. EN PERMANENCE.

THE briefless barristers in knots,
Walked up and down Westminster Hall;
The country visitors took shots
At the Gothic lett'rings on the wall;
The door-keepers—mutation strange!—
Grew civil on their weary watch,
And now and then of talk a snatch
With lobby loungers deigned exchange;
He only said—"The House is dreary:
We don't adjourn" he said.
He said "Of sitting I am weary,
Would I had paired instead!"

He dined, inside the House, at seven;
In morning sittings he was fried;
Never was galley-slave so driven,
From morn to latest eventide:
And for what purpose thus he sat,
That member knew not, nor do I;
He never caught the Speaker's eye,
Nor once to speak clutched off his hat;
He only said, "The House is dreary:
It doesn't pay" he said.
He said, "Of this life I am weary,
Better break stones instead."

Upon the middle of the night,
Waking, he heard dark DIZZY crow,
And bandy compliments with BRIGHT;
From 'neath the gang-way AYRTON's low
Came to him: without hope of change
In sleep he seemed to vote forlorn,
Till coldly looked the grey-eyed morn
Upon the Palace Yard cab-range.
He only said, "I'm very dreary:
Past two again," he said.
He said "To one so weary, aweary,
What *is* five hours in bed?"

Near BARRY'S stately terrace-wall
The Thames with blackened waters crept;
There, when the long debate did pall,
Time was that he had smoked or slept.
But now the odours drove away
The lustiest smoker: after dark,
No mild Havannah's fragrant spark
Upon the waters cast its ray.
He only said, "It's very dreary:
They won't adjourn," he said.
He said, "I am aweary, aweary,
And can't get home to bed."

And ever when the tide was low,
And mudlarks drank the solar ray,
Within the lobbies came a flow
Of perfume, fraught with Thames bouquet.
And when the tide was very low,
And beyond bearing grew the smell,
Foul of the Boards of Works they fell,
And bullied HALL & THWAITES & Co.,
He only said, "It's dull and dreary:
It's very dull," he said.
He said, "I'm naturally cheery,
But all my fun has fled."

Daily, within the steaming House,
The member's public spirit leaked
Out at his pores; he thought of grouse—
Red-wattled, strong-winged, horny-beaked—
Coveys, from stubbles whirring out;
Old country houses oped their doors;
Old shooting ponies tramped the moors;
From the old pool leaped six-pound trout;
Then said he, "If the fancy's cheery,
What is the fact?" he said.
He said "The House is very dreary,
And weighs on me like lead."

The blinding Budelights in the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound,
Which to reporters, perched aloof,
The spouters made, did all confound

His sense; but most he loathed the hour
When COX or AYRTON got a day,
And on his hobby-horse made play,
Prosing with forty-parson power—
Then said he, "This is very dreary:
And *à quoi bon?*" he said.
He said, "I am aweary—aweary—
I am well nigh talked dead."

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

ONDAY, *July* 12. Final triumph of ISAAC OF YORK over FRONT DE BŒUF ALAMODE, and all the rest of the Feudal Lords. The latter had, not only to concede a large slice of ISAAC's demand, but to stultify themselves in the process, and behold they do both. The Lords, you will remember, introduced such amendments into the Oaths Bill as knocked the Jew out of it, and, moreover insisted upon those amendments. Also they gave reasons for such insistance, the chief of which was that the Jew was unfit to be a legislator for Christians. Well, right or wrong, there is a consistency about this. But, on the other hand, the Lords, under the direction of the PREMIER, pass a Bill empowering the House of Commons to let in a Jew, and the pleasing result is that the Peers of England, at the selfsame moment declare that ISAAC ought not to be admitted to the House of Commons, and that he ought to be. The debate on the two points, Reason and Bill, was amusing from the helplessness of their lordships. They determined on sending down their Reasons, and by 33 to 12, read the Bill a third time. LORD GALLOWAY expressed the most awful apprehensions that, one of these days, we might have "a profligate Prime Minister," who would, "for a large bribe, create a Jew peer:" but this terror had not much weight with their lordships, and the Bill passed, and Israel was at liberty to kick up any number of Hats into the air, for joy and gladness.

The Commons went into Supply. MR DUNCOMBE made a most brilliant epigram at the expense of the Board of Health, which he thought should be called the Board of Pelf. This melancholy fact shows the state to which the Commons have been reduced by the condition of the river. The swindling way in which military stores are dealt with was exposed, and it was shown that a trifle, like 74,000 pairs of boots, had been "disposed of," nobody knew how, while "condemned" boots had been purchased for the militia, and found to be excellent. MR. HUTT originated a long and interesting debate on a motion of his for our discontinuing the endeavour to put down the slave trade by force. He was opposed, especially by LORD PALMERSTON, who has always professed much faith in the anti-slavery society that meets on the deck of an English cruiser, and the motion was negatived by an enormous majority, 223 to 24. MR. DRUMMOND took an opportunity of castigating the British Merchant, who, he said, was willing, for a profit, to trade with the Devil himself.

*Tuesday.* LORD CLANRICARDE called attention to one of those beautiful little bits of management which make our Army so proverbial for its admirable administration. The Canada Regiment, the 100th, came over the other day, and it was necessary to clothe it, and clothes were accordingly sent down, But when these garments came to be examined, it was found that they were without Buttons. Of course, it was nobody's fault.

LORD DERBY "hoped" to be able to produce an acceptable Bill on the subject of Church-rates, next session. *Mr. Punch* advises his lordship to be quick with legislation, or there will be nothing to legislate about. It will be the case of the doctor in the play, who is called in to see the man who has been wounded in a duel. The medical attendant affects to look aghast, and says that he will run home with all speed for his instruments. Being asked if there is danger, he replies "Yes," adding (*aside*), "danger that if I don't make haste, he'll be well before I come back."

LORD JOHN in the Commons made a speech on the Jew question, and though professing himself by no means satisfied with the way in which the Lords had got rid of it, he advised the House to accept the compromise, and not to be too critical upon the mode in which FRONT DE BŒUF ALAMODE had behaved. One of these days LORD JOHN hoped that the Lords would complete the work, and fully recognise the Jew.

On another supply debate, LORD ELCHO proposed to cut down the allowance to one M. MUNDLER, who travels about to look after pictures for the National Gallery, and on division this tremendous saving, £300 a year, was actually carried by 128 to 110. The Commons also agreed to expunge the politics out of the Prayer Book, discussed a great many miscellaneous topics, and voted away a great lot of money.

*Wednesday.* Foolish objections to items of Supply, afterwards as foolishly Voted.

*Thursday.* LORD DERBY, in a long speech, introduced the India Bill; but the Lords did not assemble in much force, and evidently do not intend to bore themselves with much discussion upon the matter. LORD GRANVILLE found some faults, because it was the thing for him to rise and speak, but the grand condemnation of the Bill came from LORD DERBY's late colleague, ELEPHANTBOROUGH, who declared that he would have been ashamed to introduce such a truckling measure. The Bill was read a second time.

MR. DISRAELI kept his word, and brought in a Bill for purifying the Thames. That is to say, he proposes that MR. THWAITES and his Board shall take it in hand, and show whether they were really in earnest in getting up their plan. London is to pay for the operation, which it is estimated will cost three millions, and be performed in five years and a half; but which is much more likely to take ten years and cost ten millions. But we are not to pay the money in a lump, we are to be rated at threepence in the pound for forty years, and in the mean time the Government is to lend the Board what it may want. *Mr. Punch's* faith in THWAITES THE GREAT is not exactly abject, but something must be done, and here is some machinery ready to hand. NOW, FATHER THAMES, look out.

## OUR TRUMPETING LORD CHANCELLOR.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR CHELMSFORD, to speak vulgarly, has been at it again. Never have we known a more persevering trumpeter. Like *Jem Baggs*, the Wandering Minstrel, his instrument is ever ready to his lips. The echoes of his Mansion House performance have scarcely died away, when he repeats it in the hearing of the Trinity House brethren. The tune played was the same, with but little variation. Indeed, the only novelty was in the introduction. At the Trinity House the theme was brought in with a flourish of the pride that apes humility. LORD CHELMSFORD "knew full well" that to glorify the Government was a task demanding other than his "humble efforts." But as the Office had devolved on him he would not shrink from its discharge, although perfectly well conscious it exceeded his ability.

With this by way of overture, the old tune was repeated. *Suoni la tromba* is the air which most finds favour in the ears of all the Derbyites. It was their *aria d'intrata*—the tune to which they entered office—and it will, doubtless, be their *aura popularis* till they leave it. The Marvellous Works of DERBY is the theme which all true Derbyites will never tire of playing. They seize every occasion to trumpet forth his praises: and repeat the tune with always the same brazen flourish. The uncultivated public may not yet have the taste for relishing such music, but that of course is owing to their dull appreciation. Moreover, if the public do not like it, to use a vulgar phrase, they are at liberty to lump it. It is to please himself that LORD DERBY keeps in office: and he need therefore take no heed of the pleasure of the public.

We should never dream of hinting that any British minister could ever be demeaned by anything he did. But it must certainly be viewed as an act of condescension when a person so exalted as the Lord High Chancellor deigns to play an instrument so humble as the trumpet. If the *Lives of the Chancellors* are carried to our time, we really trust LORD CAMPBELL will chronicle the fact of LORD CHELMSFORD's condescension. It may be doubtfully desirable that it should prove a precedent; but it will at least be interesting to future legal students to learn that, at a period not remote in modern history, the Lord High Chancellor of England condescended to officiate as his own First Trumpeter.

WHY is it that LORD DERBY cannot insure his life?
Because he cannot find any one to make out his policy.

*Dreadful Boy.* "MY EYE, TOMMY, IF I CAN'T SEE THE OLD GAL'S LEGS THROUGH THE PEEP HOLES!"

## TALES BY A CONTEMPORARY.

I WONDER a morning contemporary is not ashamed to publish the stories—to use a mild expression—quoted below. They appear without any heading to signify that they constitute an advertisement:—

"HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—There is no hazard in saying, that the popularity of PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY'S remedies is without a parallel."

There is some hazard in making such a statement, if the party making it has any credit for veracity. It may induce some fool to take HOLLOWAY'S Pills. Even if HOLLOWAY'S Pills were good for anything at all, they might not be good for the fool's case, and the consequence might be that the world would lose a fool. No great loss this perhaps to the world, but some loss to the fool's relations and friends.

Now for another story:—

"The instances in which sick persons, professionally condemned to death, have recovered under the operation of these miracle-working pills, are so numerous and well authenticated, that the most stubborn incredulity is silenced."

Now, this story is not told by PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY, but by our contemporary. No offence, therefore, to PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY can be given by us in declaring our conviction that it is a story, an impudent story, containing not one word of truth.

Story the second is followed by story the third:—

"Hosts of sufferers from indigestion, liver complaints, nervous debility, disorders of the bowels, epileptic fits, and other diseases, have been cured by this unapproachable medicine, when every other means had failed."

Even if all these assertions were correct, the truth of them could not be known to our contemporary. The man HOLLOWAY may know whether they are true or not. Were that man to affirm their truth, our "stubborn incredulity" would perhaps be "silenced." The expression of disbelief in the allegations of an advertising Professor might be held to be unlawful by a learned judge, and visited with a penalty by an enlightened jury. But we are justified in contradicting a journalist; and, as to the above stories, we have no doubt whatever that their author not only was not sure of their truth, but was perfectly aware of their falsehood.

These stories conclude with a slight admixture of fact:—

"The press teems with the testimonials of the parties."

There is some truth in that; and very discreditable it is to that portion of the press which publishes those foolish or fraudulent testimonials.

The sequel to the above sentence is again a story:—

"And while we wonder we are compelled to believe."

The writer of these words wondered at nothing at all but the folly which can lend his ridiculous stories any credit.

Truth, however, predominates, at least, in the conclusion to the above string of stories:—

"Sold by all medicine vendors throughout the world, and at PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY'S establishment, 244, Strand, London."

Perhaps the quack medicines called HOLLOWAY'S Pills are "sold by all medicine vendors throughout the world." They certainly are "sold at PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 244, Strand, London;" at least, if HOLLOWAY is not an assumed name, and its bearer does not falsely style himself a Professor. London does not probably contain a greater proportion of fools than any other place on this planet; so that if a quack medicine is sufficiently well puffed in foreign languages, there is no reason why it should not be sold throughout the rest of the world.

# ARISTOCRATIC AMUSEMENTS.

JOHN THOMAS. "CONFESSION, OR CREMORNE, MY LADY?"

## ZONG OF ZAINT ZWITHUN'S DAY.—(BY A SHIP OF HIS VLOCK.)

AIR—"*Young Thomas.*"

DRAA us up a drap moor liquor;
'Tis the vifteenth of July.
Blow your clouds, mates, all the thicker,
If there 's none athirt the sky.
'Tis a Zaint's day—doan't vorget un,
Whiles you zets and zoakes your clay,
'Cause as how 'a wus a wet un,
This is now ZAINT ZWITHUN'S Day.
*Chorus.*
Rural tooral ooral lural,
Tooral ooral rural lay.

Old ZAINT ZWITHUN wus a Bishop
When the vriers fust arose,
Where BOB MOODY once huck'd fish up,
And the River Itchen vlows.
Winchester was that 'are city
Where ZAINT ZWITHUN used to bide;
There 'a lived, and moor 's the pity,
There at last ZAINT ZWITHUN died.
*Chorus*—Rural, &c.

Many a zign, and many a wonder,
In his lifetime he 'd a done;
But when he the ground was under,
He outbeat 'em every one.
Like malt liquor in a cellar,
Zaints is vor to be bung'd down;
Then in time, when they gets meller,
They works marvels and renown.
*Chorus*—Rural, &c.

When ZAINT ZWITHUN his confession
And last dyun speech did make,
"Do my will, without trangression,"
Zays the Zaint, "and no mistake.
Not in the Cathaydral buried
'Tis my wish that I should be;
Out o' doors I'll be interréd,
In the Churchyard bury me."
*Chorus.*—Rural, &c.

'Tis my order and injunction,
Take care you my word obeys.
Doan't give way to no compunction
'Bout performun what I zays.
Doan't you think as I was jokun;
Do the thing which I require,
Nor my sperrit goo provokun
By neglectun my desire."
*Chorus.*—Rural, &c.

When ZAINT ZWITHUN thus had spoken,
He gied up the ghost straightway;
But his strict commands was broken
Arter life had left his clay.
Him they unbelievun vriers
Under the Cathaydral laid,
'Long wi all the lords and 'squires,
Not regardun what a zaid.
*Chorus.*—Rural, &c.

There his imidge, wi a spannel
At the veet, was carved in stone,
On his tomb the Proffat DANNEL
In the paainted winder shone.
This way thinkun vor to do un
Proper honour and respect,
They, instead of harknun to un,
Chose his biddun to neglect.
*Chorus.*—Rural, &c.

Whereupon the raain descended
Varty days and varty nights,
'Cause ZAINT ZWITHUN was offended,
And when Zaints be zo they zmites.
Why it raained zo out o' sazon,
Never seeman like to hold,
By and by they guessed the razon—
Hadn't done as they was told.
*Chorus.*—Rural, &c.

Zo in conscience zorely wounded,
Up again the Zaint they dug;
And for fear of beun drownded,
In the churchyard laid un snug.
Then the sky, till then a pourun,
Sased from raainun cats and dogs,
When the Zaint slept without snorun
Wi the humble Hampshire hogs.
*Chorus.*—Rural, &c.

On ZAINT ZWITHUN'S Day, each scollard
Knows that, ever since, always,
When there's raain by raain 'tis voller'd
Moor or less vor varty days;
Here 's the memory of ZAINT ZWITHUN,
In our churchyard where 'a lies,
What I zays is, Pace be with un,
And along o' we likewise!
*Chorus.*—Rural, &c.

## DISSIPATION.—A TALE OF CREMORNE.

### A Novel of the Day.

"I FEAR, my dear Duchess, I can never tame her," remarked a handsome Guardsman, who was trifling over his *déjeuner* at the elegant mansion of the DUCHESS OF ST. BLAZES; "she is faster than many men of ours, and you know we are not a torpid lot."

"Poor HARRIET has her faults," calmly replied the Duchess; "and you certainly cannot complain, CAPTAIN ST. CLAIR, that she endeavours to conceal them. I cannot, of course, urge a marriage which might be a wretched one; yet I believe my niece will sow her wild oats and have done with them, and may yet make you a happy wife."

"Lulliliety! Lulliety!" cried a clear ringing voice in the passage, and before the echo had died away, the door opened and LADY HARRIET DASHER entered the room. Her fair hair and sparkling blue eye spoke her Saxon breed, her oval face and delicately chiselled nose stamped her as a denizen of Belgravia; a loose bird's-eye jacket, embroidered with the winner of the Derby and Oaks, was held together by foxes' teeth, and two gold bull-dogs' heads confined the scarlet belcher which encircled her slender neck; while on one of her fingers was a delicate gold-ring, with the mysterious emblem of a mouse.

"Good morning, dear aunt!" cried the excited beauty as she kissed the Duchess. "I find you with ST. CLAIR as usual, and of course it is the old story. Once for all, I forbid the banns at present, although some one has announced the affair in the *Morning Post*. I won't marry CAPTAIN ST. CLAIR, though I admire his constancy, unless he likes to wait until I am laid on the shelf and need a nurse—I want to ride and win the Derby, and then, and not till then, will I marry; for I am not such a fool as to tie a knot with my tongue that I can't undo with my teeth—*voilà tout*. And now what have we for breakfast?—Tea? pooh! such cat-lap is only fit for Duchesses and Captains in the Guards, who find music for all the ragamuffins in London, or sit and count the sparrows at St. James's.—CALVES, or BUTTONS, or some of you," she added to the servants, "bring some brandy and soda-water, and tell cook to send me up a herring, and let it be a salt one, for I am as seedy as—as the deuce."

The DUCHESS OF ST. BLAZES cast a mortified look at ST. CLAIR, but before she had time to make any remark on the unguarded conduct of her niece, the butler interrupted the trio by announcing that the TIPTON SLASHER was down below waiting for Her Grace's orders about the arrangement for the Ladies' Committee of the Prize Ring Benevolent Association.

"Tell the SLASHER I will be at the Committee in Leicester Square at three," replied her Grace, "and let RIBBONS be punctual with the close carriage."

"If you please, your Grace, RIBBONS says, the close carriage wants looking to." A nervous twitching might have been observed in LADY HARRIET'S face at this announcement, but it was happily not noticed by her aunt; with the presence of mind which characterised all her actions, she threw a sovereign to BOTTLES, the under butler, with instructions that it was to be given to the SLASHER for his colours, although he had lost the last fight.

"I suppose, dear HARRIET, you will attend the Committee at three," remarked the Duchess, as she left the room. "In the mean time, I shall leave you and CAPTAIN ST. CLAIR to your own reflections, and I hope they will prove pleasant."

No sooner had the door closed on the Duchess than LADY HARRIET, with a mischievous twinkle of the eye, burst out laughing; and, catching hold of ST. CLAIR'S arm, said, "CHARLEY, I'm in every scrape that ever poor unprotected female was yet; and, unless RIBBONS stands true to me, my poor aunt will turn me out of doors. You must know that, last night, my country cousins, who are staying at the BISHOP OF SOPTSOAP'S, came to spend the evening. They are the right sort, I can tell you—girls without any humbug. So I sent for TOM CLINKER, of the Blues, to go the rounds with us. Well, we went first to Canterbury Hall; then we dropped in at LADY WHIRLIGIG'S Ball, so that our names might appear respectably in that stupid old *Morning Post*; then we went to Cremorne; and then into PADDY GREEN'S in Covent Garden. Coming home, my evil spirit put it into my silly head to wrench off poor dear old LADY BOOZEY'S knocker, which I left on my dressing-table; and my maid has stolen it—difficulty No. 1. Then we painted the door sky-blue; and I tipped over the paint-pot in the carriage, which, of course, RIBBONS knows—difficulty No. 2. I have given RIBBONS and my maid all my ready money to hold their tongues; here 's my empty purse; and here is Moss's letter, positively refusing to renew any more Bills—difficulty No. 3. Now, CHARLEY ST. CLAIR, let me entreat you to get me a bill for only £100 done; and I will take it out half in money, and half in a dressing-case. You know I shall be of age next month, and will pay you down like a trump."

ST. CLAIR hardly knew whether to laugh or look serious. He was devotedly attached to his charming cousin; but the prospect of such a wife seemed simply a certainty of ruin. However, he was too good-

natured to refuse to back any one's bill; so, taking up Moss's letter, he promised to leave no stone unturned for replenishing LADY HARRIET'S empty purse. For this purpose, St. CLAIR took his leave; and his steps had not ceased reverberating in the hall, before LADY HARRIET was deep in the columns of *Bell's Life*, and had forgotten her troubles in the enjoyment of a mild cigarette. Whilst she was in the midst of this occupation, her maid burst into the room, and threw herself on the sofa in a fit of hysterics.

"Gracious me, CRINOLINE, what is the matter?" asked poor LADY HARRIET, who tried to resuscitate the fainting Abigail by puffing the smoke in her face. "Has *Fido* lost the match at JEMMY SHAW'S? or has Black Dumpling crossed the fight?"

"Worse than that, my Lady, twenty times," answered CRINOLINE. "Policeman X is at the door, and wants to see you. They have found the carriage cushions at Long Acre, and your Ladyship's *mouchoir*, with your name and coronet, was picked up at LADY BOOZEY'S door."

"Show him up at once," cried LADY HARRIET, stamping her tiny foot; "you booby, why did you leave him standing at the door?" The well-known tread of the regulation Blucher followed so quickly, that LADY HARRIET knew the policeman must have been listening outside, and that her maid and RIBBONS had betrayed her.

As soon as she was left alone with Policeman X, all semblance of fear left our heroine. With perfect nonchalance she remarked: "Of course, we square this. I will be candid with you—which will you do, marry the cook,—in which case I will give you £50,—or take CRINOLINE and £100?"

The policeman listened—hesitated—was lost. By a little diplomacy it was arranged that the handkerchief should be given up, on a written promise from LADY HARRIET of £100 on the day on which she attained her majority; and Policeman X continued paying his addresses to the cook for the sake of his appetite, which was large, with the determination to marry CRINOLINE in the long run.

"Thank heavens!" cried LADY HARRIET, as she sat herself by the DUCHESS'S side, *en route* for the Committee at Leicester Square, "my troubles are over if only ST. CLAIR stands firm."

As they rolled along, "Here is a letter from CAPTAIN ST. CLAIR, dear HARRIET," said her Grace, producing a delicately perfumed "*poulet*." HARRIET grasped it eagerly and tore it open. It ran as follows:

"DEAR LADY HARRIET,

"I have renewed the bill, and given my name. It matters little whether I am in the Queen's Bench this week or next, as I am going through the Court after the season is over; but, dear HARRIET, I cannot run the risk of *living* and dying there, so pray forget that you ever saw or broke the heart of

"C. ST. CLAIR."

LADY HARRIET groaned aloud, and fell senseless to the bottom of the carriage.

(*To be continued, if the heat of the weather permits.*)

## EXTENSIVE GOVERNMENT SALE.

IT is not often that our Government spontaneously proposes to do the right thing; and, whenever such proposals are by accident let drop, it is surprising with what cleverness officials manage Not to Do it. The following shameful case, which we copy from the *Times*, will serve to illustrate the fact:—

"BURNING OF THE SARAH SANDS.—The tape in Whitehall is increasing in redness. When the screw steam-ship *Sarah Sands* caught fire, 400 miles from the Mauritius, on her way to Calcutta, with the 54th Regiment on board, the men composing her crew distinguished themselves in a manner which induced the Board of Trade to apply to the brokers of the ship for their names. After much difficulty, and by sending to the other side of the globe, the names were obtained and forwarded to Whitehall. The Board has just written to CAPTAIN CASTLE that, 'since making the request my Lords have carefully considered the provisions of the Act which enables them to grant rewards for gallantry in saving life at sea, and they have come to the conclusion that, although they are most deeply impressed with the very unusual courage, energy, and good discipline evinced by yourself and others on the occasion in question, they doubt whether the Act of Parliament would justify them in granting rewards in this case, and they fear that they could not grant such rewards without setting a precedent which might lead them hereafter into very great difficulties."

Government Sales are advertised now almost every week, and really this seems one of the most extensive character. After taking pains to find out those deserving of reward, Government says coolly it has no reward to give them. By calling for the names of those brave deserving men, who so nobly risked their lives to save the life of others, Government, of course, has raised their expectations; but only, it appears, that they may be let down again. We presume that *c'est fait seulement pour encourager les autres*. Although the modestest of men, a sailor likes at least to know that he is honoured by his country for having done his duty; and CAPTAIN CASTLE and his crew, having handed in their names, are doubtless waiting for official recognition of their services. Government, in reply, takes an official "sight" at them, and politely intimates its wish that they may get it. "Sorry to disappoint you, but we find we've nothing for you." With this derisive answer, there's a chuckle and a laugh in the official sleeve, and the sale of the brave sailors may be esteemed complete. A practical joke this, of the very choicest character. One that must have been conceived in an intensely happy moment, and, doubtless, by a wag of the first official water.

Of course, we cannot stoop to argue with the Government; or else we might contend that, if "my lords" had any doubt about their granting a reward, the sailors should in justice have been allowed the benefit. As regards the lame excuse about the Act of Parliament, better consign to limbo a dozen Acts of Parliament than be deterred by one of them from doing what is proper; and, as for a right action being made a precedent, in our unofficial blindness, we can't see why it shouldn't. We really can't imagine what there is to "fear" in that, or how it should bring Government into such "great difficulties." When one finds it so afraid of getting a good name, one must almost fancy Government is like the worthy *Mr. Snake* in the *School for Scandal*, and is dependent for existence on the badness of its character.

That official "Boards" are wooden, we see daily more in proof; and their ligneousness makes them as impervious to ridicule as they are to reason. Say what cutting things we may of them, we find they fail to penetrate. So all we can suggest is, that, as the Government won't medallise the sailors, the sailors should subscribe to medallise the Government. We are aware it is apparently the Governmental maxim that Valour, like as Virtue, is its own reward. But we also are aware opinions differ on the point; and, if there be a doubt, we'll let officials have the benefit. The way the Government has braved the indignation of the public, by refusing a reward to men who well deserve one, is such an act of bravery as must not pass unrecognised. A medal must be struck expressly to record it. The design should be decided on by public competition, so that full publicity be given to the matter. If we were to compete, we should propose the profile of an upturned nose, with an outstretched empty hand extended from the tip of it; and this appropriate design should be encircled with the motto:—

"Palmam qui meruit nabita NON ferat."

AN-OAT OF INTERROGATION.—"Do you bruise your Oats yet?"—*Mary Wedlake.*

MAINE LAW.—Whether the Thames is to be made into a main sewer, or not?

## THE CREAM AT CREMORNE.

NOW our tiptopping swells, with wonder *Punch* tells,
The cream of the cream of society,
Finding ALMACK's too slow, down to Cremorne did go,
Just by way of a pleasant variety.
How, to make all serene, not a SMITH was there seen,
Nor a BROWN nor a JONES was admitted:
Such common folks all were kept outside the wall
For to mix with the nobs they weren't fitted.
There were vouchers required; and as 'twas desired
That the game should be well worth the candle,
None might join in the sport who had not been to Court,
Or whose names had not some sort of handle.
To make the thing pleasant, not a man was there present
But had vouchers to prove him a dandy,
And no one was there who had carrotty hair,
Or whose legs were plebeianly bandy.
Barring out the *οἱ πολλοι* they then made themselves jolly,
In spite of the mis'rable weather;
For it rained dogs and cats, and the bonnets and hats
Soon were soaked through and dripping together.
O, it rained cats and dogs, and goloshes or clogs
Were to dress an essential addition,
And the fortunate fellas who 'd brought their umbrellas
Found their arms were in great requisition.
Aristocratic papas and anxious mammas,
Who had gone to look after their daughters,
Spite of tight shoes and gout, were seen paddling about,
In the vain hope of finding dry quarters.
Damp Knights of the Bath vowed 'twas too *Bad* by half
Such a *douche* to their health would be ruin;
And delicate Swells, who 'd been "doing" the Wells,
Feared the water would prove their undoing.
Sherry cobblers that night at a discount were quite,
And ices were sparingly doled out:
But many a Peer's daughter sipped hot brandy and water,
As a medicine to just keep the cold out.
The continuous showers, that watered the flowers
Of fashion and pinks of politeness,
Took the starch out of dresses, and curl out of tresses,
And the white chokers robbed of their whiteness.
Of the dance on the green not a vestige was seen,
For the green through the mud was invisible,
So the "lark" on the grass which was promised, alas!
As a mud-lark abortive was quizzable.
Some daring young dogs proposed dancing in clogs,
Having fathomed the depth of the flood well;
And in spite of the chills waded thro' some quadrilles,
*La Poule* being done in a puddle.
So the nobs nob-ly all strove to keep up the ball,
Just to show they 'd a taste for aquatics:
Defiant of damp, and of what *Mrs. Gump*
So expressively terms the "room attics."
But though *Punch* loves a laugh, and a chuckle, and chaff,
Of the Cream he would not speak too skimmingly:
And with truth *Punch* may state that LORD INGESTRE'S fête,
It can't be denied, went off swimmingly.
And though some people say that the thing was *outré*,
They should not forget while they say so,
That for charity they who their guineas did pay,
Some hundreds were able to raise so.
And while *Punch* admires pluck he pities ill-luck,
And for charity owns veneration,
So *Punch* hopes that the brave, fairer weather may *have*,
For their next Cremorne Jollification!

## A NEW DISCOVERY.

"*No.* 6, *Polyglott Place, Paradise Row*,
"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH, "*July 6th*, 1858.

"HAVING just returned from my nineteenth trip up the Rhine, I have been struck with the intense variety of the coins and the languages of that interesting region. I fear that the *first* are hopeless to mend, certainly hopeless to keep; but I have hit upon a project for improving the *second*. Could we not make a common language, a sort of Rhenish '*Lingua Franca*' out of the immense quantity of wasted grammar that is annually evaporated in that neighbourhood? May I request you to read a 'dialogue' which I had with a friend on the subject, and a little poem in 'Rhenish Polyglott.'

"I am, *Mr. Punch*, very Sincerely yours,
"ZUNGE."

### DIALOGUES POLYGLOTTES.

Bon jour, Signora.
Good Morning, Monsieur, Haben Sie gut geschlafen?
Tolerably well, Je vous remercies, ma alle cinque.
Io fur disturbed by that confounded Peacock.
Maladetto. He spoiled auch bei mir une des plus jolies rêves che ho mai commencées.
Mais je vous prie, Signora, what were you dreaming of?
Il m'est venu une idée bizarre, extravagante forse, ma ganz nutzlich alla gente universale, *the* great family of man.
Che cé, Che cé, Signora! Was ist dasz?
Io son persuaso dass es würde ganz jolly sein nur eine Sprache zu haben, un peu variée.
C'est vrai, but in the highest degree expressive and energetic.
Une ideé magnifique, grandioza, utilissima.
Thanks to that blessed Peacock that he did not let it scapparir.
You flatter me, cara Signora, troppo,—
Mais je pense vraiment that I have hit the bull's eye.
The Bull's eye, caro mio! Was ist dasz?
C'est la verité, Monsieur; c'est la verité.
Le noyeau della virtù. Le point central *dell'* intelletto umano. La position bien élevée quoique dangereuse qui se trouve in the very centre of the panorama of truth.

Mille pardons, cara Signora, I see that you come it rather strong you lay it on etwas dick,
But pardon, wollen Sie nur sagen if this auguste découverte soit applicable to the lofty flights della poesià, as well as to the simple platitudes della prosa?
Poetry, Sir! You have hit the bull's eye indeed.
C'est dans la voie sublime della poesià, la carriera spinosa du bel esprit, c'est là que mes idées sont quite at home. They flourish, they triumph, they live. "Es fühlte selbst das Seelenlose des meines Lebens Wiederhall."
Quant à moi. I am so firmly persuaded that I have made a découverte assai utilé, ganz nutzlich, infinamenté gloriosa, that I am firsamente persuaso to carry it out, or to die like a martyr in the attempt. Nel dicer, nel dicer, Moreremos! Libertad! Libertad! Libertad!!

### AM RHEIN.

Oh! the Rhine—the Rhine—the Rhine—
Comme c'est beau! wie schön! ché bello!
He who quaffs thy Luft und Wein,
Morbleu! is a lucky fellow!

How I love thy rushing streams!
Groves of ash, of birch, of hazel;
From Schaffhausen's rainbow beams,
Jusqu'à l'écho d'Oberwesel.

Oh que j'aime thy Brüchen when
The crammed Dampfschiff gaily passes,
Love the bronzed pipes of thy men,
And the bronzed cheeks of thy lasses.

Oh! que j'aime the "oui," the "bah!"
From thy motley crowds that flow!
With the universal "ja,"
And the allgemeine "so!"

SPEAKING COOLLY OF A FRIEND.—Calling him a "nice swell!"—(*An ice well.*)

A PROBABILITY. "HOLD YOUR ZEBRA, SIR?"

## A HIPPOPOTAMUS!

A CORRESPONDENT of a certain journal communicates the following intelligence:—

"Jordan, when I wrote last, was under a cloud."

If any one were to guess the paper in which the above piece of information appeared, he would probably judge it to be the *Record*. If he were apprised of the next sentence—

"But I said then, if it was removed, we would see the winner:"

He might not perceive therein any reason to amend his supposition; but whereas he previously might have imagined the writer to be the Palestine Correspondent of our serious contemporary, he would now be rather disposed to take him for some allegorizing contributor of the Little Bethel School, rejoicing probably in the name of OBADIAH. But perhaps the perusal of these succeeding lines,—

"I not only adhere to that view, but am confirmed in it; and as it is said that he is a stone better than he was at Chester, and can give three stones to YOUNG HOPEFUL without being asked to gallop, I see nothing to beat him:"

would enable him to discern that the columns which they appeared in were not those of the organ of the serious party; and that Jordan, in fact, is not the river so called, nor yet a something typified under its name, but a horse, and not only that, but a race-horse. We may as well say, at once, that the writer on the subject of Jordan is ARGUS of the *Post*, and not OBADIAH of the *Record*. Having stated thus much, we may relieve our last-named contemporary of the duty which it may feel itself called on to execute of rebuking the proprietor of the quadruped alluded to by ARGUS for calling him Jordan, as well as another man, mentioned in the Mersey Stakes list, who denominates his horse *Awful*. There is no necessity for assuming that the Syrian river was in the eye of the individual who may seem to have named his animal after that scriptural stream. Some years ago there flourished a quack doctor who called himself JORDAN, and the horse may have been—not christened but let us rather say—judaized in memory of him. Why not? Quack doctors have been known to figure among gentlemen as the owners of racehorses; accordingly a gentleman may not be ashamed to give his horse the name of a quack doctor.

## CHURCH AND CRINOLINE.

"MR. PUNCH,

"I HAVE been for many years one of the Congregation of St. Bumble, and in consideration of the payment of two guineas per annum, hold a voucher for a seat in pew, No. 200; you may fancy how good the company must be when I tell you that I was the only one in the pew who was not at Cremorne. Well, *Mr. Punch*, the pew is made to carry six inside, and although LADY WHEEZER occupies the place of two from the natural development of her figure, we used to get on very well with a little squeezing till this season. But now, I am convinced the two MISS WHEEZERS wear some steel mechanism in the lower part of their dress, for I hear them snap occasionally,—while the lower halves of LADY WILLOW and her daughter are encased in some basket-work contrivance, which creaks. The effect of these new fashions is, not only to disturb my devotions by the mysterious sounds I have mentioned, but they have this further inconvenience that, during the standing-up part of the service, I feel very much as if I was in the middle of a basket-maker's shop, and during the sitting-down portion, I am forced to perch myself, bodkin, on the extreme edge of a hard form. Kneeling is altogether out of the question.

"Now, Sir, if I pay MR. LUMLEY or MR. GYE for a seat at the Opera, I can, I believe, bring an action against either of them for restitution of my money, unless they fulfil their contract, and supply me with sitting accommodation. I therefore call upon the REV. MR. SILVERTONGUE, through the medium of your orthodox publication, either to return me my money or to stick up a notice at the Church door, 'No hoops admitted, unless an extra-sitting is paid for, for their accommodation.

"I am, *Mr. Punch*,

"Yours obediently,

"JOHN STOUT."

### THE SWINDLING STATE.

THE integrity of the Ottoman Empire may be difficult to maintain; but the Spanish Nation has no longer any.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, July 24, 1858.

HOW DIRTY OLD FATHER THAMES WAS WHITEWASHED.

## COMMON SENSE.

AN advertisement informs the luxurious classes that:—

"JAMES LEWIS'S Cape Jasmin, distilled from the flower, is the most aristocratic perfume of the day."

An aristocratic nose, or a nose peculiar to the aristocracy, is a thing which we have some idea of. The aristocratic variety of the human nose is, we believe, considered to be the nose of an aquiline curve. But though aristocracy may be characterized by a particular proboscis, it has no speciality of smell. A rose conveys the same agreeable impressions to the olfactory nerves of the aristocracy and populace alike; nay, we will venture to say, that the nostrils of the former are, equally with those of the latter, regaled with the fragrance of a smoking shoulder of mutton, potatoes, and onion sauce, happening to pass them in the street, of a hot Sunday, about one o'clock, on its way home from the baker's. On the other hand, the Thames and its Tributaries, namely the Sewers, are neither more nor less offensive to the aristocratic aquiline than they are to the plebeian pug. The Jasmin of the Thames (to use an elegant expression) is not less unpleasant to the lower than to the loftier form of nose; the Jasmin of the Cape is in the same degree delightful to both, and as the perfume of the flower so called may be had for half-a-crown a bottle, it is cheap enough to be popular, and to afford gratification to the common snout as well as to the corresponding organ of the aristocracy.

TO KEEP FRUIT FROM WASPS.—The surest way of keeping it is to preserve it.

## "CALL A SPADE A SPADE."

IN proposing his grand plan to purify the Thames, MR. DISRAELI, the Great Calculator, stated his conviction—

"That a rate of not more than 3*d.* in the pound, levied for a term of forty years, will be sufficient to provide funds for the completion of the whole of the main drainage of the Metropolis, and at the same time to furnish a sinking fund which at the end of that period will enable the Metropolitan Board of Works to liquidate the debt which they shall have incurred in order to carry this scheme into execution."

We should never dream of doubting MR. DISRAELI'S arithmetic, and for his figures, too—of speech—we hold, and always have held, an equal veneration. But when he tells us that a "Sinking Fund" is wanted for the Thames, we think his choice of words is less felicitous than usual. We must say we prefer to hear a spade called, plump, a spade, than to find, in misplaced delicacy, it has been mentioned as a shovel. The River-sewer Thames is in such thoroughly bad odour, that any fund which may be in any way required for it, ought, in simple truthfulness, to be called a Stinking Fund.

### The Taste of the Court.

A THUNDERSTORM, that paid Manchester the honour of a visit, amused itself last week in dropping down upon Duckinfield in the shape of "thousands of small toads." Directly COLONEL PHIPPS, K.C.B., heard of this lucky windfall, he rushed down per special express to Cheetham Hill, to discover if any of the toads were good for eating.

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

FRIDAY, *July* 16. There was wit if not wisdom in the Lords. LORD BROUGHTON, speaking on the Indian Council, said,—

"It was alleged that this could not be called a double Government, and perhaps it could not be so described, except they called a man riding on horseback, with an old Woman riding behind him, a double Government. (*Laughter.*)

"The EARL OF DERBY. Who is the old Woman?

"LORD BROUGHTON. Not your Lordship. (*Laughter.*)"

But it really will not do for their Lordships to indulge in shouts of laughter, however bright the epigram may be which brings it out. SIR CHARLES BARRY'S roof is not calculated to resist such explosions. A little later, in this very debate, down came a piece of the ceiling, and nearly hit LORD SHELBURNE. It was part of one of the million of inscriptions of Dieu et mon Droit with which the Palace is spangled, and *Mr. Punch* specially records the fact that it fell during an Indian debate, and *apropos* to nothing, because he is quite prepared to read in the *Record* that the accident happened while the Jew Bill was being passed, and was a celestial hint that the QUEEN had at once forfeited the protection of Heaven and the allegiance of her subjects. In fact, if the *Record* were to declare that the writing on the ceiling had been miraculously changed to Jew et mon Tort, we should not be surprised, after the *Leviathan* business.

The Chemists and Druggists have made a stand against the Sale of Poisons Bill, and so MR. WALPOLE withdrew it. The nonsensical plan for enlarging the Ladies' Gallery to make room for their Crinolines was again advanced, but nothing came of it. LORD JOHN RUSSELL moved the second reading of the Jew Compromise Bill. NEWDEGATE, SPOONER, and BENTINCK made another protest against it. MR. DRUMMOND, who can clear his head of theological cobwebs when he likes, supported the measure, while MR. WALPOLE, HOME Secretary, opposed it. LORD PALMERSTON voted for it, but reluctantly, and as an instalment. The numbers were 156 to 65.

In a Bill about Chelsea New Bridge a clause, moved by COLONEL SIBTHORPE, was inserted, with LORD JOHN MANNERS'S consent, abolishing all foot-passenger toll on Sunday. What will the Sabbatarians say to this direct invitation to the people to take a walk in Battersea Park on their only holiday. The House renounced Christianity twice in one night!

It is possible, for there are no limits to the impertinence of some people, that the question may be asked, why the above account of the Friday night's work did not appear in *Mr. Punch's* last publication. Without deigning to take any heed of such prying curiosity, *Mr Punch* proceeds to

*Monday.* LORD STRATFORD desired to know what was to be done about the Jeddah massacre. He expressed a hope that what was right would be done; but that we should not take revenge by destroying Mecca, and scattering the ashes of Mohammed to the winds, as an intimation to Islam that it may

"Call the Prophet, but his power
Is vain against the vengeful Giaour."

LORD MALMESBURY said, that immediate and severe measures would be adopted; and, as an old diplomatist may be understood in various senses, LORD S. DE REDCLIFFE'S "hope" may perhaps have been intended as a hint.

The DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH is not satisfied with the proposed revision of the Prayer Book, and wanted an address praying for new forms to be inserted in lieu of some of the political services to be taken out. But he did not propose a substitute for the service which the Roundhead LORD HARROWBY said was a very useful one, that for the Martyrdom, inasmuch as it reminded kings that they had heads to lose. The motion received no favour, and was withdrawn.

The Commons read the Thames Purification Bill a second time, ALDERMAN CUBITT, a trustworthy authority, undertaking, for the Central Board, that they would use their brains, which he declared were really very good ones.

The Jew Bill went through Committee, fighting its way like JUDAS MACCABEUS. LORD JOHN rebuked the hostile Tories for not being more respectful to LORD DERBY, to whom he gave much credit for his conduct in this matter.

*Tuesday.* LORD ST. LEONARDS did his best to spoil a very good Bill for making Titles to Estates, but the CHANCELLOR stood up for it, as did other Lords, and it proceeded.

In the Commons, MR. ROEBUCK, whose name gives him a perpetual hatred to anybody who lives by hunting, moved to get rid of the Hudson Bay Company, and rather an interesting debate followed, in which a promise was given by SIR BULWER LYTTON, that Government itself would skin the skinners by a large and general measure next session.

Some British who had property at Uleaborg, had it burned for them by ADMIRAL PLUMRIDGE in the Russian War, and they want compensation. But the authorities, including SIR CHARLES NAPIER, think that it was very properly burned, and that no compensation can be granted, and the House agreed by 105 to 65.

The Jew Bill was to have been read a third time, but its enemies were staunch, and twice divided for adjournment, which was at last conceded.

*Mr. Punch*, in the name of thousands of the poorer class who make holiday in London on Christmas Day, presents his compliments to MR. HERBERT INGRAM, and begs to thank that gentleman for further improving Chelsea Bridge by getting the toll abolished for the day in question. If he would prefer the acknowledgment in immortal poetry, here it is:—

When the folks go to Battersea Park
At Christmas, no tollman shall linger 'em,
As they enter, enjoying the lark,
Let them all for their Ingress thank INGRAM.

*Wednesday.* Never mind if it was, the Lords sat, and LORD WYNFORD complained, on the Public Health Bill debate, that the measure gave no remedy against the Manufacturers who carry on their filthy and noxious trades on the south bank of the river. LORD HARDWICKE made the spooney reply, that the Bill empowered the Privy Council to inquire into such matters; but WYNFORD stuck to his text, that what was wanted was power of suppression, as no inquiry was wanted beside a sniff, especially on a Friday.

The Jew Bill came on for the last battle. SAMUEL, even WARREN, stood up and abused the measure. Moreover, he fancied himself SAMUEL the prophet, for he predicted that the Bill would inevitably lead to a separation between the Church and the State. Next, he thought himself SAMUEL WELLER, and bewailed the fact that the Conservatives tied up their principles in such a werry small parcel, that it wasn't worth carrying. Finally, he supposed himself SAMUEL ROGERS, and dilated upon the Pleasures of Memory he should derive from having done his utmost to defeat the Bill. MR. ROEBUCK termed the House of Lords self-written-down Asses for their conduct. TOM DUNCOMBE approved the Bill, which he said was his own resolution wrapped up in the form of an act. SPOONER and NEWDEGATE talked Spooner-cum-Newdegatism; and finally the Bill was read a third time by 129 to 55, majority for Israel 74. The Bill was then passed amid loud cheers. The Royal assent was given on Friday, and then, after a resolution, any eminent Hebrew who can get a constituency to elect him will have the opportunity of performing the little complimentary ceremony depicted in the initial letter of this article, a formula quite as respectable as the oath which excludes people with consciences and admits people with none.

An impertinent message was then sent up to the Lords, informing them that as they had passed a Bill for letting in the Jew, the Commons would not trouble themselves with their lordships' reasons why he should not be let in.

*Thursday.* Both Houses were informed, and received the information with applause, that SIR H. ROSE had taken Gwalior, and that the English and French gunboats had taken the forts at the mouth of the Peiho, with 138 guns. Emulating our gallant Commanders, the Lords tore through business like men, passed nine Bills, and shoved forward ever so many more. This looks like grouse.

The Commons were chiefly at work on Father Thames, whose Reform Bill went right through committee.

*Friday.* The Bill for the Emancipation of a Wife's Sister came on for second reading in the Lords. It was the old, old story, Deuteronomy, women's jealousy, the Church's canon, and the child's guardian. The Bishops were all highly demonstrative, especially the BISHOP OF EXETER, who dashed down the measure upon the floor, calling it "a wretched Bill." The BISHOP OF RIPON, however, opposed all his right reverend brethren, and declared that the marriage with your wife's sister was not only not prohibited, but was sanctioned, in the Bible. The Bill

was rejected by 46 to 22. Perhaps, if the Lords are sufficiently pestered, they will pass a Bill, with a preamble to the effect that such a marriage is utterly detestable, and that it is expedient to allow anybody to contract it, except a Peer. *Dr. Punch* must not omit to give his friend, DR. WILBERFORCE, the benefit of bringing to the notice of the Women of England the following slight tribute by the Bishop to the intellect of woman:—

"Yes, my Lords; so far from its being any constitutional jealousy in English women, I believe that it is this:—God has given to the two sexes different intellectual powers and qualities—to us, the sterner and harder power of arriving at the truth chiefly by argument, by induction, and the like; while to her He has given that which, after all, is a higher attribute—the power of intuition, of perceiving what is true, what is pure, and what is noble, and, without the tardy process of a long considered logic, of coming by that power with which He has endowed her heart at the truest and the best conclusion."

This is the way oleaginous priests flatter and carney our women, and then we wonder that the confessional and other similar follies have a feminine popularity.

The final blow was given to our Indian system. The Bill was passed, the Bishops all hoping that we should try to make India a Christian country. EARL DERBY thought we had better be impartial.

Nothing particular in the Commons, except LORD STANLEY's statement that 17,000 soldiers had been sent to India during the last six months, and that a great and final blow was to be struck during the cold season. And except that a Bill proceeded by which all but rich men are to be excluded from Parliament, inasmuch as a candidate is to pay his voters' travelling expenses. The moment an election comes, *Mr. Punch* means to go to Rome, and send over his address and banker's name to M. DE ROTHSCHILD, if that Baron stands again for the City.

## "SHOP!"

WE are about to send over to the French nation the funeral car of the EMPEROR NAPOLEON. We have sad forebodings that we are going to give it to them for nothing! That would be a deplorable mistake. We demanded, and received, 180,000 *francs* for the tomb and grounds at St. Helena. That was perfectly right, only the property was sold rather under than over its marketable value. The Americans, we guess, would have given a precious sight more for it. In fairness, the lot should have been put up to public auction. However, if we let this funeral car go out of the country as a stupid free gift, we mean to say, it will be nothing short of a national disgrace. The mawkish generosity of the thing will go far to forfeit the reputation that has been fairly, or unfairly (but we hope fairly), awarded to us of being very little better than "a nation of shopkeepers." It is well worth £300, if it is worth a *sou*. We are positive that MADAME TUSSAUD would be glad to give for it £400, at least, if only to enrich her NAPOLEON Museum,—and remarkably cheap, too, at the money. We hope that MR. W. W. W. W. WILLIAMS will not allow this scandalous bit of jobbery to escape his financial eye.

## REGULAR NIGGARDS.

OF all bodies of men perhaps the most contemptible are provincial Committees. They are, for the most part, distinguished from all other societies by being peculiarly ungenerous and churlish. In particular, they are in general actuated by a tyrannical spirit of Beadleism which makes them rejoice in exercising their authority over all who are subject to it in a harsh and disagreeable manner. If they possibly can contrive to vex or humiliate any officer under their control, that is, in their power, to inflict inconvenience upon him, or deprive him of any comfort, pleasure, or advantage, they usually will, unless he toadies them with the most abject baseness, and then they are content with galling him only a little, just to make him feel his collar; keep him sensible of his dependence on them, and of the fact that he is, as they say, their servant. These remarks are suggested by the following paragraph in the *Gloucestershire Chronicle*:—

"MUNICIPAL WISDOM.—The sum of £50 has been collected at Bath for the purpose of being presented to INSPECTOR NORRIS, of the Bath police, as a public recognition of his services in the apprehension of BEALE, the murderer, and of his general activity in the discharge of his duty. The matter having been brought under the notice of the Watch Committee, they have passed a resolution virtually forbidding MR. NORRIS from accepting the money, on the ground that it would be contrary to the Act of Parliament, which declares that Police-officers shall not receive any 'fee or reward.'"

"And quite right too!" exclaims a chorus of sympathizers with the feelings of Country Committeemen. "The Watch Committee of Bath only did their duty, which England expects every man to do. They sacrificed any personal and private feeling, which they might have entertained in favour of INSPECTOR NORRIS, on the altar of legality. Honest inflexible executors of their trust, they deserve to be held up to the respect and admiration of the public."

Bow-wow-wow! Gentlemen of the Select Vestry, or whatever may be your particular province of beadledom. Read on; and mark what follows:—

"As it happens, however, the same Watch Committee, some years ago, allowed ADMIRAL SIR W. CARROLL, then Chief of the Bath police, to receive a gold watch presented by public subscription."

This conduct, again, is precisely that which is characteristic of local Committees. The rigid law which they mete out to their helpless subordinates is not more remarkable than the liberal indulgence which they exhibit to officials in a station of power and influence. They are strict and severe with those whom they are not afraid of; lax and complaisant to such as they fear to offend. The Bath Watch Committee is perhaps not composed of pettier or meaner fellows, and harder snobs, than the generality of such Committees; most of which would have prohibited to an INSPECTOR NORRIS what they would have winked at in consideration for an ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM CARROLL. The only chance that an INSPECTOR NORRIS has in such a case lies in early genuflexion before the worshipful Committee at whose mercy he is situated, with humble petition for gracious allowance to accept the little boon which it is in their power to prevent him from enjoying if they please, and of which, unless he grovels before them pitifully enough, the curmudgeons will assuredly deprive the poor fellow.

### The Black (Stage) Diamond.

MR. IRA ALDRIDGE, if there is anything in a name, must become the "rage." But he should beware the injudicious puffing of his manager *pro tem.*, or he may find the truth of the old copy-book proverb, "*Ira est furor brevis*,"—that the rage for him will be but a brief *furore*.

### PARLIAMENTARY QUALIFICATIONS.

PROPERTY Qualification is done away with. Let us now have a Mental Qualification. The only inconvenience attending the experiment might be, that we should have no Parliament at all. What a national loss!

### A LIGHT AIRY CONUNDRUM FOR SUMMER WEAR.

WHEN does a dress become a fruit-tree?—When it has Gros-de-Naples (*grow'd-an-apple*).

[The Compositor who put this conundrum in type has had his head shaved, and wears a straw wig.—ED.]

SUNDAY TRADING.—It appears from the returns of the Police, that the number of persons, who were relieved of their pocket-handkerchiefs, whilst passing through Petticoat Lane last Sunday, were 427. Of these, 3 only were new pocket-handkerchiefs.

## BEAUTY IN DISTRESS.

*Gallant Swell* (*who, of course, comes to the rescue*). "HAW! CAN I BE OF ANY SERVICE?"

*Beauty.* "OH, YES! IF YOU WOULD SIT UPON THE HORSE'S HEAD, I SHOULD BE *SO* MUCH OBLIGED!"

## IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

QUEEN VICTORIA. EMPEROR NAPOLEON III. THE PRINCE CONSORT.

*The Emperor.* I venture to hope that your MAJESTY is pleased with my little improvements here in Cherbourg?

*The Queen.* Wonders, I assure your Majesty—marvels, to use your Uncle's word on that pedestal. I see a greater wonder, however, than any you have pointed out.

*The Emperor.* And that is—

*The Queen* (*smiling*). That you are the Showman.

*The Emperor* (*smiling*). It is so. Am I too egotistic in adding—long may that cause of wonder exist?

*The Queen.* On the contrary, I heartily echo the wish, especially when I see your Majesty surrounded with temptations to place that marvel among the things of the past.

*The Emperor.* May I ask how?

*The Queen.* By bringing any of these improvements into actual use. Of course you will not be angry with me?

*The Emperor.* Were it possible for me, as a man, the family of Kings knows no such wicked and plebeian passion as anger.

*The Prince* (*aside, and with a shrug*). He of the Family. *Mein Gott!*

*The Queen.* Did you speak, ALBERT?

*The Prince.* I was thinking—I should rather say I was trying to recollect, what that Cape yonder is called, on the east of the bay.

*The Emperor.* It bears the name of Levi.

*The Prince.* Of course, so it is. I forgot.

*The Emperor* (*laughs*). Not an easy name for some folks to forget, I can tell you, Prince. And your MAJESTY has deigned to notice our humble breakwater there?

*The Queen.* A noble work. We have nothing like it, I mean in point of size. Our Plymouth one is only 1800 mètres long—that mass must be twice the length.

*The Prince.* So it ought to be. You have been at it since 1783; our first stone was dropped into the sea in 1812.

*The Emperor* (*aside, and with a shrug*). He talk of *our* first stone. *Mon Dieu!*

*The Queen.* I repeat, that it is a noble work, and a fleet chased by an enemy could certainly get behind it, and save itself, unless the enemy sailed very well, as CAPTAIN PREEDY did in the *Agamemnon*, for instance.

*The Emperor.* I trust that is not the use to which a French fleet will put the bay in my time.

*The Queen.* I sincerely trust not. It nearly broke LORD NELSON'S heart to be kept watching the fleet in Toulon for two years, and then ADMIRAL VILLENEUVE slipped out, and ran away to the West Indies, after all.

*The Emperor.* How good your MAJESTY'S memory is.

*The Queen.* A King owes it to his good subjects to have a good memory.

*The Emperor.* True, Madam, and to make his bad ones have a good memory about him.

*The Queen* (*laughing*). Perhaps, but I have no bad subjects in my den of assassins yonder.

*The Emperor.* Ah! pardon a rude soldier's zeal. It was but a complaint from the Hospital of Invalids.

*The Prince.* A complaint we declined to cure at the Hospital of St. Bernard. Ha! ha!

*The Emperor.* Excellent, Prince, perfect. Shall I behead the Editor of the *Charivari*, and give you his place?

*The Prince.* Many thanks, but I should never be able to correct my proof-sheets by the light of a gaol lamp. Your Majesty has done so, I believe, in your time, and therefore thinks little of the hardship.

*The Emperor* (*gravely*). The press is an institution which I have not yet put "on its trial."

*The Queen* (*laughing*). One for a Trinity Brother.

*The Emperor.* This is a fine gun, your MAJESTY, very powerful and capitally cast.

*The Queen* (*examines it*). O yes. Beautiful! I know it must be a good one, for it is exactly like a number we were looking over at Woolwich the other day. Don't you remember, ALBERT?

# THE ROYAL VISIT TO CHERBOURG ANTICIPATED.

THE EMPEROR. "A FINE GUN, YOUR MAJESTY."

THE QUEEN. "YES! EXACTLY LIKE A NUMBER WE HAVE AT WOOLWICH."

*The Prince.* Perfectly, and they were making some more from the same pattern. But I am a lover of economy, and I wish we did not go to the expense of casting guns, but imitated our dramatic authors.

*The Queen.* What do you mean, dear?

*The Prince.* Took all our pieces from the French.

*The Emperor.* Ha! ha! You must, positively, edit the *Charivari* for me, Prince.

*The Queen.* He is very rude, your Majesty. I suppose the voyage has disagreed with him, and made him cross. Else he would have complimented you upon these fortifications, which are certainly magnificent, and worthy of France and of her Emperor.

*The Emperor.* Perhaps, Madam, the same celestial atmosphere that preserves Us from feeling anger at reproach, should equally secure us from feeling pleasure at praise; but I am a Parvenu, and I own to being delighted with your approbation.

*The Queen.* It is sincere, I assure you. Nay, I am selfish in being charmed with what you have done. For we are Allies, you know, and if the fleet of poor dear ISABELLA, or one from Naples, or from China, should be too menacing, what a comfort to have such a place as this to run to, only seventy-five miles from the Isle of Wight.

*The Emperor.* I could hardly quarrel with any cause that made your MAJESTY my guest. Another LOUIS of France has welcomed a Sovereign of England.

*The Queen.* Yes; but that was a Sovereign the English were only too happy to get rid of. I am told that they like me too well for that; and that they would try to shake every throne in Europe rather than that I should be humiliated. And what English folk in earnest try to do is generally done.

*The Emperor.* Your MAJESTY'S remarks are unexceptionably just, however unable I may be to regard them as *apropos* of anything on which we are conversing.

*The Queen.* You do your wits injustice, your Majesty.

*The Emperor* (*carelessly*). So they say—especially the wits of the press. May I have the honour of attending your MAJESTY to lunch? I am so enchanted that you like my fortifications.

*The Queen.* And, I that you like mine.

*The Emperor.* Your Majesty?

*The Queen.* Which have the additional advantage of being portable. There lie a few of them. (*Points at ships.*) And when your Uncle, there, talks about renewing the marvels of Egypt, remind him, that it was with some portable fortifications like those (only not so strong) that one marvel of Egypt was worked.

*The Emperor.* I am devout—and yet—my scriptural knowledge fails me—will your MAJESTY——

*The Queen* (*laughing*). For shame! I said a marvel, not a plague. I meant the Battle of the Nile.

*The Prince.* And, *mein Gott*, that cleared Egypt of the plague of Frogs, for one time! Ha, ha! Ho, ho!

[*Keeps on laughing all the way to the pavilion, which is exceedingly rude in* H.R.H.

## HOW FATHER THAMES APPEARED TO THE CABINET, ON THE ROAD TO THE WHITEBAIT DINNER, AND WHAT HE SAID TO THEM.

THE sky was blue, the sun was bright,
Gaily the steamer ploughed her way,
Freighted with hearts as blithe and light
As school-boys' on a holiday.
With Youth (as STANLEY) at the prow,
Pleasure (as BULWER) at the helm,
At top of flood the waves they plough
That lately threatened to overwhelm.

On to their annual white-bait lark,
By Wapping's odour-breathing shore
(Like to the fortune-favoured barque
That CÆSAR and his fortunes bore),
The steamer dashed with Ministères
(That little thought this day to see),
Triumphant o'er the Sessions' fears,
Merry of mood and blithe of blee.

They, as upon their course they speed,
With various converse cheer the way:
Of BRIGHT, approved a friend in need,
And PAM, so bravely kept at bay;
Of trophies strange, by Tory hands,
With Radical materials reared;
Concessions to LOCKE KING'S demands,
New allies gained, old allies queered.

Little they reck, if, far aloof,
A stubborn BENTINCK growl disgust;
If SPOONER, against reason proof,
Deal at the Jew a parting thrust;
If NEWDEGATE, in solemn tone,
Like Wisdom cries, with none to hear;
If now and then SAM WARREN groan,
As the old landmarks disappear.

So still with joke, and jibe, and jeer,
The Ministers the way beguiled,
Till STANLEY'S brow grew less severe,
And e'en sardonic DIZZY smiled.
And now the Isle of Dogs was past,
And the Trafalgar rose to view,
When suddenly a cloud was cast,
That shut the Hospital from view.

And from the cloud a perfume rose,
That might be smelt but never sung;
And every member to his nose,
The guardian bandana flung;
Slowly the cloud took form, and slow
The perfume to a centre grew,
And on the deck before them, lo!
A grisly form appeared to view!

A trailing robe of sludge and slime
Fell o'er his limbs of muddy green,
And now and then, a streak of lime
Showed where the Board of Works had been;
From out his mouth's mephitic well,
Poured fetid stench and sulphurous flames,
And—was it sight, or was it smell?—
All there, somehow, knew Father Thames.

He stood, and breathed, and sick and pale,
The stoutest, at his breathing, grew;
Quoth he, "Such visitors I hail:
My Lords and Commons, how d'ye do?
If any gratitude were here,
You should have asked me to your feast;
Of all your motley friends this year,
Thames hath not been the last, or least.

"Who, when on hand your business hung,
(More even than the sacred grouse)
Chained up full many an eager tongue,
And thinned full many an awkward House?
Who sped along the India Bill?
Who huddled up the Jewish claims?
Who on supply kept WILLIAMS still?
Ungrateful!—who but Father Thames?

"I lurked behind your terrace wall,
I breathed athwart your window blind;
Up through your chimneys I would crawl,
Or through your air-shafts entrance find:
Thanks most to me, the Session's done,
Your foes have fled: 'tis me they fear:
Mine are the triumphs you have won—
Yet uninvited I stand here!

"Nor this the worst—small charm for me
In whitebait, or in Moselle cup—
But back to THWAITES and Company,
Bound hand and foot, you've given me up!
The Board of Works to which I owe
The poison coursing in my veins,
Henceforward lord it o'er my flow,
And I must patient drink their drains!

"And *you* it is to them have given
This lordship o'er my banks and bed,—
You, in whose service I have striven,
And stunk and steamed till foemen fled!
Yours is the scheme my course that girds
With miles of sewer where fever lurks:
London till now, bored by their words,
Will be bored henceforth by their works!"

### Unparalleled Feat.

MR. PAULSEN has been playing ten games of Chess without seeing either of the boards. This dexterity, skilful as it may be, was nothing to what MR. VERNON SMITH did. He ruled 180,000,000 subjects, and all the time was perfectly blind; blind to the nature of the complicated game that was going on in India. There is this further difference, we regret to say, between the two; MR. PAULSEN had the entire control over all his boards, and gained nine out of the ten; whereas MR. VERNON SMITH had no control whatever over his, and eventually lost the Board, of which he was the supposed head, altogether.

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CHANGE OF NAME.—The "Pool of the Thames" is to be henceforth called "The Cess-Pool."

### A Difficult Task.

A COMMITTEE of French Composers has been appointed (as we learn from the *Moniteur*) to remove the inconvenience from the difference of musical diapasons in different schools and nations, by establishing in France a uniform musical pitch.

Considering the present state of that country, we should think it very difficult indeed for any commission to get it up to concert pitch. The last tuner has obviously been too free with the screw.

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A PUBLIC WANT.—A Taxing-master to tax all Hotel-keepers' bills! Couldn't some of the old Six Clerks' be appointed to do this work, free of charge, in return for the enormous compensations they received for the abolition of their sinecures.

*English Pupil.* "Qu'est que c'est que le Militaire, Monsieur?"

*French Tutor.* "Tout ce qui n'est pas Civile, mon enfant."

*English Pupil.* "Ah! L'homme qui a terrassé cette pauvre femme, et Jacques qui a mangé tout mon gâteau, sont donc militaires."

## THE SWELL FATE AT CREMORNE.

VISCOUNT SCATTERBRAIN was asked by a fair young country cousin, if his lordship had enjoyed himself at the late Cremorne Aquatic Fête: his lordship being one of the fortunate exclusives, to whom (on payment of one guinea) the privilege of *entrée* had most graciously been *given*.

"Aw—well, weally," lisped the noble swell, "ah don't tho muth wegwet ah took the twouble to be pwethent. You thee, of courthe, poor Ingethtre wath wather in the blueth at hith—aw—Thwell Fête tawning out—aw—a meaw wataw pawty. Tho you thee of courthe we did our utmoth to conthole him, though the wain you know wath wather—aw—a dampaw to oneth thpiwith. But fellath who dwethed pwopawly wan vewy little withk of being injawed by the thowerth. Ath ah ah 'd conthulted my bawometaw, ah felt thure there 'd be a deluge: and tho—aw—ah pwudently wetholved to go in my Noath Ark (thort of gweat coat, you know—*Punth* chwithened them Noath Arkth). But ah thtupidly forgot—aw—to bwing down my umbwellaw; and tho my whithkawth thuffered terwibly, got dwipping wet of courthe and thadly out of thape. There were thome pwudent marwied fellath dwethed themthelveth in water-pwoofth; but they thmelt tho dweadfully, they were forthed to take them off. They—aw—twied to deodowithe them by—aw—thpwinkling them with wothe-wataw. But bleth you, it wath no uthe at all. Might jutht ath well have twied to deodowithe the Thameth by thpwinkling it fwom thent-bottleth!

"You athk me if we dawnthed? O yeth, of courthe, we twied a little dawnthing, it wath weally nethethary to keep ourthelveth warm thomehow. Fellath who didn't mind being theen in theiaw golotheth thplathed about famouthly in the thottitheth* and galopth. But the wortht of it wath that—aw—the wain bwought out the fwogth, and they were a gweat nuithanth to uth, thkipping about the gwavel walkth and getting underneath one'th bootth; and you know they awe thuth horwid nathty moitht thingth, girlth cawn't beaw to have to twead on them.

"O yeth, by Jove! the wefwshmenth were firthtrate. Of courthe fellahth who were thivering couldn't welith itheth, or fweething lobthtaw thalad. Tho inthtead of thethe they therved uth with bathinth of hot thoup, and thcalding cuwathoa negwth: one glathful to be taken every five minuteth, jutht 'to keep the cold out' ath one heawth the thnobth thay. Tho you thee, all thingth conthidawed, we—aw—got on pwetty jollily: and ah mutht thay, altogethaw, the fête weally went off twimmingly; though, ath the COUNTETH OF CWINOLINE fathethioutbly wemarked, it—aw—thertainly at firtht thight pwomithed to be wathaw a Cwemorneful buthineth!"

* Query, Schottisches?—ED.

## SCIENCE AND SMELL.

*To* PROFESSOR FARADAY.

O FARADAY, of Chemists first,
The Thames we have to clear,
The Thames, with which we slake our thirst
In water, or in beer.
To take its foulness out to sea
Will cost us deuce knows what:
Now in this strait can Chemistry
Afford us help, or not?

The slush—the stuff—that might the land
Supply with rich manure,
Could'st thou not somehow take in hand,
And of its odour cure?
Beneath our noses then we might
The liquid treasure save,
Not waste it where the sea-gull white
Skims o'er the ocean wave.

Sweet essences from filth most dire
They say art can distil.
Such miracles we don't require
Of thy productive skill.
Our expectations have a mean,
And all that we entreat
Is but to have the River clean;
We do not want it sweet.

We do not wish the Thames to flow
Millefleurs, but its contents
No more to travel to and fro
Exhaling other scents,
We ask thee not to change its flood
To otto of the rose,
But simply to deprive its mud
Of that which pains the nose.

And then for guano we no more
To other climes should roam,
Diverting from the Thames a store
Of better stuff at home.
The land would smile with golden grain
Since farmers then would use
That whereby Londoners would gain,
But now are like to lose.

Peat charcoal is alas too dear,
Lime sets ammonia free,
Chlorine—but we are talking here
Impertinence to thee!
Do what thou can'st, if science can,
To make the River pure,
And we shall cry, thou art the man!
And here 's your nice manure.

### The Sale of Poisons.

THE sale of the *Morning Post* ought to be stopped. It had a leader the other day, overflowing with poison. LORD PALMERSTON ought to interfere, and direct his political apprentices only to administer it in very infinitesimal doses. Amongst other absurd things, it accused JOHN BRIGHT of being full "of vanity and venom." Poor *Post!* Perhaps it was jealous?

### AN APPROPRIATE ALIAS.

CONSIDERING the increase in the practice of Confession, and that Piccadilly is the road which leads both to St. Barnabas and the Brompton Oratory, the great seats (Anglican and Roman) of the practice, it is respectfully submitted, that the name of that thoroughfare might appropriately be altered to "Peccadillo."

THE DOWNFALL OF CRINOLINE.—There is hope yet. It's a long Petticoat-Lane that has no turning!

## GAMMON IN HIGH LIFE.

E rejoice to hear (says the *Morning Advertiser*) that their beloved Majesties, ISABELLA and FERDINAND of Spain, have been accepted as claimants for one of the flitches to be presented at Dunmow in July, 1859, as a reward for the many years of conjugal happiness that they have lived happily together. It is with the most unfeigned sincerity we wish that they may get it!

### As Clear as Thames Mud.

WE see the railway advertisements announce "Three Clear Days at Boulogne." We do not see that a "clear day" at Boulogne is so great a novelty that Englishmen should run all that way to see it. Now, if the promise were held out of "THREE CLEAR DAYS IN LONDON," or Manchester, Birmingham, or Sheffield, we fancy that thousands of foreigners might be attracted over to witness a phenomenon that they had never seen before, and would be never likely, probably, to see again.

## MANAGERIAL VIEWS.

WE read that, on the occasion of laying the first stone of the Adelphi Theatre (may the new Adelphi soon rise into favour as high as the old one!), MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER placed under the block, amongst other things of precious value, "*a pair of spectacles.*" What they could want there, underneath the ground, is more than we have the power of seeing, and yet we flatter ourselves that we can see through a stone as far as most men. Perhaps their duty is to watch that no one abstract the coin that was deposited with them? Or, are they to bear witness to the "sight of money," that MR. WEBSTER intends laying out upon the building? We are sadly mystified by their presence in a place, where "sure such a pair were ne'er seen before." The only satisfactory conclusion we can come to is, that they were spectacles in a theatrical point of light. The brilliant "pair of spectacles" thus favoured were, doubtlessly, the *Green Bushes* and the *Flowers of the Forest?* The success of the new theatre could not possibly rest on a better foundation. The *lunettes*, at all events, will serve to determine to future archæologists, some thousand years hence, (when the chances are that we and JOHN COOPER will both be dead), where was the "site" of the last New Adelphi Theatre.

### The Beginning of the End.

"DOES this expense of £1,500 a-week for lime being thrown into the Thames stop there?" asked WILLIAMS.

"No, it's an expense merely *in lim(e)ine*," answered OSBORNE, and, as a savoury gale came rushing from the river, it made poor BERNAL turn up his nose, quite involuntarily, at his own joke.

## OUR BACON AT STAKE!

MR. NEWDEGATE has made his last speech on the Jew Bill; which will never trouble the Collective Wisdom any more. In this address, the honourable member is reported to have made the startling observations which follow:—

"They had known for years that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, himself of Jewish extraction, entertained towards the Jewish race a feeling of sympathy which might be traced throughout all his works of fiction, and which was clearly and honestly declared in the chapter which he had interpolated in his biography of LORD G. BENTINCK. The right honourable gentleman, in that chapter, expressed his conviction, that it was the right of the Jewish race to govern the other races of mankind, and he claimed for them that supremacy while they remained in a state of rebellion against their own true king. The right honourable gentleman, in the work to which he referred, stated plainly that our blessed Lord came to expiate but not to teach; he declared that the doctrines of the New Testament were the same as those of the Old Testament; he proceeded on the false assumption that Judaism was the true religion of the Testaments; and he went on to justify the Crucifixion."

In short, according to MR. NEWDEGATE, the Right Honourable BENJAMIN DISRAELI believes that Judaism is the true faith of a Christian, and swears accordingly. Therefore the Oath of Abjuration did not necessarily exclude Jews from Parliament. On this subject, however, hear MR. NEWDEGATE further:—

"Now, when he (MR. NEWDEGATE) found seated on the benches on that side of the House, and occupying a prominent position among members of the party with which he acted, a right hon. gentleman who held such opinions as these, and who had openly expressed them, he must object to the responsibility or blame of proposing the Bill being thrown upon LORD DERBY. He had for years devoted close attention to this subject. He had seen leading members of the party with which he was associated gradually embracing the principles entertained by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER (*Hear! and a laugh*), and when he found the noble Member for Lynn (LORD STANLEY) seceding from the views entertained by his noble father (LORD DERBY), and adopting those which were avowed by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, he felt that LORD DERBY'S situation was becoming intolerable, and that there was great danger that he would be forced by degrees to abandon the proud position he had held for years as the leader of that great party which had maintained the Christian character of Parliament and of the State."

In adopting the views avowed by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, as MR. NEWDEGATE represents them, LORD STANLEY is simply turning Jew. In embracing MR. DISRAELI'S principles, leading members of the Conservative party are embracing Judaism. Instead of going over to Rome, as some gentlemen have done, these have gone over to Jerusalem. LORD STANLEY is far on his way thither, and this consideration may well annoy his noble father, lest some future heir of the House of DERBY should be seen going about with three old coronets on his head and a blue bag. LORD DERBY'S situation must indeed be intolerable. He will soon have a grandson called ISAAC, and perhaps Moss. The leprosy will spread. The aristocracy of Belgravia will cut the Confessional for the Synagogue. Legislation will be based on Mosaic principles. The Sabbatarians, no longer MR. NEWDEGATE'S friends, will endeavour to enforce the observance of the real Sabbath. As to the Conservative party, they will have nothing left to conserve. They have little enough to conserve as it is. They have given up almost all the whole hog which they once went for; but they will soon have to give up every bit of it. The principles entertained by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will shortly subjugate those whose leaders have already embraced them, and then not a word about the pig!

## GREAT FEAT OF MEMORY.

AMONG the myriads of nightly (so called) "entertainments" which are being daily advertised and placarded, we have just seen the announcement of a "*Great Feat of Memory*," which, we are informed, is to be "continued weekly" of course provided, we suppose, that it is purse-onally successful. A gentleman proposes to "entertain" the public by reciting the twelve books of MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*, comprising, we are told, 10,565 lines. The feat is to be performed from memory alone; and as we have every respect for perseverance (in which virtue we ourselves are wofully deficient) we quite hope the "entertainer" may profit by his patience. Were it not that six months' constant boredom with debates has thoroughly exhausted our own stock of that quality, we might possibly ourselves not shrink from what the lawyers call "attending hearing."

But as it is our business to cap everything we hear, and to allow nothing ever to astonish our strong mind, we may state, that the above feat will quite sink into insignificance, when compared with one which we believe will shortly be announced. We understand that a mnemologist, of the very highest powers and the most undaunted spirit, has undertaken to recite (if any one will listen to him) the whole of MR. GLADSTONE'S speeches since he entered Parliament; comprising, it is reckoned at a moderate calculation, not less than fifteen billion nine thousand million words. The feat will be commenced on the first of April next, and will be continued weekly (the police permitting) until the close of the present century, by which time it is thought the feat may possibly be finished.

### GEOGRAPHICAL PARALLEL.

FRANKFORT is on the *Oder*, and London is on the Thames.

### GEOGRAPHICAL CONTRADICTION.

THE difference between the two rivers of Paris and London is, that the one is Seine, and the other is not. No doctor, not DR. CONOLLY even, could, speaking of the Thames, pronounce it *Sane!*

WHAT Ecclesiastical matter is it probable the Jews will not meddle with?—Tithe Pigs.

*Miss Stout.* "THE WORST OF LETTING ONE'S BACK HAIR DOWN IS, THAT IT MAKES THE YOUNG MEN STARE SO!"

## THE SEASON AND THE SESSION.

(BY A PROSTRATE PEER.)

"MR. PUNCH,

"I WISH to ask you, whether I, HENRY, BARON OVERDONE, am, or am not, a constituent portion of the machinery of Parliamentary Government? Have I,—with my estate of Cashbury Park, Surrey, my Carnarvonshire quarries of Plas-y-Trffrywn, my manor of Saltmarsh, on the banks of the Mersey, my Border property of Habbieknows, at the foot of the Cheviot range, and my deer forest, Glen-Gilly-Houlakin, in Sutherlandshire—a stake in the country, or have I not?

"Is the Peerage an estate of the realm, or is it not? In short, is the Order to which I have the honour to belong, a mockery, or a reality?

Here have I been present in the capital since February. That I have been an idle man I cannot say. I have gone through an immense amount of social labour. LADY OVERDONE is an invalid, and my girls, BLANCHE and CONSTANCE, are thus thrown in a great measure on my hands. I need not say that the responsibility of *chaperonage* has pressed heavily upon me. A morning concert, followed by a *déjeûner musical* at Roehampton or Putney, and that succeeded by the opera, or a dinner-party on the off-nights, with two or three drums, to wind up the daily round of social duties,—and this continued day after day throughout the season,—have left me a sadder, if not a wiser man, and have rendered a course of fresh air and stubble-shooting essentially necessary to my exhausted system.

"With these duties on hand, you may think I could have found little time, and less energy, for the work of legislation. But my country, Sir, in my scale of duty, ranks before my family. I was born a legislator, and I trust I am fitted for the legislative functions of my order—not less by nature than by study and zeal.

"I am ready to sit on any Committee, or to take charge of any Bill. But what opportunity have I to devote myself to this sphere of employment, so congenial to my tastes, so befitting my position?

"During three-fourths of the session our House has nothing to do. During the other fourth, we have suddenly hurled upon us, from the other House, such a mass of legislation, that to cope with it would baffle the wits of a LYNDHURST, the strength of a CAMPBELL, and the wind of a REDESDALE.

"Look at last Thursday night's notice paper, for example. How many Bills were dealt with in the House of Lords on that night I cannot pretend to say. Here, however, is an imperfect list from next morning's paper—

"PROGRESS OF BUSINESS.

"Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction Continuance Bill; Charitable Trusts Acts Continuance *Bill*; Turnpike Trusts Arrangements Bill; Copyhold and Inclosure Commissioners, &c. Bill; Indemnity Bill; Administration of Oaths by Committees Bill; Army Service Bill, were read a third time and passed.

"The Copyhold Acts Amendment Bill, and the Local Government Bill passed through Committee.

"The Report of Amendments in Joint Stock Companies Bill was brought up and received.

"The second reading of the Arts Union Act Amendment Bill was moved and negatived.

"The Titles to Land (Scotland) Bill passed through Committee.

"The Report of Amendments in Sale and Transfer of Land (Ireland) Bill was brought up and received.

"The Universities (Scotland) Bill was read a third time and passed.

"The County Property Conveyance Bill was read a second time.

"The Stipendiary Magistrates Bill was read a third time and passed.

"Inclosure of Lands Bill; Legitimacy Declaration Bill; Sheep, &c., Contagious Diseases Prevention Bill; Turnpike Acts Continuance Bill; Public Health Bill; Vaccination (Ireland) Bill, passed through Committee.

"CHELSEA-BRIDGE ACT AMENDMENT BILL.

"This Bill was read a second time.

"RETURNS TO SECRETARY OF STATE BILL.

"This Bill was read a second time."

"What do I know of all these measures, which as I learn from this fact, I was on that night instrumental in passing, or in bringing one stage nearer to legislative consummation? I have an indistinct recollection of the CHANCELLOR mumbling out some established formulæ, of LORD REDESDALE galloping over the numbers of clauses in Bill after Bill, like a crack National School-boy 'doing' the multiplication table before a Committee of Council examiner, and there my knowledge of the night's business ends. And this enormous amount of legislation, I see, we accomplished between five and twenty minutes to eight, when we adjourned for dinner!

"Sir, as a Conservative Peer, I beg to call your most serious attention to this alarming *reductio ad absurdum* of the functions of one element of the constitution. I want to legislate. It is my privilege to legislate. I was born to legislate. But legislate I cannot, and all because of a House of Commons, which talks so much during three fourths of the session, that it won't give us any chance of talking during the other fourth.

"Solemnly, I protest against this nullification of my constitutional functions, and beg to subscribe myself, *Mr. Punch*,

"Your obedient servant, OVERDONE."

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EFFECTS OF THE THAMES WATER ON THE PRETTY WHITE SWANS.

## A DESIDERATUM.

"*To Mr. Punch.*

"SIR,

"LIKE your correspondent, JOHN STOUT, the week before last, I have the misfortune to hold what is facetiously called a 'sitting' in a West End Church. It is chiefly frequented by the upper circles, and these 'upper circles' have so alarmingly increased in diameter since the ladies took to steel *jupes*, that I find my once spacious 'sitting' reduced to the narrowest of perches. Now, Sir, as we are all supposed to be equal in church, and to leave outside the porch our worldly conceits and social distinctions, would it not be well if these '*jupes*' could be so contrived as that the lovely wearers might deposit them in the vestibule of the church, to be called for, like the carriages, at the conclusion of the service? 'LADY BALLOON'S crinoline stops the way!' would be a cry quite borne out by the fact; and, though 'The DUCHESS OF HEAVYSTERN'S *jupe* just pulled on!' might give rise to misinterpretation in minds inclined to levity, I cannot doubt that a service of Ecclesiological linkmen might soon be organised, with a series of cries that would not create any *double-entendre*, or give umbrage to the most fastidious.

"I cannot think that the machinery required would be complicated. The fair wearers of these elaborate fardingales, on arriving at the church door, might gracefully duck out through an aperture in the side, like the entrance to a bell-tent, and enter their fortification again, after the service in the same manner, raising the skirts of their robes when inside, and letting them drop modestly and inoffensively over the upper edge of the steel-ribbed erection.

"An extra beadle might be laid on to watch over the jupes and crinolines during the service, and to see that the idle boys and girls of the neighbourhood did not take advantage of them for temporary encampment, or hide and seek.

"I beg to offer this suggestion for the benefit of all unfortunate church bodkins like myself, and am, *Mr. Punch*,

"Your obedient servant,

"SAMUEL SQUEEZABLE."

## DISSIPATION.—A TALE OF CREMORNE.

### A Novel of the Day.

(*Continued from page* 38.)

"THERE is nothing like a squeedge of a lemon and a mouthful of air for bringing a party up to time," remarked the SLASHER, as he applied those remedies to the insensible LADY HARRIET, who had been carried into Saville House in a fainting fit—"there, my Lady," he added, "you are now ready for more punishment, though you seem to be hit hard this time."

"For Heaven's sake, take me home, my dear Aunt," cried the panting and lovely creature, "the SLASHER has proved an able nurse, and I am quite well now, and a quiet weed at home will set me all right again."

The Duchess, who had taken the precaution of reading ST. CLAIR'S note, during LADY HARRIET'S temporary indisposition, asked no question as to the cause of it, and LADY HARRIET dissembled her feelings so well, that she returned to a dinner party at home that evening, and accompanied the Duchess to the Opera and five evening parties, with meet semblance of gaiety.

With an aching heart LADY HARRIET attended to all her fashionable duties, and made a point of being the constant companion of her Aunt to Court, and St. Barnabas, and the Committees of the "Prize Ring Benevolent Association," and of "the Used-up Swells," besides going regularly to Cremorne, and the Eagle. Nobody except herself knew how much sorrow was concealed beneath her smiling expression of face. She had not positively lost ST. CLAIR, as the Sheriff of Middlesex had provided comfortable quarters for him in the Queen's Bench, at the suit of MR. MOSS, and the Captain was far from unhappy in the enjoyment of racquets by day, and blind hookey by night, at both of which exciting amusements a great deal of ready money changed hands, which the creditors of the sporting players would have much liked to handle.

An important event was close at hand—the majority of our heroine. The *beau monde* were all on the *qui vive*, and all sorts of contradictory rumours about LADY HARRIET'S fortune were widely circulated. LADY TITTLETATTLE went about everywhere sowing gossip broadcast, declaring at one party that LADY HARRIET was ruined by play, and at another that she was worth more than the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER. In spite of all rumours, fêtes were inaugurated in various places to commemorate the event. The Poet Laureate to the P. R. wrote a brilliant sporting Ode in *Bell's Life*; the tenantry on the Yorkshire and Kentish Estates were to be feasted, and the children in all the villages on the property had notice of expansion by tea and buns,—the sporting world hailed with acclamation a positive announcement that horses were already in training for the Two Thousand Guinea Stakes and the Derby,—and it was rumoured that LADY HARRIET was going to ride the Liverpool Steeplechase.

The important day arrived, and precisely at 12 o'clock the smiling lawyers went through their part of the performance, the deeds were signed, and without any visible emotion, LADY HARRIET DASHER took leave of her trustees, and began the world on a splendid fortune.

So many thousands of the aristocracy came to leave their cards, that the whole of the A and B division of Police had to keep the streets about the DUCHESS OF BLAZES'S Mansion, and the last morning visitors had scarcely given the knocker time to cool, before the guests who had been invited to the Banquet in the evening re-commenced the bombardment at the door.

Shortly before the hour of dinner the Duchess went into her niece's boudoir to lead her into the Drawing-room. Guess her horror and surprise at finding the room empty! The only explanation of LADY HARRIET'S absence was a placard pinned to the lace cover of the dressing glass, "Stole away! H. D."

* * * * * * * *

Months had rolled away, and no trace of LADY HARRIET could be found. Her horses and dogs had been sold at TATTERSALL'S by SNAFFLE, the Horsedealer, who could neither be bribed nor bullied into disclosing her whereabouts. The only other confidants of the secret were CRINOLINE her Maid (now MRS. POLICEMAN X.) and her husband, who acted as butler to her Ladyship, in the Albany, where she had taken Chambers under a feigned name.

There was one person, however, who was determined to unravel the mystery, even though he used the power of the Church; and when SNAFFLE went to confession, which he was never too ready to do, for fear of being drawn into revelations of tips on coming events, and other little professional matters, the REV. SLIDELL SILVERTONGUE (for he was the staunchest sleuth-hound in the quest of LADY HARRIET) refused him absolution *in toto* until the secret of her whereabouts was disclosed. Poor SNAFFLES, to use his own expression, "found a man who could

give him a stone and a half and beat him," and after a fruitless struggle revealed to the Reverend Confessor her ladyship's address in the Albany, whereupon MR. SILVERTONGUE not only returned SNAFFLE his alms,—which by the bye were partly composed of two pewter shillings,—but took one of his cards, with a promise to forward it to a Right Reverend Bishop, who wanted an easy Park hack.

A voluntary prisoner in her Chambers, the time hung heavily on poor LADY HARRIET's hands; she never laughed except at two o'clock on Wednesdays, when *Punch* came out, and it was an affecting sight to see the poor Lady smiling through her tears at the *facetiæ* of that periodical. Policeman X. would come up occasionally, and respectfully relate by-gone anecdotes of his gallant force, and while on one occasion he was unguardedly describing an assault on a gambling house in which ST. CLAIR's name was brought up, LADY HARRIET was so overcome that even Policeman X.'s memoirs were obliged to be discontinued. One comfort was hers, she had, unknown to ST. CLAIR, paid all his debts, and so liberally was the deed done, that MR. MOSS could not help remarking, that the Captain's Mamma or some other greenhorn had wasted a deal of money, as ten shillings in the pound would have satisfied him well.

One fine morning in July, LADY HARRIET was smoking as usual at her window in the Albany, and whiling away the time with the new Novel of "*The Dripping Duchess, or the Spoilt Fête*, by LADY MARY M'INTOSH," when a faint knock was heard at the door. "*Entrez*," she languidly exclaimed, adding mentally, "I suppose it is CRINOLINE with the bitter beer." The visitor entered, but so engrossed was LADY HARRIET in her book, that he had time to look round him before he was noticed. He was dressed in a long black frock-coat reaching to his heels; a black silk shirt without any buttons did duty for a waistcoat; round his neck was a starched band of muslin without any bow; as regards his upper and lower extremities, a fashionable hair-dresser had produced a first-rate imitation of the tonsure on the crown of his head, and HOBY had decorated his feet with a very sandal-like looking pair of shoes with neat silver buckles.

We need hardly introduce the last arrival as the REV. SLIDELL SILVERTONGUE.

"Dear Sister," he commenced, "the Church has come to offer you comfort in your affliction."

"Gracious me!" exclaimed LADY HARRIET, "I thought you were the beer! how dare you break in on my privacy?" and jumping off the sofa, she seized a horsewhip, and in another moment would have laid it over MR. SILVERTONGUE's shoulders. "I beg your pardon, MR. SILVERTONGUE," she said, suddenly stopping herself, "I forgot your cloth; it would have been a cowardly act to horsewhip you. Sit down, Sir, pray, and explain the cause of your visit."

SILVERTONGUE's courage rose as his danger decreased. In a long discourse he explained that his great regard for LADY HARRIET's welfare had induced him to call; and feeling his ground gradually, he wound up by exhorting her to confess.

"Don't see the joke of it," answered LADY HARRIET, "you know too much already, according to my opinion, or you would not have ferreted me out here. I keep my own counsel, and do you keep yours, MR. SILVERTONGUE; for if my retreat is discovered through you, my horsewhip and your shoulders shall be made acquainted—and now, if you like to stay and have some luncheon, stay; and if you don't like to stay, why you can go, or CRINOLINE shall come up and play propriety, which, by the bye, you confessional gentlemen give the go-bye to."

"Two is company—three is none," thought the reverend gentleman. "The stake is worth winning, £200,000 a-year, and as ST. CLAIR is off, she is sure to take the first man who offers, out of spite to him." Without more ado, he threw himself on his knees at her feet. "My dear LADY HARRIET," he said, "your lovely face has haunted me night and day in my cloister, and unworthy as I am, I offer my hand."

LADY HARRIET rang the bell violently, and Policeman X entered.

"See this—this creature—turned out, Policeman X," she gasped, and addressing herself to SILVERTONGUE, she added, "I recommend you, Sir, to carry out your imitation of the other church; and if you are so fond of confession, take the vow of celibacy also."

"My dearest creature," exclaimed SILVERTONGUE, "I swear—"

His speech was cut short by Policeman X, who seizing him by the collar, recommended him, in a tone of friendly remonstrance, "to move on." (*To be Concluded in our next.*)

## LADIES' HOSE.

E much prefer Air-tubes to springs as scaffolding to support the vast expanse of drapery now worn by ladies. They may serve a more important purpose than that of helping to disfigure the wearer and make her look ridiculous. Ladies' dresses are highly inflammable, and their immense extent and the numerous and huge flounces, and other projecting or pensile superfluities, exactly adapt them to catch sparks in the literal—by no means in the figurative—sense of the phrase. Many men would insure their wives' clothes at fire insurance offices, as well as insuring their lives, if they could find any office that would grant a policy on goods so trebly hazardous. The fire insurance companies would as soon think of insuring a powder-mill. Under these circumstances men must take care of their wives as they best can; not suffer them to sit too near the fire lest "coffins" should leap out to some purpose in burning them to death; not allow them to carry about lights, unless enclosed in safety lamps, nor to use lucifer matches; not trust them, indeed, with fire at all; as well for the reason that their dresses are so combustible, as because poor creatures who are capable of wearing such Bedlam apparel are not fit to be trusted.

No precaution, however, can be relied on to prevent the ignition of petticoats that are always fluttering in the way of everything, including flame. Means, however, may be taken to put the fire out, and the air-tubes afford peculiar facilities for this purpose. They can at any time be converted into water-tubes by a very simple expedient. Nothing more will be necessary than to connect them with a fire-engine and puncture them. Or they may be provided with little taps, to be turned in case of necessity. The tubes will thus be converted into what we may call ladies' hose. The engine being worked, the water will issue through the apertures in large quantity, and that between the body and the dress; which will be much better than merely playing upon the lady on fire. No house in which there are any ladies, except a few houses in which there are sensible ladies, and no ball-rooms whatever, should be without engines for extinguishing the fires which may at any moment break out in the habiliments of fashionable females, and cause the destruction not only of life, but also of property to an awful amount.

## NEW LION AT ST. PAUL'S.

IT appears that a great addition has been lately made to the attractions of St. Paul's Cathedral. From a paragraph in the *Daily News* we understand that the Crypt which contains all that was mortal of the victor of Waterloo has been opened to the public. "The sarcophagus," says our contemporary, "containing the honoured remains of WELLINGTON, is announced for exhibition upon certain days on payment of 6*d*." The Chamber of Sepulture at St. Paul's is thus made to subserve the same purpose as the Chamber of Horrors at MADAME TUSSAUD's. Whatever it is proper to do at all, it is advisable to do well, and if St. Paul's has to pay its own expenses, and can only do so by being made a show of, so be it. But then make the most of it; go the whole hog; make it a regular show, and in aid of the exhibition employ all the arts of the showman. Let a Verger, or what would be still better, a Canon, attend at the place of descent to the Crypt with a trumpet, playing solemn blasts on that instrument, accompanied by the organ, and during the intervals of the performance shouting: "Walk down, walk down, ladies and gentlemen, and see the magnificent sarcophagus wot incloses the remains of the illustrious DUKE O' VELLINTON." If there is no impropriety in making a show of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON's tomb, there can be none in having the show managed by a showman behaving himself as such.

## GOING OUT OF TOWN.

*Mary.* "If you please, Sir, Missus say you must find room for this in your Portmantel!"

## BIRD-FANCIERS AND BEARD-FANCIERS.

Omitting the first word, we print the following advertisement verbatim from the *Times*:—

TO SHORT-FACED BEARD-FANCIERS.—The owner of a good stud of blue and silver beards, feeling anxious to improve the breed, is open to SHOW A SILVER BEARD HEN against all England for a match of two guineas. Address Mr. William Squire, Chymist, Hanwell, W.

We have not any wish to be thought a sporting character, nor to have our office mistaken for a betting office; but we are open to a wager with any lady reader, that she will not in six guesses name the word we have omitted; and unless she does so, we will bet that the advertisement, though printed in plain English, will certainly be Greek to her. Among her masculine admirers she may number some few beard-fanciers; and from their assiduous cultivation of those ornaments, she may think that they are "anxious to improve the breed." But how this object may be furthered by the proposed showing of a "silver beard hen," and what sort of a creature a silver beard hen is, must equally be puzzles to the female comprehension. Nor, we think, will ladies find it easier to guess why only "short-faced" beard fanciers are addressed in the advertisement. Why should not the long-faced have an equal chance of profiting? Whether the "short-faced gentleman" in Addison's *Spectator* were a beard-fancier or not, we have no means now of knowing. But we fancy if he were so, and were he still living, he would find but few companions in his visit to the hen show. There can't be many beard-fanciers who would consent to be called "short-faced," even though by that means they alone might gain the privilege of studying the "stud of blue and silver beards" and obtain the right of (h)entry to the silver-bearded hen.

Speculation on the points which we above have mooted might, of course, have been prevented by insertion of the word we have omitted; and we might create a spurious excitement by announcing that the word would be "given in our next." But *Punch* has happily no need to resort to such stale dodges to increase his circulation. We will therefore keep our readers no longer in suspense; and without beguiling them to pay another threepence by with-holding what is now within our power to print, we will state that the word "Pigeons" headed the advertisement, to which we have vouchsafed three minutes of our notice and six inches of our space.

## THE PEAS FOR MRS. CADDY.

Of all the peas I ever eat—and hope to do afore I die—
If, please the pigs, I'll have a treat—give me the Marrowfats, says I!
Ah! that's the sort of peas for me, as big amost as bullis plums,
As soft and sweet as they can be, and arter all the rest they comes.

July and August is about the season when they peas comes in,
And by the time as they goes out some bilins has filled out my skin.
Along with ducks they are so nice, or with a little bit of lamb,
And if you'll go by my advice, you'll also try the same with ham.

Up there in London no such things as Marrowfats you never sees;
To table people only brings the different early sorts of peas.
Afore they're fit to eat indeed, for which I wouldn't give a fig:
To think on what some persons feed as isn't fit to feed a pig!

In peas as early—ay—as May them hypocures in Town delights,
And precious prices too they pay for pamperin of their happytights.
A guinea a quart as I've been told—and which I call a wicked sin,
As you may say, 'tis eatin gold, and yet what isn't worth a pin.

There ain't no flaviour, not a bit, in peas that's forced like them in Spring,
But Marrowfats for taste is fit to set before a Queen or King.
Ah, drat your fine fandango folks that lives in that expensif style,
A body's passion it provokes, quite like a stirrin up the bile.

All things in season—that's my rule; and to their liking every one,
And if you choose to be a fool, why then your own way you may run.
But if so be as you are wise, as I suppose you for to be,
You'll scorn sich peas as Cockneys prize, and valley Marrowfats like me.

## THE COMMONS AT CHERBOURG.

*(By Electric Telegraph Anticipatory.)*

*Cherbourg, Aug. 4.*

THE MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS *have been introduced to the* EMPEROR, *who has graciously accorded an audience to several of the most pressing of the body. We send accurate reports of the speeches.*

*Mr. Disraeli.*—Sire, Standing on the shores of this magnificent country, in the capital of which I laid some of the principal scenes of my novel of *Codlingsby*, and from one of whose historians I did not scruple to borrow my panegyric upon the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, I feel that, in the confidential relations which exist between your Majesty and the present Administration, it is not necessary for me to use many words to prove the sincerity of my admiration for that system of Imperial Government which comes nearer my own ideal than any the world has yet seen—I mean an absolute despotism based upon the most radical principles. It has been my humble privilege to lay the foundation of a similar system in our own island; and though our constitutional forms are a serious obstacle to its development, I have every confidence that a policy which has already resulted in the destruction, by a Tory Cabinet, of the property qualification of Members of Parliament, and in the admission of the Jews to the Legislature by an Administration which numbers NEWDEGATE and SPOONER among its adherents, will, 'ere long, be crowned with that full success, which your Majesty reached by a shorter course, on the remarkable evening of the second of December.

[*This oration, which was delivered in a tone so confidential, as to be caught only by our own reporter, was listened to by the* EMPEROR *with marked attention, but with considerable appearance of impatience by* LORD JOHN RUSSELL, *who, the moment* MR. DISRAELI *had retired, stepped forward and said:*

May it please your Majesty, I shall be obleeged if your Majesty will allow me for the convenience of all parties, to address you in my own language; as, although I have frequently been engaged in foreign missions, I cannot speak any tongue but my own to my own satisfaction. Your Majesty is pleased to show us your defences. Look at ours! *I* am one of them. In the service of the Crown (whenever good places are to be had), a whole regiment of GREYS is at hand—

*The Emperor (interrupting).* Do you belong to the Scots Greys?

*Bernal Osborne.* No, Sire, he's in the "Blues" now, for he's out of place.

[*This indecent joke seemed to shut up the Noble Lord, who said he would postpone his further remarks for a private audience.*

[*Here an angry discussion ensued, caused by* MR. ALDERMAN BLOGGS, M.P., *insisting on addressing the* EMPEROR, *who good-naturedly accorded him an audience.*

*The Alderman wore his civic robes, and spoke thus in the pronunciation peculiar to his order and country:*—S'il vous plait, votre Majestie, je suis un des Aldermen de la Cité de Londres—une Cité très célébré pour le Venaison, et la Tortue de mer. [Nous, les Aldermen, et le Grand Seigneur,—Le "LORD MAYOR" serons, tourjours, très, très "proud" (comme nous disons en Angleterre) à voir vous, et votre Madame à notre Guildhall, et un couteau et une fourchette seront tourjours à votre service, si vous et vos amis desirent couper votre mouton avec nous.

*Baron Rothschild, M.P. was next introduced to the* EMPEROR *by* MR. DISRAELI *and* LORD JOHN RUSSELL. *He said with a slight Hebrew accent:*—May it pleashe your Majesty. It gives me great pleashure to come here as one of the Houshe of Commons. For ten years I could not get so much as my noshe inshide the Houshe, although I carried a leetle Lord on my back up to the very door every election (*here he winked at* LORD JOHN), but he ushed to shlip in like a weashle, and make a leetle fusch about my shtanding outshide, and then he ushed to drop the shubject. Howhever, I am *in, now*, though they threaten to draw my teeth, and nail my earsh to the bar, if I go near the Lordsh. Vell—vell—vee 'll shee, vhen the time comsh. Now for bushinessh—if there is peace betwixt England and France I vill back both your billsh—but if there's war, I shall back MR. JOHN BULL'S Bill, and my leetle housh over here in Paris will do yoursh. So we vill find the shtakes on both shides—Ha! Ha! Ha!

*Mr. Gilpin, M.P., then stepped forward and said:*—LOUIS NAPOLEON, if thee will put away these irrational guns, and knock down these expensive fortifications, thee wilt do more for civilization than thy blood-thirsty predecessor of the same name. I ask thee as a sensible man, and a man of business, how can nations be expected to attend to their shops, when they know there is a powder-mill in the cellar? Why should not thee and VICTORIA GUELPH disband the armies of both countries? Let the A division of Police be left with her, and a similar number of the Garde Municipale with thee. Let three fourpenny steamers constitute our joint fleet, and——

[*Here the* EMPEROR *walked away exclaiming,* "Il est fou, il est fou," *but his retreat was cut off by* SAMUEL WARREN, M.P., D.C.L., and Q.C., *who first knocking his forehead against the pavement, and then throwing himself into an attitude, said:*

Sire, That Hebrew who addressed you is our disgrace; he has already unchristianised the House of Commons, and will shortly Judaise the Peers. The Quaker is a wretched schismatic, and crack-brained sectarian. Trial by jury, liberty of the press, and our English literature—including *The Lily and the Bee*, and *Ten Thousand a Year*—are our real bulwarks; bulwarks stronger than your walls, more resistless than your cannon. No man in our free country need despair. I myself, though hitherto I have been very ill-used, hope some day for a Judgeship, or to be made Attorney-General, or——

*Lord Derby could stand this no longer, and shouted sternly,* "Lie down, Sir!" *on which* SAMUEL *bowed, and collapsed.*

*Mr. Tite, M.P.* (the celebrated architect) wanted to ask the EMPEROR a question about the Seine and its purification. He was one of the Committee, who had patriotically thrust their noses into every sewer discharging into the Thames. Drums, and flags, and guns, were toys—very good for emblematic ornaments on buildings of a military character, but otherwise mischievous. He thought, if he were permitted, that he could make a good job of the Seine; the state of the Thames was disgraceful——

*Alderman Bloggs, M.P., here broke in, in a great state of excitement:* Sire, it 's beautiful! Le Thames est très douce——

*Mr. Tite.* Sit down, Sir, and don't interrupt me. Except the Royal Exchange, there is not a monument in the City which——

[*Here the* EMPEROR *hinted that time was running short.*

*Mr. Malins, M.P. and Q.C., however, insisted on being heard, and began with that impressive and condensed oratory which so distinguishes him.* Sire, Myself and the other honourable and learned gentlemen who, in our Constitutional House and High Court of Parliament, St. Stephen's, Parliament Street, in the City and Liberty of Westminster, sit on the same side of that Constitutional House, and hold opinions similar to those of the noble lords around me——

*The Emperor.* I can't stand this. (*To* HER M——Y, *aside.*) Dis donc, Madame, qu' est que c'est que ces hommes là!

*Her M——y.* Ce sont des Derbyites, des Radicals, et un Juif.

[MR. WILSON, M.P., *rose with the intention of delivering a lecture to the* EMPEROR *on the fundamental principles of political economy, but he was received with such a shout of "Who's your Hatter?" that he sat down in despair.*

*(Latest Intelligence.)*

ALDERMAN BLOGGS has been had up before the *Juge de Paix*, for being drunk and disorderly. BERNAL OSBORNE has sung two comic songs with immense effect, after the Imperial Banquet, accompanied by the celebrated VIVIER on the Horn. H. R. H. the PRINCE CONSORT does not appear to relish them, but both their Majesties are in convulsions of laughter, LORD BROUGHAM is embracing MONSIEUR DUPIN, and has solemnly adopted France as his country.

The *Pera* has just hoisted signals of distress. No more champagne can be procured in the neighbourhood. It is feared that the members on board have mutinied.

### Motto for the Eastern Counties Railway.

"*Festina lente.*"—And the motto is carried out literally. In its very haste it is slow—very slow. What is called "Speed" with them would be considered equivalent, almost, to "Stop" by any other railway.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN DUTY AND PLEASURE.—If there is a row, it is the Duty of a Policeman to be present; but it is more frequently his Pleasure to be absent.

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, July 26th.* LORD ST. LEONARDS called LORD DERBY'S attention to the fact that the late J. W. M. TURNER, Artist, left to the country a collection of noble pictures, for which no kind of adequate place has been found. ST. L. thought that a separate gallery ought to be built for them, and that it ought to be called TURNER'S Gallery. LORD DERBY, whose recent entire change of policy made anything called a Turner interesting to him, vouchsafed a gracious reply.

Then we had a long discussion about the Right of Search, the result of which debate was the eliciting from LORD MALMESBURY a statement, that we had given up the assumption of that right, and that we were concerting with America and with France some means of "verifying the nationality of flags." The extreme gracefulness of this method of saying, that we want to prevent sailing under false colours, needs no commendation to the elegant-minded, and none but such are, we hope, readers of *Punch*. After this came a squabble about the Special Services, which the ultra-church folk do not like at all. The BISHOP OF LONDON, however, declared that such ministrations were very necessary, for that he had a great lot of heathens in his diocese. The Clergy must be careful how they make such assertions, for it was only the other day that the Rector of St. Clement Danes, in which is Holywell Street, ventured to hint that his parish was not quite exempt from error; and behold, a fearful row, and at this moment the dens in Holywell Street itself are actually placarded with indignant protests. This *Mr. Punch* happens to know, for his carriage was obliged to traverse the abominable locality several times last week, in consequence of the Asses who have control over the streets, permitting great thoroughfares to be taken up at the busiest period of the year. He again appeals to the elegant-minded, whether he has not neatly conducted a notice of a debate in the Lords to a severe smash of the street authorities.

We wonder whether the Americans will declare war upon us for our last offence, or whether the Scottish nation will regard the act to which we are about to advert as another insult to Scotland. The name of our new Colony, for which we are now making laws, is not to be New Caledonia, and is to be British Columbia. *Mr. Punch* approves the change, because it involves such recognition as is in our power of the name of the great CHRISTOPHER, who did discover the country upon which VESPUCCI, who didn't, has affixed his name, to all time. After this little historical burst, it may naturally be asked of us, whether we know where British Columbia is, to which we unhesitatingly reply, that we have not the least idea.

In the Commons, this day, the unchristianisation of the nation was consummated. The Ebrew Jew, BARON DE ROTHSCHILD, came to the table, supported by JOHN RUSSELL, and JOHN ABEL SMITH, and demanded to take the oaths and his seat. SAM WARREN, who is perfectly frantic on this subject, instantly set up a shout of dismay, but was ordered by the SPEAKER to hold his tongue. The Baron intimating that his conscience would not let him take the prescribed oath, was turned out of the House for the last time, and LORD JOHN moved the resolution permitted by the Act sanctioned by the QUEEN three days before. Then SAMUEL WARREN, with a pertinacity worthy a better cause or a rat-terrier, flew at the Jew again, and took what he called the sense of the House, for which we do not blame him, as any attempt to obtain sense, by our SAM, is laudable, if hopeless. The House passed the resolution by 69 to 37, Jew majority, 32; and then in marched the triumphant Israelite, who was straightway sworn on the Church's book of First Lessons, and with his hat on. He then took his seat. MR. NEWDEGATE listened for thunder, and MR. SPOONER looked out for lightning; but the reporters do not mention that either manifestation took place, though SAM WARREN jumped up as a cart-load of stones for New Westminster Bridge was rolled out, and nearly persuaded himself that the noise was as supernatural as his own nonsense.

Next, the Baron voted, and curiously enough, it was upon the Bill continuing the act for preventing corrupt practices at elections, which was passed by 92 to 59, and of which it is to be hoped a copy will be sent to each of the "long shore men," who are supposed to be useful in City Elections. The Clause providing that none but Rich Men shall enter into Parliament was included, and we may mention that on Thursday the Lords affirmed the principle by 43 to 23. The Candidate whose agents have the wit to hire all the conveyances in his locality will henceforth be the winner in any contest.

LORD STANLEY mentioned that SIR JOHN LAWRENCE had been made a G. C. B., and that his salary had been increased to £10,000 a-year. But why not give him—if he would take it—a peerage, when one can be given to SIR JOHN BULLER YARDE BULLER, for no reason whatever, except that he is a rich and respectable man, who has stood by his party, and is therefore made LORD CHURSTON. By the way,

*Mr. Punch* is the first un
To congratulate Old CHURSTON;
Did he think he 'd got a name that could not be rhymed and versed on?

*Tuesday.* The Lords got through a great heap of Bills, and the Commons made very good running. The Lords' Amendments to the India Bill were considered, and most of them agreed to. The House will resemble that of a sold-up washerwoman next session—there will be no mangles in it. He retires. There was a satisfactory discussion about the WELLINGTON Monument, which is to be executed by MR. STEPHENS, and to be set up, in model, in its place, before it is put into marble, so that we shall know what sort of a thing is proposed in commemoration of the conqueror of NAPOLEON.

*Wednesday.* Reversing the natural and lawful order of things, the Lords sat and the Commons did not. The Peers pushed on business, and the BISHOP OF OXFORD announced that the wickedness of beer-houses troubled him hugely, and if Government would not promise to legislate for them, he would do it himself. LORD DERBY calmed the episcopal mind, by assuring its owner that MR. WALPOLE would look into the pots and provide measures of his own, "of some form or another."

*Thursday.* The Commons' reasons for certain disagreements with the Lords on the India Bill were considered by the Peers, and further progress was made towards the grouse. LORD CAMPBELL grew very facetious on the competitive examination system, and intimated that the Commons seemed so fond of it, that it might be a good thing to have competitive examination for Members of Parliament. We see no objection, indeed the thing is, in some sort, practised now, the examiners standing before the hustings, and occasionally enforcing the candidate's attention to the subject of question, with a rotten egg or a deceased kitten. LORD DERBY, in answer to LORD HARRINGTON, said he had nothing to do with the vacant space behind St. Paul's, but the PREMIER intimated that the City authorities who proposed to let it for building were a gang of greedy Goths.

The Commons dawdled over six hours, waiting for the Lords to get on with Bills. Everything betokened immediate prorogation.

*Friday.* The last real sitting of the session. LORD DERBY'S observations about St. Paul's Cathedral had actually roused the pachydermatous citizens into explanations. Artists, architects, journalists, might have stormed at them till Doomsday without effect; but a sneer from a Lord wakes them up, and they hurry to gobble out their plea that the view of the Cathedral will not be much interfered with, and that they will not make nearly so much money by their plan as they might do.

LORD CHELMSFORD introduced what seems a good measure for improving Bankruptcy law, CAMPBELL and CRANWORTH approving the same, which of course stands over till next year, and their lordships adjourned, to meet once more for prorogation. The general feeling among them, as far as *Lord Punch* could judge (which is a trifle farther than most folk), was that rather good times had come, for that a Tory body was in a sort of favour with the people. The trifling circumstance that the reason of this was, that the Tory leader was doing liberal work, was not dwelt upon by their lordships with any emphasis. Nevertheless, it is meet to record it here, though *Mr. Punch* has no quarrel with their lordships' patriotic Cockiness.

The Commons finished off India, and in consideration of the Lords having agreed to most of the amendments of the Nether House, the latter yielded to the Lords about the competitive business, an act of conciliation which PALMERSTON said was "graceful," but of which SIR JAMES GRAHAM did not see the particular grace. And LORD STANLEY, who has acquitted himself all through this affair to *Mr. Punch's* satisfaction, pledged himself to uphold the competitive system.

Heaps of other promises were made for next year, and after a tribute to the gallant INGLIS, the defender of Lucknow, for whom something handsome ought to be done, the Commons rose, and the Session was over.

### Names and Things.

WHAT a very nasty people foreigners must think us for calling the fashionable ride in Hyde Park by such a name as Rotten Row! In this opinion they would see little to alter on finding that, though the rottenness of Rotten Row is not unpleasant, the putridity of the Serpentine is dreadful.

### FEMALE M.P.'S.

THE Ladies' Gallery in the House can only accommodate a certain number, on account of the balloony size of the ladies' dresses. Thus Strong-minded Women will be pleased to observe, that the admissibility of Woman into Parliament all turns upon a question of Crinoline.

### PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

LORD JOHN MANNERS asserts that he has seen little boys lap up the water of the Serpentine. Thirsty little dogs! Had they been hungry as well as thirsty, they would perhaps have eaten puddings of a nature similar to the Serpentine water.

## SOYER'S SOLDIERS' FRIEND.

THE soldier tired of tough boiled beef,
Fed worse than any rogue or thief,
Henceforth shall better fare:
On fried, and stewed, and roast and boiled,
And vegetables, cooked, not spoiled,
By SOYER's art and care.

From beef to mutton he shall range,
And then to ox-heart have a change,
Or make his varied meal
On liver of the calf, whereto
Shall bacon join, as it should do
With anything of veal.

Cabbage, potatoes, and what not,
The soldier in the charmèd pot,
Of SOYER's new device,
In divers modes can cook, with ease,
Turnips and carrots, beans and peas,
And dumplings, puddings, rice.

The gallant men who serve the QUEEN,
Their victuals, like themselves, have been
Too long compelled to dress;
Their garb a torment, and their prog
Not fit to proffer to a dog,
An execrable mess.

But now, by means of SOYER's plan,
The Inner military man
Good cheer is like to warm;
And soon may tailor cook succeed,
Because the Outer is in need
Of very much reform.

Since Cherbourg has been fortified,
The British Grenadier's inside
Need well be strengthened too;
That he, therein acquiring might,
May have a stomach for the fight
Which haply may ensue.

THE GOOSE-STEP.

## FAITHFUL STEWARDS.

ALTHOUGH the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds is not only a sinecure, but a sinecure without a salary, that office is likely to be now in great request. There would, indeed, be an eager competition for it, but for the circumstance that its capacity is such that it can never be filled, but may be occupied by any given number of men at the same time. Now that the House of Commons has been unchristianized by the admission of BARON ROTHSCHILD, how can MESSRS. NEWDEGATE, SPOONER, and WARREN, and the other conscientious opponents of Jewish emancipation, retain their seats in that House? The House of Commons has, in their minds, committed a heinous sin; will they be partakers of it? Nay, they will be worse than partakers of it, unless they wash their hands of it, and withdraw themselves from out of the assembly of the unchristian.

The majority of the Commons, that let in the Jews, did not believe that they sinned in so doing. MESSRS. WARREN, SPOONER, NEWDEGATE, and the rest of the minority, think that they did. If they accept the admission of the Jews, they will accept the sin with their eyes wide open. Suppose the House resolved that the Speaker should cease from going to prayers. Would they remain Members of it in that case? Surely they would, if they remain such at present. If the House is unchristianized it is unchristianized. If the gentlemen in question had flourished in the first century, would they not have thought it as bad to cast a grain of incense as to shovel a hundredweight on the altar of Jupiter? What if they had been invited to do such a thing? Wouldn't they have seen themselves flung to the lions first? And will they not now fling up their seats rather than their principles? Of course. They are sincere; they will approve themselves confessors of their faith; they are men who often talk of giving an account of their stewardship; and now they will all accept that of the Chiltern Hundreds.

### The French Directory.

FORMERLY it took persons' heads. Now-a-days, it merely takes their numbers and residences. Literally, the *French Directory* of the present moment is "*L'Almanach des* 25,000 *Addresses.*"

## UNGENEROUS COMPARISONS.

IT seems that one Policeman suffices to keep order in Kew Gardens and Bushy Bark. So far, those places are on a level with Herne Bay. But it appears that, in that disorderly assembly, called the House of Commons, it requires the services of no less than thirty-six blue jackets to enforce anything like "Order! Order!" Three dozen are a large number, when we recollect that but one Member (poor MR. GLOVER) has been taken into custody this session. Did the whole thirty-six pounce upon him at once? But we object to the odiousness of the comparison between animals and Members, and the "odourousness" of the same between plants and M.P.s. It must be recollected that, in Bushy Park, there are no Whigs or Tories. There are only some beautiful deer, and they are more easily driven than your BENTINCKS, SPOONERS, and GRAHAMS. Faction fights rarely take place amongst them, for there is no office to fight for, and as for a regular "division," such an event has not been known within the recollection of the Oldest Park-keeper. Kew Gardens are open to the same remarks. Plants, we maintain, are easier to manage than Radicals. Put ROEBUCK in a flower-pot, and see how difficult he would be to rear! Flowers of oratory require a great deal more trimming than the flowers of nature that sprout, but spout not. You can apply "the judicious use of the pruning-knife" to the latter, when they branch out to an undue length, but we should like to see any one applying the shears to one of OSBORNE's speeches, when he was shooting his prickly sarcasms in all directions.

We will be bound there are fewer Policemen in the Zoological Gardens, even, than in the House of Commons. The cases, we repeat, are not parallel. Animals do not talk. Flora, too, is about the only divinity, who combines the double merit of being beautiful and dumb. But Members, unfortunately, *will* talk. Now, where there is talk, there will be difference of opinions; where there is difference of opinions, there must be occasionally divisions; where divisions take place, noise is only the natural result; where there is noise, a row not unfrequently follows; and where there is a row, it is but right that a Policeman should be present. We do not think that thirty-six Policemen are one too many for the House of Commons. On the contrary, considering the rough set they have to deal with, we should have thought that there had been four times, at least, that number.

## JEWISH DISABILITIES.

A COUNTRY Cousin recently astonished the strong mind of the noble Y. COUNT WILLIAMS, by asking that intelligent and rarely puzzled statesman if, besides their wearing of three hats, and their other eccentricities of dress, the Jews were at all noted for their slovenliness of neckcloth. "Why, in the name of BERNAL OSBORNE, what on earth makes you ask that?" exclaimed the startled senator, lifting up his mental eyelids in his ill-concealed astonishment. "O, I merely put the question," returned his rural relative, "because, you know, before I came away from Clodborough, I heard it stated that the Government had been forced to pass a measure, which I understood was for removal of the Jewish *déshabille*-ties!"

We need scarcely add, that the fine mind of the Y. Count has scarcely yet recovered from this unprovoked attack.

*Miss Matilda.* "Go on, Fido!—There 's one great Drawback to these Hats—they make one look like everybody else." (*Ahem!*)

## THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE HOUSE.

Mr. Hume, who, last week, addressed a question to Lord John Manners, on the truth of the recent reports that the foundations of the House have given way in an alarming manner, may have been satisfied by Lord John's assurance that Sir C. Barry and the Office of Works considered that there was no ground for the rumour, but we can assure him that the official answer is far from generally satisfactory.

The public who consider that the foundations of the House of Commons are public respect and confidence, are of opinion that these corner stones of the edifice have rarely been so shaken as in the present session.

Lord Palmerston, who is of opinion that the foundation stone of the House is belief in him, has no doubt that the House is very shaky indeed.

Lord John Russell, who believes the House can never be safe unless it rests on a solid substratum of Old Whig family clique, is seriously apprehensive that the want of such a basis at present endangers the whole structure.

Wiscount Williams, who holds that penny wisdom is the foundation stone of St. Stephens, sees the most grave reasons to fear that one day we shall have the costly fabric about our ears.

Messrs. Spooner, Newdegate, and Warren have no faith in any House of Commons that is not based on Protestant principles, and the Protestant principles of the House have notoriously been giving way for many years past.

Lastly, Mr. Bentinck, in whose eyes the only solid foundations of the Legislature is Protection to British Industry, has lived to see that stone rudely shivered at the hands of a Derby administration, and of course he is satisfied that the British Constitution, to say nothing of the House of Commons, is destined to speedy ruin.

### A RARE HABIT OF PHILOSOPHY.

It is not every man who can laugh up his sleeve when he happens to be out-at-elbows.

## A FEMALE VIOLINIST.

We have heard Mdlle. Humler. She plays on the violin with a most charming grace. We split a spotless pair of gloves (lavender—4*s.* 3*d.*) in applauding her. It was more than we could do to keep our hands quiet; and yet it is not once in a hundred weeks that we do applaud. The temptation occurs so seldom. Mdlle. Humler must send us the address of her *gantier;* for, listening to her, we became reckless. She made that stupid-looking [illegible] appeal, cry, laugh, whisper, scream, fall on its knees, tumble head over heels, sing, talk, persuade, charm, convince, make love, do everything that man and woman generally do, and generally do most indifferently. Mademoiselle has no need to talk to express her thoughts. The violin is her conversation. It talks and sings at the same time, your ears all the while being held, as by a loving hand, to catch every little touching word. She is an instrumental Bosio, warbling just as sweetly with her fiddlestick, that seems to have a voice in it. We heard Mr. Distin (a great trumpet in his way) loudly apostrophise her as a "female Paganini." More than Paganini, she pleases as well as astonishes. With her it is not merely *tours de force*, but *tours de plaisir, d'extase, de larmes, de délire, de Septième Paradis,*—so to speak in a *musico-fanatico* style.

On most occasions we would rather walk over several muddy crossings to avoid hearing the violin, against which our excoriated ear cherishes a most hearty hatred; but to hear Mdlle. Humler, we would wade any day through a Novemberish depth of mud to pay aural homage to the eloquent music she has the power of extracting from that instrument of torture.

### Metternich Outdone.

The Machiavelli of Vienna delighted in saying "*Après moi, le Déluge.*" If the mouth of the Thames could but speak, it might, with a feeling of pain rather than pride running through its heaving bosom, ejaculate the same thing; for we are sure it requires after it nothing short of a Deluge to cleanse it of all its impurities.

Axiom for the "Univers."—The only legitimate liberty of conscience consists in being free to confess.

## GOVERNMENT AT GREENWICH.

ITS much-dreaded propinquity to the River, notwithstanding, the Ministerial Whitebait Dinner went off with even more than the usual zest and relish. The utmost possible precautions were devised to keep the Thames out, and not the least taste of its flavour was perceptible.

The musical arrangements were all that could be wished. LORD DERBY'S private brass band of course were in attendance, and played a choice selection of their favourite *morceaux*. First Trumpeter DISRAELI won thunders of applause by a repetition of the airs he lately gave himself at Slough; and Second Trumpeter LORD CHELMSFORD, played a first rate second, introducing a few flourishes peculiarly his own, and only varying the theme by trumpeting LORD C.'s praise instead of MR. D.'s. From the practice they have had, the trumpeters were both of them quite up to the concert pitch, and showed that they were thoroughly the masters of their instruments.

That the harmony of the evening was abundantly provided for, may be shown by a glance at the

### OFFICIAL PROGRAMME.

ARIA D'INTRATA. . . . . "*Suoni la Tromba.*"

TRIUMPHAL MARCH . . . . . "*See the Conquering Heroes come!*"

FUGUE . . . . . "*Awa', Whigs, awa'!*"
(Illustrative of the Flight of the PALMERSTON Party).

SOLO (MR. DISRAELI) AND CHORUS. "*Come if you dare! our Trumpets sound.*"

SENTIMENTAL SONG (LORD CHELMSFORD) "*After many Roving Years.*"

RONDO D'ADIEU (Sung after the proposal of LORD ELLENBOROUGH'S health, which was drunk in Solemn Silence, Ministers all standing). "*Yes, 'twas our Indian Chum.*"

SONG (LORD DERBY) with Hebraic Harp accompaniment. "*Come, arouse thee, arouse thee, my merry Jew boy!*"

DUET (the LORD CHANCELLOR and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER). "*We know a Bench whereon the Trumpets blow.*"

[The Bench Ministerial is here probably alluded to.—*Punch.*]

CHARACTER SONG (LORD CHELMSFORD) "*Jobbing Around.*" Composed to celebrate his Lordship's famous Magisterial appointments.

COMIC SONG AND CHORUS . . . . "*The King of the Caballing Hirelings.*"
"Sung by LORD JOHN MANNERS with exquisite facetiousness. The allusions to the Chief of the Cambridge House Conspiracy kept the Company throughout in a perfect roar of laughter."—*Extract from the Note-book of the Government Reporter.*

CONCERTED FINALE . . . . . "*Rads, wha hae.*"*

* The following are the words of this exquisite *morceau*, which was composed for the occasion by the After-Dinner Poet Laureate:—

"Rads, wha hae wi' DERBY fed!
Rads, wham DIZZY late hath led!
Here, beside Thames' oozy bed,
Shout we Victory!

"Now 's the day, and now 's the hour
DERBY'S grapes may soon be sour;
PAM next year may be in power—
Out of it may we!"

## SUBDUED VENOM.

HAS the *Univers* received a hint to hiss gently, and to hold its rattle still? So it would seem from the following very mild sibilation of our adversary:—

"When the United States have to complain of JOHN BULL, they point to their cotton fields, and JOHN BULL becomes pliant and accommodating. So when we see JOHN BULL assume airs a little too superb towards ourselves, we must show him Cherbourg, and this will be to tell him that we wish to live on good terms with him."

The other day it was "*Delenda est Carthago*" with the Jesuitical organ. England must be destroyed or Romanized. Now "*Si vis pacem para bellum*" is the language towards England of the mouthpiece of the Latin priesthood. Cherbourg is only meant to preserve peace by deterring England from breaking it. The *Univers* has no longer any wish that France should point her guns at Britannia with the demand of "Your Protestantism or your life."

## THE QUACKS AND THE MEDICAL BILL.

A GREAT number of quack doctors met yesterday at the Charlatan's Institution, to consider what steps to take in consequence of the enactment of the new Medical Bill. The large room of the Institution was densely crowded with impostors. The chair was taken by GORMAN GULLOWAY, ESQ., Professor of Gammon in the University of Bosh.

The truly worthy chairman, having briefly mentioned the purpose of the meeting, observed that the extent to which the interests of gentlemen present were affected by the Act of Parliament relative to medical men might be stated in a very few words: which he would read. The unlearned Professor then quoted, with some inaccuracies of pronunciation, clause 36 of the Act in question, which enacts "that any person who shall wilfully, and falsely pretend to be, or take or use the name or title of a physician, surgeon, general practitioner, &c., shall pay a sum not exceeding £20, nor less than £5." The question for his respectable hearers to consider was, What they thought of that?

The question having been answered by a volley of groans, intermingled with hisses, yells, and cries of shame,

DR. BILLWALL replied more articulately, and at somewhat greater length. The Act might be blowed. He didn't care a dash for it. How could anybody prove that you called yourself a doctor? Your patient alone could do it. He should like to see the patient that would dare. Thank the law, there were barristers and a witness-box! The Act be dashed—that was the resolution he should move.

MR. CORNERS, M.R.C.S., would second that resolution. He snapped his fingers at the Act. It would not interfere with the operation of their own bills—either those which they stuck up or those which they stuck in.

DR. LA MARTIN coincided with the gent who spoke last. Besides, suppose his own name was SOLOMONS, for instance—plain MR. SOLOMONS—and instead of that he called himself DR. LA MARTIN. He didn't call his self a doctor in that case: he called LA MARTIN a doctor, but not SOLOMONS.

DR. JONES would defy the celebrated DR. JONES to say that he (the quack doctor JONES) had took or used the celebrated DR. JONES'S name, even if so be that he (the celebrated DR. JONES) knowed and could prove that his (the quack DR. JONES'S) real name was DAVIS. Howsomedever, he thought they was all under great obligations to a noble lord in the 'Ouse of Peers, as had exposused their cause. He would say that LORD EBURY (*cheers*) had merited the applause of that meetin [for a motion he made on the clause they was a talkin about. On this here clause 36 that hexcellent nobleman had moved to omit the words "or take or use the name of." He could hardly believe his eyes when he read that there. The noble lord was for permittin of them to take whatever name or title they chose—DR. EBURY for the matter of that (*laughter*), or DR. GROSVENOR (*much laughter*). It was uncommon liberal of a lord: and deserved their warmest acknowledgment. He begged to move that the thanks of this meeting be conweyed to the noble lord in a box of popular pills, gilt, so as to make the testimonial more 'ansome (*cheers*).

The resolution having been seconded by MR. HOARDINGS,

The CHAIRMAN, in the most generous manner, offered to supply the box of pills. LORD EBURY was a trump; the jolliest nobleman he ever saw since the late lamented EARL OF ALDBOROUGH.

DR. HUMBY would suggest, as an amendment, that, to render the compliment the neater, the testimonial presented to the noble lord, whose medical opinions were well known, should be a case of homœopathic globules.

The resolution thus amended having been carried by acclamation, the assembly of quacks went about their vile business.

## DOG LATIN FOR DOGS IN THE DOG-DAYS.

### CAUTIO!

"UBI ut diversi canes observati sunt currentes circum vicos in statu rabido, hoc est dare Notitiam quod Politia habent ordines seizire et destruere omnia talia animalia inventa in ullo perambulatorio aut alio publico loco sine magistro, nisi capistrata. Et omnes personæ sunt per hic requisiti capere Notitiam quod omnes possessores canum patientes illos ire circiter extra capistrum obnoxii erint muleto quadraginta solidorum. "CARDINE MAJORE."

"*Mansio Domus, Augusti Primus*, 1858."

### Augury for Watering-Places

AN omen of some importance may be derived from the flight of gulls. If they fly in the direction of a sea-side hotel, their course suggests to the visitor the expediency of ascertaining whether economy does not render it advisable for him to take another one.

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JULY 31, *Saturday*. The PREMIER went to Osborne to show HER MAJESTY the Prorogation Speech. He stated to his Sovereign that, in compliance with custom, each Minister had handed in a paragraph upon the business connected with his department, and that he, LORD DERBY, had strung the lot together.

"Quite right," said the QUEEN. "Please to read it to me, my Lord. You read excellently."

The EARL OF DERBY, with a blush and a bow, began.

"The first bit is my own, Madam, just to start 'em," he said.

"HER MAJESTY *commands us to say that she is very glad to send you all to the right about.* PAM'S *coming to grief brought you to a check, but you got on the scent again, and run down some good bills.* I'll put that a little smoother, YOUR MAJESTY," said the Earl.

"Perhaps it *would* be as well," said HER MAJESTY, quietly.

"The next bit is LORD MALMESBURY'S," said the Earl. "HER MAJESTY *thinks that if we do not go to war we shall remain at peace, and is happy to state that the plenipotentiaries who were to meet in Paris to solve questions under the Treaty are now holding their conferences in the capital of France.*"

"Very safe," said HER MAJESTY. "Who comes next?"

"My son, YOUR MAJESTY," said the Earl.

"We shall have curt sense, this time," said the QUEEN.

"*The* QUEEN'S *forces in India have almost crushed the rebellion, and a home legislation has transferred that country to* HER MAJESTY, *on both of which facts you are congratulated.* There must be a little more flourish of trumpets here, YOUR MAJESTY, and no mistake," said the PREMIER.

"A warmer acknowledgment of the heroism and endurance of my soldiery, assuredly," said the QUEEN. "Go on."

"We now come to YOUR MAJESTY'S CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER," said the Earl, demurely.

"*The old man's sword is ever necessary to the State, and—*"

"What old man," said HER MAJESTY, laughing. "Does he mean SIR COLIN, that is LORD CLYDE?"

"I suppose he means gold, YOUR MAJESTY, which is so called in the proverb. *And you with an amiable alacrity have enabled us to draw it effectually. For this you will be pleased to recognise an adumbration of Queenly gratitude, and the expression of a hopeful anticipation that the financial sacrifice to which you have been invited will be found adequate to appease the Destinies.*"

"What is the religion of MR. DISRAELI?" demanded the QUEEN.

"Upon my word, it never occurred to me to ask him," replied LORD DERBY; "but I will make a memorandum to do so at the very first opportunity. I have now the honour to submit to YOUR MAJESTY a paragraph by YOUR MAJESTY'S elegantly-minded and scholarly Home Secretary.

"*The noble river which flows amid our Metropolitan Palaces—*"

"Nice places they are; my two at least," said the QUEEN aside.

"*—scatters, unhappily, aught but balm from Araby the blest. With the fons et origo mali you have empowered wise men to deal, and it is to be hoped that the goddess* CLOACINA, *shortly transformed to a Naiad, will*

> "*Bear no tokens of the sabler streams,*
> *But mount far off among the swans of Thames.*"

"What a bad rhyme," said HER MAJESTY.

"I'm afraid it is POPE'S, nevertheless, YOUR MAJESTY, but I am better up in HORACE than in English poets. May I have the pleasure of reciting to YOUR MAJESTY my translation of the *Donec gratus eram*,

> "When I was dear to thee,
> When, with encircling arms——"

"I shall be delighted to hear it at lunch time," said the QUEEN; "but suppose we finish the Speech."

"By all means," said the Earl. The Lord Advocate of Scotland now comes in, with something about the Scotch Universities, with which I need hardly trouble YOUR MAJESTY, a remark which will also apply to a bit of SIR FITZROY KELLY'S about the Transfer of Land Bill, which he extols because it will benefit landed proprietors; and we then come to YOUR MAJESTY'S new Colonial Secretary, SIR BULWER LYTTON.

"He ought to write well," remarked the Sovereign.

"He ought, YOUR MAJESTY. He says, *Shortsighted were the aged Sages, the fathers of old Time, who ministered the lesson that nought hath affinity with Gold. Rarer, stronger than the boasted Loadstone, it attracts the Heart, displacing the Ideal, and substituting a metallic Beautiful. So, in far and fair Columbia the Golden Image is set up, and the Pilgrims, spade and pick in hand, throng to the sacred soil. It is meet and right that for some Moons to come stern Order should reign among the devotees of Mammon, and the Queen of the Isles thanks you for the strong Law that shall preserve the peace of a Continent. In ages to come, when in one unbroken chain the subjects of England people our regions in the West, they will look back through Æons upon Æons of prosperity, and 'bless the useful light' of the Star of Brunswick.*"

"My eye, that's a buster," said the Earl aside.

"Give me the Speech, please," said the QUEEN, in a mild, but firm tone.

The Earl obeyed, and HER MAJESTY was graciously pleased in the quietest manner to tear it across and across. The QUEEN then rose, and the Earl took the hint, and lunch. On his return to town he wrote the entire Speech himself, and LORD CHELMSFORD had to deliver what was not, all things considered, the worst address *Mr. Punch* has heard at the close of a Session. On *Monday, August 2nd*, Parliament was dismissed, and a few hours later the QUEEN was at Cherbourg, and a few hours later still the Electric Telegraph was laid to America. The providential escape of the Sovereign from the jaws of the terrible fortifications, and the fortunate issue of the Atlantic experiment, the LORD CHANCELLOR entirely attributes to the fact of a Conservative ministry being in office. More logically, he also claims for his Cabinet the honour of having given a Peerage to the gallant SIR COLIN CAMPBELL, now, (as HER MAJESTY was pleased to mention) BARON CLYDE OF CLYDESDALE, and whom *Mr. Punch* congratulates with nine cheers. The Conservatives have also given a peerage to a very worthy Gentleman, MR. P. LEIGH, whose title, however, is not gazetted while *Mr. Punch* writes—somebody said it was to be LORD HAMMERSMITH.

## A NICE JURY.

WE wonder how the jury who tried the case of SWYNFEN *and* SWYNFEN could have arrived at the verdict that the testator was sane. The following passage from the evidence seems to us conclusive the other way. We copy it from the Report. The testator's adviser is detailing his interview upon the subject of the will; and says—

"Here some one came in with a plate of strawberries.
"The testator took off his spectacles, *and ate them.*"

The British jury who could believe in the sanity of a man who is thus proved to have eaten his spectacles ought to be photographed *en masse*, and the picture sent to adorn the asylum for Idiots.

### Nomenclature and the Nose.

"Experience has shown that the town guano is less hurtful in the sewers and in the rivers than in the dwellings of the people. . . . The country can never rest satisfied until the water, which is distributed through its dwellings carries away all the town guano to fertilize the land."—*Registrar General.*

JUST as a rose by any other name
Would smell as sweet, so a nice title can no
Fragrance impart to what will smell the same,
Though MR. REGISTRAR may call it guano.

RABID QUESTION FOR THE CHIEF RABBI.

Could BARON DE ROTHSCHILD, as a Jew, conscientiously make a purse out of a sow's ear?

CONVENTIONALITY. — In a demoralised Society, the Best Possible Substitute for Virtue.

## THE LOG OF THE PERA.

BY OUR OWN M.P.

TWELVE O'CLOCK, *Meridian, Tuesday, August* 3.—It is the early passenger that picks out the best berth. So a covey of the downy birds have come down by first train, and, having paid their money, are now making their choice. We are bound to see 'at Cherbourg the marvels of Egypt;' but, from the Great Pyramid of luggage which is heaped upon her deck, one would fancy that the *Pera* had been chartered to the latter place instead of to the former. Bets are being booked as to whether or no the Baron will come and take his seat with us; and the advent of a footman carrying three hat-boxes has been regarded by the backers as a favourable omen.

"*One o'clock.*—SAM WARREN has been solemnly registering a vow that, in case the B. should venture to show his nose on board, the *Lily and the Bee* will immediately hook it. So we are all doubly anxious to see the 'double event' come off; as the riddance would not be less pleasant than the presence.

"*Five minutes past.*—A look-out man has just been sent to the mast-head, with orders to hooray when he sights the B.'s proboscis.

"*Half-an-hour later.*—The odds are 6 to 2 now that the nose don't show. An M.P., who shall be nameless, says he is afraid the Jew is not a *Jew de spree*. (I conceal the M.P.'s name, purely out of kindness to an aged relative, whose Grey hairs such a joke might bring with sorrow to the grave.)

"1·35 *to* 2·30, *Railway Time.*—Five-and-fifty minutes of the most intense anxiety. A Committee of the Whole House have been sitting on the wines, and have relieved their minds by making a most favourable report.

"2·35.—JOLLY OLD CHARLEY comes on board, amid the cheering of the crew. The old Sandboy looks as pleased as though he'd been appointed to command the fleet: but, as JAMIE GRAHAM said, it's as much as he can do now to command himself. Of course the Old Salt takes his oath at the time he takes his seat with us. When we tell him that the Wine-Tasting Committee have just risen, he bursts out, 'That be BL—W—D! I move that they sit down again.' Motion put and carried, *nemine contradic.*

"*Three.*—Committee still sitting. Fresh supplies voted.

"*Four.*—Committee still sitting. Further evidence required *in re* the Madeira.

"4·35.—Committee still sitting. CHARLEY jollier than ever. Swears if JAMIE G. don't show he'll have him clapped in irons, for being a deserter. And why ain't CHARLEY WOOD here, shiver his old timbers!

"*Five o'clock.*—The Wiscount *have* arrived, and have been a-coming down on the Committee for wasting the Supplies. The most insidious attempts were put in practice by the Chairman to seduce the noble Spartan to wet his noble whistle: but the virtue of the Wiscount has again proved incorruptible. Some rude person said something about the *Pera* having paddles, and not wanting a screw in her. But this remark the Spartan affected not to hear: and on seeing him assume the attitude he uses when he means to make a speech, the Committee rose in terror, and left the Great Economist the master of the field.

"*Quarter past.*—A rumour is afloat that the Wiscount have been 'sold,' and that has put him in bad temper. It is said that he expected to find the Peers on board, from having heard the name of the vessel was the *Pera*. It is known that though the W. says he 'ates the Haristocracy,' he in fact would give his ears to be considered one of them: and if the Lords had been on board to-day, it is possible his name might have crept into the Papers, with the handle to it, which we only playfully affix. Besides, for years to come, he might have preluded his anecdotes — 'The other day when I was dining with LORD DERBY,' or 'The first cruise that I took with my friend the EARL of MALMESBURY;' from which the inference might have been, that the birthplace of the Wiscount had been a bed of strawberry-leaves and not plebeian parsley.

"*Half-past.*—The House has risen to the upper deck, and one or two cigar-cases have been opened for discussion.

"*Quarter to.*—A debate is going on as to the comparative anatomy of Southampton Water and the Thames. TITE, who was appointed on the Thames-Sniffing Committee, says, that of all comparisons, this was the most 'odorous.' You might as well compare rose-water with ditch; and, as for the anatomy, there were as many carcases of dead dogs in the Thames as would cover Salisbury Plain a quarter of a mile thick. AYRTON says what TITE says is entirely a mistake, and the Thames is really no more of a nuisance than he (AYRTON) is himself. As for the dead dogs, they gave a 'body' to the water; and his City friends assured him that poor people who were used to it rather liked the flavour. For his own part, he confessed he never had thought much of the corrupt state of the Thames; and now he was away from it, he thought less of it than ever. Nevertheless, his want of thought on that (or any other) subject would not prevent his speaking on it to any required length; and, if the House would kindly grant him their indulgence, he was prepared to let the current of his speech flow on, in every bit as smooth and silvery a course as did the noble river whose meandering stream * * * Here, fortunately for our ears, the dinner-bell was rung, and AYRTON's ceaseless clapper for the nonce was muffled.

"(*Rather more than Railway time allowed here for Refreshment.*)

"*Nine o'clock.*—The House is all serene, and some more port has been voted. An amendment, that for 'port' the word 'coffee' be inserted, has been proposed by the Economist, and lost amid loud cheering: there being nobody to second it.

"*Half-past.*—CHARLEY on his legs, supported by those next him. Begs to give shealth of all our absh-ut-frensh, coupling zhetoash withsholefren SHIMMY GRAME. Air, by the Band — '*Should auld acquaintance be forgot.*'

"*Ten o'clock.*—The House sticks bravely to the port. *Fortiter occupat portum*, as some classical chap says. The harmony of the evening is being well supported. Some good songs have been sung, SAM WARREN volunteering—'*If I had but Ten Thousand a-year,*' of which he says he holds the copyright. SAMUEL wouldn't give us '*Hoop de dooden doo,*' because he hadn't blacked his face, and hadn't brought his banjo. He says he never sings it excepting *en costume*. So his aversion to the Jews, perhaps, arises from the fact that he's a Christian Minstrel.

"*Eleven.*—The Wiscount has most graciously been pleased to make a joke. The House having Resolved to order some more port, the Great Economist attempted to negative the vote by saying, 'If you fellows go on drinking as you do, you 'll find we're out of port before we leave the harbour.' CHARLEY crying, 'Question!' the purport of the joke was, with some difficulty, explained to him; and he then called the Great Economist an 'ole borrelstoppin hummug,' and indistinctly muttered something about 'sharpeninsh cutlashes,' and pouring in a 'broadshide' if he only got 'longshidim.'

"*Quarter to.*—Motion being made for 'just one Magnum to top up with,' the Wiscount puts amendment, 'that the House do now adjourn.' The amendment being negatived by 99 to 1, the W. adjourns himself amid derisive cheering.

"*Midnight.*—As the last toast of the evening, the Speaker gives 'the Ladies,' which CHARLEY wishes to amend to 'the health of the old women, coupling with it the name of the one who has just left us.'

"*Rather later.*—(My watch has virtuously stopped, so I can no longer give time exactly.) CHARLEY getting glorious. He has been voting that 'the House do dance upon the table;' and the motion being negatived, he volunteers a hornpipe, which proves to be a reel. Saltation is infectious, and several jigs are danced; the Scotch Members declaring they mean to have their Fling.

"*Rather later still.*—The House is turning in.

"*Some few minutes after.*—The House is sound asleep and snoring. One would not be far out if one said that the Nose had it."

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ABDICATION OF JAMES.—Left Richmond — gone to Venice. Of course, we are talking of our dear voluminous friend, G. P. R.

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CHINESE DEFINITION.—Pride objects to carry a cotton umbrella, and gets wet through for its pains.

## SALE OR SELL?

THE attention of the shop-huntress and looker-out for "bargains" is respectfully directed to the following advertisement, which we copy from a Newspaper, omitting only the address :—

A PERFECT LADY'S DRESS at a singular low price, a simple check. The material is Cashmere, with rich Ducape side trimmings in French blue, nut brown, black, violet, French grey, and the New Green, edged with velvet.

As our gallantry of course inclines us to admit that perfection is inseparably an attribute of ladies, we are at a loss to understand the reason why this "perfect lady" should be advertised as one who is entitled to that epithet. It seems quite clear that the adjective cannot have been used for the purpose of distinction: for to call a lady "perfect," when every lady is so, can in no degree distinguish her. Advertisers generally aim at novel phrases for the heading of their statements, and "an imperfect lady's dress" would have certainly been new to us; but there is no novelty at all in hearing of a perfect one's.

But if it puzzles us to see why the perfection of this lady should so prominently be advertised, there are other points connected with her which still more perplex us. What should have induced her to desire to sell her dress, and what pecuniary amount she calls a "Singular low figure," are mysteries which equally defy our comprehension. From the phrase "a simple check" we can't help feeling doubts of the lowness of the figure, since it is not usual to draw checks for small amounts: and as ladies, when out shopping, do not often carry check-books, the hint that they should do so sounds to us suspicious. Considering that the dress is doubtless secondhand (or why should it be advertised as being a "perfect lady's?"), we have natural misgivings on the question of its value; and we fancy any lady who might give a "simple check" for it would discover she had been as simple as her check. We know that if our *Judy* asked us for our check-book, to enable her to purchase this perfect lady's dress, we should at once proceed to put a simple check upon her doing so, by telling her to make a close inspection of our optic, and ascertain if any trace of "the new green" were there discernible. Or, supposing that we deigned to use politer language, we should say we were too poor to pay for such "rich trimmings," and that their French blue, black, brown, and violet, and other varied colours, would not tempt us to display the colour of our money.

## TRAVELLING WITHOUT TROUBLE.

(*From our Provincial Correspondent.*)

*Romsey-on-the-Mud, August* 5, 1858.

WHO would go abroad to be pestered and plagued at every step of his journey with the passport nuisance, when he might remain in his native land and enjoy such a walk as I have just taken this morning, and such a glass of ale at the end of it? Here I am at the White Horse. It is market day—great market day they call it here. Profound silence reigns, with rebellion only on the part of a cow that keeps lowing I suppose for her calf, which will probably in a few hours, become veal. Yet the square which I am contemplating from the window of this publichouse is full of men and beasts. The men are farmers—but they have not yet dined. Nevertheless they keep running in and out of the coffee-room, and drinking beer, but it will take much beer to make them noisy. That, however, is not the fault of the beer, but the peculiarity of the farmers. I have now imbibed a pint of that same beverage, which I am afraid is as much as is good for me. I hope my manuscript will not raise a suggestion that it is more than that.

The prospect from this window is as picturesque as any that a Continental traveller can be surveying from that of any entomological hotel. When I said that the men below were farmers, I generalized too much. Some of them are butchers, and their azure garb contrasts agreeably with the coats and smock frocks. On the other hand it matches beautifully with the blue of the sky; so did the harebells in the banks and among the heather as I came along. For there is plenty of heather hereabouts, between this place and Southampton, and a native might stamp upon it and say that his name was JOHN ADAMS—if that was his name, as it might be. The way lies in many places through patches of wood and copse, with fern and toadstools (some of them esculent) by the side of the road; and what more can a tourist want? Here you have a combination of English and Scotch scenery—there are lots of firs and pines beside many parts of the road—with a sky superior to that of sunny Italy, as the Cockney poets call that land of priest-ridden boobies and brigands. Then the dress of this country is quite as pleasing to look at as the costume of that, and doubtless much cleaner. Besides the blue and white frocks, there is a charming variety of hats below in the square—straw hats of various colours with ribbons round them, wideawakes also of different hues, common black hats, white hats pure and simple, and white hats with black crape round them: butchers' mourning.

The cow keeps lowing, but there is otherwise still silence in the market; yea, silence in the pig market, or pig department of the market. This is remarkable, for, at the Baker Street Exhibition, the pigs, as you know, are particularly demonstrative. But they are not at home there; here they are: and the farmers manipulate them, as ISAAK WALTON recommended anglers to handle frogs in sewing their limbs, as though they loved them. And they do love them with a love that is stronger than death, and considerably stronger. They love the living pig much, but the dead pig more. They are very fond of bacon. Here again I may ask, why may not a pig be loved as well as a gazelle?—the domestic equally with the foreign brute? Here at last, singularly enough, I hear a pig's voice. He squeaks. He keeps squeaking. Perhaps they are killing him. No. He has ceased to squeak. He has ceased abruptly, his voice now growing fainter and fainter; dying, dying, dying, as TENNYSON sings of another sound, and as young ladies who play with feeling conclude WEBER'S *Last Waltz*.

But now I must conclude this letter, which in doing, I will ask whether it is not just as amusing, instructive, and edifying, as any piece of foreign correspondence ever written from Baden-Baden, or Hombourg, at a rascally gambling place kept by a beggarly DUKE OF ROULETTE and ROUGE-ET-NOIR, a very different landlord from the host of this respectable publichouse? One great landlord, by the way, about here, is a noble lord, named PALMERSTON, of whom you may know something. My letter, certainly might be as good as a Baden-Baden or Hombourg epistle, and yet be fit only for the Balaam basket; but are not the sights, sounds, and circumstances mentioned in it quite as worth seeing and hearing as those which are ordinarily to be met with in foreign parts? They have also, let me repeat, the vast advantage that they are seen and heard without the necessity of procuring passports, pulling them out at every moment, and getting them *visé'd* by a lot of locusts in the form of extortionate officials. I would say then of everybody intending to repair to the Continent, *Ne exeat regno*—using the words which sometimes prevent a gentleman from quitting the realm—for Boulogne especially. Strike against the Passport system. Britons strike home—by staying there.

The market has disappeared. The farmers are at dinner. They are not singing (as yet) nor dancing, as agricultural and bucolic gentlemen might be on the Continent. There would be no partners for them if they were inclined to dance like foreign farmers and graziers. The heat has kept the ladies in-doors. I cannot therefore give you a lively description of smart petticoats, head-dresses, ribbons, ear-rings, bracelets, amblings, mincings, flirtings with or without fans, coquetries, and so forth. Neither, to be sure, is there a Madonna in the cattle market with young women before it down on their marrowbones; and no doubt Britons must go abroad, and let us hope they will always have to go abroad, for that sort of thing.

### A Conundrum by a Cockney.

*Dedicated to* PROFESSOR HAIREY.

WHAT hevidence is hextant of KING CHARLES's vanity?—Vy, hanybody now o' nights can see KING CHARLES's Wain!

## A CAUTIOUS BIRD.

*Young Lobkins.* "WELL, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT MARRYIN'—FOR, YER SEE, AFTER THE KNOT WAS TIED, SOME OTHER GAL MIGHT BE FALLIN' IN LOVE WITH ONE—AND THAT WOULD BE SO DOOCED AWKWARD!"

### FROM JOHN TO JONATHAN.

IT was well known that JONATHAN was *descended in a straight line* from JOHN, but we fancy that this truth has, with the Atlantic Telegraph, been laid down more clearly, more sympathetically, than ever. This new method of communication should bring both sides of the great Saxon family more closely together. It is well known that there is nothing like a system of continuous correspondence to keep the members of a great family constantly alive in each other's affections. Here then we have a channel, ready made to our fingers, by which we can correspond every minute of the day, and without the bother of pens, ink, and paper.

COLLINS' line, and CUNARD'S line, were considered far too slow to send our thoughts by, and so we hit upon this new line to convey our wishes, and instantly, as quick as lightning, the thought was carried out to the utmost inch of cable. The Union is again restored. The Independence is a nullity, for doesn't America remain still attached to the mother country? in the same way that England, bound in the same bonds of the closest maternal connexion, clings throbbingly to the side of her forward child, ready at a moment to give it the very best commercial advice to prevent it rushing into mischief. Let us hope that the American Sea Serpent will not rudely intervene, and be scaly enough to snap those ties asunder.

### First Message sent by the Atlantic Telegraph.

### From America to Dear Old Punch.

"PUNCH, my Boy, let 's Liquor."

HOW TO DRAW THE LINE.—With the mathematicians, a straight line is the shortest; with the politician, it is a crooked one. Circumlocution is the Straight Line of Politics.

### CHERBOURG AND THE CHANNEL.

CHERBOURG, my dear Ally, JOHN BULL, is vat you call
One arbour for de sheep and one grand arsenal,
Wiz cannon and mortares so strongly fortified,
For zat your mans-of-war shall nevare come inside.

Besides it is a place laid out wiz monstare docks,
Which has been cut and dug from out ze solid rocks.
Here shall we build as many vessels as we like,
Whenevare we sinks fit one blow at you to strike.

For see you, we can send a million troops by train;
Embark zem at one time, which you 'll oppose in vain,
Upon your English coast our braves shall zen descend,
And march to London Town, JOHN BULL, my dear fat friend.

So zerefore take good care how you yourself behaves,
Or in one wink of eye ze Britons shall be slaves,
To all which we propose if you do not consent:
And now, JOHN BULL, you see for why is Cherbourg meant.

But one sad circumstance for us there is, alas!
Seventy miles we must of rough salt watare pass:
When we get zere in vat condition shall we be?
All ill as littel dog wiz malady of sea.

### A Hero in the Ecclesiastical Court.

IT has been determined that the Statue of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON shall be placed in the Consistory Court of St. Paul's. This arrangement settles the question as to what Artist shall be employed in the business. The proper person will be the Apparitor, who will probably accomplish it as well as anybody else.

"PLEASE TO REMEMBER THE GROTTO!"

## "MESSIEURS, LE CANARD EST SERVI!"

E extract a *Canard*, much too big for us to swallow. We pluck it out of the *Irish Quarterly Review*, from an article in the last number, dedicated to the "Lions" (and Monkeys?) of French literature. We give the *canard*—or *dindon*, as it ought to be rather—in all its French grotesqueness.

Amongst other absurdities, just as strongly seasoned, it quacks charmingly to the following effect:—

"On a sculptured salver of gold, the domestic presents his *straw-coloured kid gloves*, without which, as is well known, *he* (Eugène Sue) *never writes*; and at every chapter, a new and *perfumed* pair is assumed."

Isn't that delicious? In the shape of a quiz, we can understand it, as being levelled against the Apostle of Socialism; but for any one to state such an evident absurdity gravely—with the exception of that veracious chronicler of Biographies, Mons. de Mirecourt—is a thumping big tax on our credulity. Above all, we admire the ingenious delicacy with which the "*as is well known*" is brought in. After such a bold assertion, it is like throwing oneself out of the circle of intelligence to think of doubting the truth of the statement. For *you*, not to know a fact that every one else knows, good gracious me! where have you been living all this time?

Considering the number of works that Eugène Sue wrote (and, in fecundity, he was a kind of French G. P. R. James), and also considering the incalculable number of chapters he must have *dégantéd* in the course of those innumerable works,—he must have been a pretty tidy customer, we fancy, to his glove-maker, in the course of his straw-coloured existence. On the author's tombstone, at the fag-end of his literary merits and Socialist virtues, there should have been recorded,—"And, especially, deeply lamented,

Par Son Gantier."

What perquisites, too, for the "domestic!" In the event of his not caring to wear the cast-off gloves of his master, consider the fabulous prices he must have cleared by selling them as relics. "Madame, this identical glove, I can assure you, was worn by Monsieur Eugène Sue, when he was inditing the celebrated thirty-first chapter, of the third book, in the ninth volume, of the second series of *Mathilde*. Pray observe the drop of ink on the third finger—the tear of sympathy, too, on the thumb! What shall we say for it? Only three thousand francs? On my word, it is dirt cheap!"

Or, engaging the attention of some sentimental *grisette* (if such a rare creature be extant now), we can imagine the same poetic *valet* expatiating on the surpassing merits of one of these "straws:" "Look, my dear! It was with this very glove (*beurre-frais*) that Mons. Eugène (your favourite author, you said but two minutes ago) actually wrote that tremendous last chapter—that you have been just remarking prevented you sleeping for three weeks—in his immortal composition of the *Mémoires d'une Femme de Chambre*. It was the 1,979th pair that he put on during that precious work! Come, now, what say you, my pretty child? You shall have it with its charming companion, for the *bagatelle* of 10 francs, but you must throw in a *petit verre*."

First-chapter gloves, we should think, would hang terribly in the market—but last-chapter gloves would clean out the pockets nearly of the wealthiest Musée?

Putting down 500 chapters for a French novel (a miserly computation)—and taking the price of each pair of gloves to be four francs (a Socialist would be sure to have the very best)—each work would cost Mons. Sue to write the small trifle of 2,000 francs in the article of gloves alone. We should never have suspected from the writing of them such very "kiddish" fastidiousness. The style is so extremely *décousu*.

However, taking the fact *au sérieux*, there may have been a motive of delicacy for such refined daintiness. Perhaps, the author, in the progress of his work, (take, for instance, *Les Mystères de Paris* in all its *boue*), was so horrified at the quantity of dirt he kept gradually accumulating on his hands, that he became compelled, in mere cleanliness, to resort to the glove expedient to hide them? We wonder, in writing bombastic books, only worthy of Baron Munchausen, like the *Histoire de la Maritime Française*, that he did not wear a mask, also, to hide his blushes.

## "WHAT 'S TO BE SEEN?"

Wherever one goes among people one knows,
One is safe first to talk of the weather,
And then "Where have you been?" and "What 's to be seen?"
Are two questions which oft come together.
You hear common folk say, "Have you been to the play?
And what 's the best piece you have seen there?"
But of course it 's thought properer to talk of the Opera:
Tho' perhaps you've this season not been there.
Then comes the old story, "Have you heard *Trovatore?*
And don't you think Titiens is charming?
O and isn't Giuglini as fine as Rubini,
At least when his part he gets warm in?
Piccolomini too: how I love her, don't you?
Twenty *bouquets* a night now are flung her:"
"And that wonderful Grisi, she takes things so easy:
Each season she seems to grow younger."
"Of course, too, you've been (as well as the Queen)
And seen the new house, Covent Garden?"
"Yes, we went the first night, and got covered with white:
For the paint had scarce had time to harden."
"Like the house?"—"Yes, I do: and I think, *entre nous*,
As the pit-stalls wide dresses seem made for,
Mr. Gye 'twould be right in the prices to heighten,
For Crinoline ought to be paid for."

Then, the subject to change, from the Opera you range
To the wide field of public amusement:
And gravely repeat by way of a treat
Stale titbits of what is for news meant.
"Entertainments" (so called) are well overhauled:
And of music there 's critical chatter:
And you hear how in *that* Herr Splittsckull sang flat,
While for *this* Signor Smith one can't flatter.
The public meanwhile may their evenings beguile
At the Circus that 's called the Alhambra;
Or may visit the Show of Madame Tussaud,
And of Horrors there peep at the Chamber.
Cremorne and Vauxhall, too, are open to all,
And no vouchers at either now wanted;
To those who are willing to pay down a shilling,
Admission at once will be granted.
There are Concerts by scores "nightly crammed to the doors"—
Unless the announcement 's a crammer;
There are Lecture-rooms too, where you 'll hear little new:
Save haply some newness of grammar.
There are several packs of whitey brown "Blacks,"
Raal niggers of Yankee extraction;
Who amuse country folks with old Joe Miller jokes,
Which *Punch* hears with less satisfaction.

These are some of the sights to be seen now-a-nights;
Some for serious folk, some for funny:
And *Punch* thinks you 'll agree that there 's plenty to see,
If one only has plenty of money!

## TO ARTISTS.

Inspired by the instance of Gainsborough's *Blue Boy*, which gave so much delight to the visitors to the Manchester Exhibition, we have been working hard ever since at devising the following subjects for studies in colour, which we hope will prove useful hints to youthful artists:—

"Study in Blacks.—*Mungo the Negro Footman abstracting Wallsend from his master's cellar at midnight.*

"Study in Whites.—*A Wedding Party taking Refuge in a Chalk Pit from a Snow Storm.*

"Study in Blues.—*A Party of Blue Jackets Fishing for Blue Sharks in the Mediterranean; the Successful Fisherman looking blue, and the Unsuccessful ones still bluer.*

"Study in Browns.—*Old Brown buying for young Brown a suit of Moses's best black, and paying for it in coppers.*

"Study in Yellows.—*The Chinese Royal Family, dressed in the Imperial Yellow, Contemplating the Setting Sun in a Field of Buttercups.* (Poor Turner would have hit this off admirably).

"Study in Greens.—*Young J. Green attempting to work out the above hints.*"

## A FACT.

*Young Gent.* "I WONDER HOW THE DEUCE THAT FELLOW GETS THOSE LEGS."

## DOGMAS FOR THE DOG-DAYS.

BY A DOGGED FELLOW.

WHEN success makes a man better than he was before, he must be a good man indeed.

Simplicity of manner, as of dress, is a charm that a woman generally admires in another more than in herself.

When a great man stoops, or trips, the small men around him suddenly become greater.

Diplomacy is to Government what Poisons are to Medicine.

Health is a toy that we play with, much as a child does, for the pleasure seemingly of breaking it.

He, who can do all he wishes, rarely does what he ought to do.

The Rich are inclined to believe that they are superior to other men, and other men do all they possibly can to fortify them in that belief.

Pity expresses itself in words—often relieves itself by a look—Charity asserts itself in gifts. A man may be full of pity, and yet extremely empty-handed.

It is more difficult to forgive an injury from a friend than from an enemy. Your favourite dog flying at you pains you a great deal more than a similar assault from a strange dog.

Pleasure is the greatest foe that Happiness has.

Wealth makes a man proud when he has but little else to be proud about.

Poverty is a crime that sticks to a man through life. It is a brand, which, in the midst of riches even, some one is sure to find out, and reproach him with.

### Source of the Thames.

THE "Noble River" (*vide* QUEEN'S *Speech*) must, judging from what it now is, have been filled when it was raining a regular St. Swithin's of "cats and dogs."

THE HEN-PECKED HUSBAND'S CONSOLATION.

THE great beauty of a wife is, that, if she abuses you herself, she won't let any one else abuse you.

## DISSIPATION.—A TALE OF CREMORNE.

### A Novel of the Day.

(*Continued from page* 52.)

"WHO is that charming cweature in the fishing boots and oilskin dress," languidly asked TOM CLINKER of CHARLEY TOADEATER.

"That is the DUCHESS OF PARAPLUIE, our Lady Patroness," answered his friend, "but, by Jove, if there isn't old LADY BOREAS and the MISS PETRELS and the St. Swithin girls. I must go and pay my devoirs, as they have a party coming off, so *au revoir*, TOM."

This brief conversation occurred one dripping evening at Cremorne Gardens, whither the fashionable world had all adjourned for a fête, which was to eclipse all fêtes which ever had been given since the world began. It was only necessary to breathe the word "Charity" in May Fair, and put an advertisement in the *Morning Post*, well headed by the stars of the Court Circle, and the gentle bosoms of the daughters of England overflowed with tenderness, and applications by thousands poured in for vouchers, which would entitle the fair holder to contribute her mite towards "the Hospital of St. Swithin," for which charitable institution the fête was held.

The programme promised a magnificent entertainment, suitable to the taste and inclination of the Upper Circles, and long before the doors opened every avenue to the Gardens was blocked up with strings of carriages and lines of umbrellas. The Saint whose name had been so rashly invoked, had attended his fête in person, while Terpsichore, in whose honour the Crystal platform had been redecorated with a heraldic carpet, stayed away altogether.

Many a padded old dandy, who had never risked wet feet before, and whose bones ached with rheumatism, stood complacently up to his ankles in mud and gravel, with a dozen umbrellas dripping down his back, for fear of missing the grand balloon ascent. The Veteran GREEN of course was in attendance, and it was confidently rumoured that a Bishop was going up in the Balloon—the names of ST. CLAIR and LORD SKYLARK had long since been announced in the papers as two of the "Voyageurs," and MADAM FLONFLON, from Paris, had promised to descend in a Parachute.

MADAME FLONFLON had quite a little triumph of her own, as it was not long before her room in the Hotel was discovered, and she had a crowded *levée* of all the "best men" in the gardens. She was sitting in a spangled dress, and crowned with flowers, holding a polyglot conversation in French, Italian, and broken English, but there was such an unnatural wildness in her laugh, that some of those around her shook their heads, and said she was not in a fit state to undertake the descent. CAPTAIN BLACKLEG offered even money that she would come short home, and went so far as to back his opinion at six to four in ponies.

At last the eventful moment arrived; the Balloon was inflated, and amidst the cheers of the spectators, the BISHOP OF * * * entered the Car. ST. CLAIR and LORD SKYLARK were just about to follow him, when two shabby-looking men stepped forward, and tapped the Captain on the shoulders.

"Sorry to spoil your amushement," said MR. MELCHISEDEC, one of the shabby men, "but MR. MOSS was afraid you might go acrosh to France; so you must come with ush."

Poor ST. CLAIR stood thunderstruck—to be seized by two Jews on such an occasion, and to keep a Bishop waiting in the rain, was not a pleasant situation. He might have stood there till this time, had not TOM CLINKER and half-a-dozen guardsmen, who were personally acquainted with MR. MELCHISEDEC, made a rush at MR. MOSS's Hebrew emissaries, and pitched them both into the Car.

"A sovereign a-piece to let her go, boys," cried TOM CLINKER. The shilling men in Lincoln green who held the ropes could not resist the bribe, and the Balloon was let go high enough for MADAME FLONFLON to step into the Parachute.

The roars of laughter at the Bishop's shovel hat and the Hebraic noses peering over the side of the Car, and the prayers of the two officers to be allowed to come down, diverted attention from little FLONFLON who was driven on to the ground in a triumphal car.

"Throw down the writ, ma tears," shrieked little Moss, "and I will grab the Captain;" but the two terrified Jews were holding on for life and death, and heeded not Moss's ready-witted suggestion.

MADAME FLONFLON made a graceful curtesy to the spectators, and stepped into the Parachute. She had arrived too late to know of

the change of the occupants of the Car, and was under the impression that ST. CLAIR and LORD SKYLARK were above her in the Balloon.

Glancing round at the crowd, she threw away the signal flag, and off went the Aëronauts. At the same moment she recognised ST. CLAIR—with a heart-broken scream, she called out his name, and fainted away.

ST. CLAIR fell to the ground in a mighty puddle; the water splashed over all who were near him.

To make our story short, MADAME FLONFLON was no other than LADY HARRIET DASHER. Weary of life, she had read of the intended ascent at Cremorne, and had formed the wild design to change places with MADAME FLONFLON in the Parachute, with the hope of never reaching earth alive. To be dashed to pieces under ST. CLAIR's cruel eyes was her desperate resolution.

"Come, be a man, CAPTAIN ST. CLAIR," said the good-hearted little Moss, "we 'll save the party in the Parachute, and s 'help me Moshes, I won't sherve the writ if we come up with them in Middlesex; and if they drop in another county, it won't be any good. The little party in the Parachute was the woman who paid your debts."

More dead than alive, ST. CLAIR was led out of the Gardens by little Moss, and the two got into a Hansom together. "Follow the Balloon, ma tear," said MR. Moss to Cabby. "Ten pounds if you bring us up where the Parachute drops."

Never was eight pounds' worth of skin and bones urged along at so breakneck a speed, as that poor Hansom horse! Westminster Bridge was crossed in a few minutes from the time of starting; in twenty minutes the Old Kent Road was left behind. If anything, Moss and the Captain had headed the Balloon: the Parachute was still attached, for the poor little Lady did not know how to unfix it. The Bishop sat mute and dignified overhead, and the two Jews, who had recovered their spirits, were cutting severe jokes about the non-admission of their party to Parliament, and jeering the Right Reverend Bench in the person of its daring representative.

"Give the horse his wind," said the keen-eyed Moss, after watching the Balloon intently, "and steer for Charlton. They will drop in the marshes beyond Greenwich," so saying, MR. Moss handed up to the driver a ten-pound note through the trap-door in the roof of the Hansom, and promised another, if Cabby succeeded in his undertaking. Sure enough the Balloon came over the marshes, and suddenly the Parachute was seen to detach itself from the Car! It oscillated gently, ST. CLAIR screamed aloud in the intensity of his agitation! "All right!" roared little Moss, "we shall be in time. Tip him the silk!" Cabby obeyed—the over-driven horse made a desperate—a last effort, and fell dead within a hundred yards of the Parachute, just as it touched earth, light as a feather.

"Oh! why have I been spared!" cried the unhappy LADY HARRIET, as she stepped, somewhat flurried, but uninjured, out of the frail car. She did not see Moss and ST. CLAIR rushing towards her. "Oh!" she added wildly, as her glance fell on the fetid waters of the Thames, "one mouthful of this poisonous river, and my troubles are over!" With these words she threw herself on her knees on the embankment intended to protect the marshes from the stream. One moment to breathe ST. CLAIR's name, and to allow a dead dog to float by, and then! She arose, she flung her arms above her head—she stood poised like a swan in act of flight. Suddenly, two manly arms were wound tight around her waist. She screamed, looked round, recognised ST. CLAIR, and with a wild burst of hysteric laughter fell, lifeless, on his shoulder.

* * * * * * * *

The Venerable ARCHDEACON SILVERTONGUE, who changed his style of dress, and his principles at the same time for the valuable living of Brompton-cum-St.-Clair, held the heir of that noble house at the baptismal font, and when the little gentleman's sponsor, LE COMTE DE MABILLE (formerly the *Chicard* of a popular Parisian *guingette*) presented him to the Archdeacon, he pronounced in a loud voice the names "CREMORNE MOSS PARACHUTE ST. CLAIR."

CRINOLINE and Policeman X lived happy on LADY HARRIET'S Estate, and it was only the other day that I saw their two chubby children playing at taking the infant ST. CLAIR into custody for being drunk and disorderly in the nursery.

The Bishop never went up in a Balloon again, but so pleased was he with little Moss's conduct that, to the intense disgust of his Right Reverend Brothers of Exeter and Bangor, he voted for BARON ROTHSCHILD the next time the admission of the Jews to the Legislature was mooted in the House of Lords.

As regards the rest of our *dramatis personæ*, they all caught cold at Cremorne, but they paid up for the Charity, which latter act, let us hope, already covers a multitude of their sins.

### The Word and the Thing.

THE Ministers, in the QUEEN'S Speech, alluding to the Thames, talked about "the purification of that noble river." Surely "noble" was a slip of the ministerial pen, or of the LORD CHANCELLOR'S tongue. LORD DERBY meant, of course, to say "that nasty river."

## SLOW BUT SEWER.

SEWAGE, O why with rain dilute?
Your rain with sewage why pollute?
Each will the other spoil:
To mix them is *the* great mistake;
Your rain-fall to the river take,
Your sewage to the soil.

In modest tubes, not monstrous tunnels,
Collect your daily sewage runnels,
And on your meadows pour 'em.
Your rain-brooks, thus, you 'll purify,
And then your rivers will supply
With needful streams to scour 'em.

So shall fat kine by thousands feed
On many a sewage-watered mead,
Whence fourfold crops will spring:
And from sleek farmers well content
Ten pound per acre extra rent,
Fields, thus manured, will bring.

Fat-kine, well-fed, mean milk and butter,
And beef and cheese—delusion utter
Such wealth to fling away!
Three millions sterling wherefore spend,
Into the German Sea to send
A thousand pounds a day?

BAZALGETTE and his Board of Works
Must be benighted as the Turks,
Of waste like this to think.
Besides, their tunnels, we all know,
On rainy days must overflow,
And make the river stink.

In no one project will you find
So many fallacies combined
As in this tunnel-scheme:
Its cost, immense: its profit, nil:
The sewage lost: the river still
A starved and stinking stream.

Rate-payers, up! 'Tis now or never;
"SEWAGE TO SOIL AND RAIN TO RIVER;
Be this your battle-shout:
Be "Pipes and profit" your demand,
Not millions spent on tunnels grand,
To clean—your pockets out!

## DIFFERENCE IN LIFE.

*Elderly Gentleman.* "Oh, MOLLY dear, I can recollect the time, when you and I went on a little trip, that we were content to take one simple small trunk between us; but now we cannot move away from home without dragging after us boxes and portmanteaus, and dressing cases, and travelling bags, and writing-desks, and imperials, and oh! dear me, bonnet-boxes, and the like, without end. And yet, do you know, I often doubt, my dear, whether we have any more enjoyment for having such a plaguy lot of luggage. It strikes me, MOLLY, that we enjoyed ourselves a precious sight more when we had no more than that 'ere trunk to carry both our things in."

[ELDERLY GENTLEMAN *sighs audibly, as he contemplates in the passage the fearful heap of luggage, for which a* PICKFORD'S *van is waiting outside.*

SIMPLE QUESTION, BY A VERY INNOCENT YOUNG LADY.

"DON'T you think, my dear, that a continued application of ROWLAND'S Kalydor would be able to remove that monster big Mole that they say is near the mouth of Cherbourg Harbour?"

THE RAREY ZEBRA PATTERN—A SWEET THING FOR THE SEASIDE.

## PRODIGIES IN THE PRESENT TIME.

THE *Manchester Guardian* relates the case of a gentleman, who, after having experienced extraordinary sufferings for eight years in various parts of his body, had a needle an inch and a half long work its way out of his leg, he not in the least knowing how it got into him. The other day a well authenticated shower of toads took place. What next? If grown men eject from their skins needles which never ran into their flesh that they know, and which, so far as they remember, they never swallowed, the needles must have entered them in some marvellous manner; because needles, when stuck into people, generally hurt them very much, and sticking in the throat hurt them still more. We shall not be surprised to hear shortly that somebody has been throwing crooked pins off his stomach without being aware of ever having bolted them. Is it possible that needles are thrust or taken into the body during fits of temporary insanity, when all that passed is subsequently forgotten? Who can be sure that he never was mad when alone—beside himself with nobody else by the side of him—and did not then play upon himself the mad trick of inserting needles in himself? This question will recur whenever we are visited with an attack of "pins and needles."

Then again, how about the shower of toads? If it rains toads, what other living creatures may it not rain? Why not rain cats and dogs in reality—alive and kicking? There are more things in heaven and earth, *Horatio*—reader that is—than are dreamt of in your philosophy; and toads which descend from the sky are some of those celestial things, and needles which come out of gentlemen whom they apparently never went into are some of those things terrestrial. These things are real wonders, things which cannot be satisfactorily accounted for on natural principles like photographs and electrotypes and electric telegrams. They are calculated to nourish a pleasing thought that the supernatural is not all humbug, and to encourage the expectation that we shall one day have a genuine ghost appearing regularly in public at certain times, and perhaps delivering popular lectures on spiritualism at a scientific institution. Such a phenomenon would somewhat dumfound the intelligence of the nineteenth century, which is perhaps a little bigoted, although it may be in the right, on the side of incredulity, and may have much the same reason for disbelieving in ghosts as the intelligence of other centuries had for believing in them.

BALM OF COLUMBIA.—Directly gold was discovered in British Columbia, a Bishop was appointed to the Colony.

## THE ANGLO-SAXON TWINS.

*Connected by the Atlantic Telegraph.*

SUCCESS at last sits, like a crown,
Upon our work gigantic;
Behold the Telegraph laid down
Beneath the broad Atlantic.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Accomplished is the mighty job,
In spite of wind and weather;
So JONATHAN, we now shall throb
With sympathy together.
Yankee doodle, &c.

The two great nations not in chains
Are now as one connected,
Whereby the cause of Freedom gains,
For 'twill be more respected.
Yankee doodle, &c.

United, brother JONATHAN,
In firm amalgamation,
I guess we Anglo-Saxons can
If need be, whip creation.
Yankee doodle, &c.

The odds are very much increased,
By our more close communion,
Against the Soldier and the Priest,
With Despots linked in union.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Let but our forces be combined,
And we'll preserve from fetters,
A no small some of human mind,
In science and in letters.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Free Press, which every bigot hates,
Free utterance of opinions,
Shall live in the United States,
And British QUEEN'S dominions.
Yankee doodle, &c.

May talk of lightning slick as grease
Discussions shortly finish,
And every chance of broken peace
To less than nought diminish.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Now every squabble we have had
Is pretty nigh forgotten,
So let us set to work like mad,
And deal in corn and cotton.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Two thousand miles beneath the sea,
If you're inclined as I am,
That wire will draw close you and me
As those famed twins of Siam.
Yankee doodle, &c.

So let United freemen's cheers
Drive all the tyrants frantic,
The Telegraph as each one hears
Has spanned the great Atlantic.
Yankee doodle, &c.

### Fresh from Belgravia.

A BELGRAVIAN Lady was expecting two visitors. The one was her Puseyite confessor—the other her solicitor. There was a double knock, a palpitating pause, and the servant appeared at the drawing-room door. The Lady, anxious to learn the truth, tremblingly inquired, "if it was the professional gentleman?"

"No, Marm," was the flunkey's rough reply, "it's the confessional gent."

THE ILLS THAT FLESH IS HEIR TO.

OF all the world's maladies, the loss of money is the slowest in point of recovery.—*The Victim of a Pickpocket.*

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## "NEARER AND DEARER."—THE SUBATLANTIC SPLICE.

England and America have long been held together by the friendliest of ties, and they have lately been united in the closest of relationships. "Nearer and dearer" are they now than ever. The Sub-Atlantic wire is the wedding-ring which joins them. The splice under the Ocean may be deemed their nuptial knot.

The union has long been ardently desired, and it has at length been happily accomplished. There were many and great obstacles which had to be surmounted. The course of love as usual did not run quite smoothly; and several mishaps occurred by which the wedding (or the welding) was from time to time put off. In fact it long seemed doubtful if the splice could be effected; and when no less than three distinct ruptures had occurred, the croakers all agreed that the connection had quite ceased, and that the match was broken off. Perseverance has, however, been triumphantly rewarded: and in spite of every difficulty the union has at length been successfully accomplished.

It may be judged that the ceremony was of no common order, when we state that it took more than six days to get through it. But, although the performance of it occupied so long, it still took every one by surprise to learn that it was finished. The Papers give the names of the persons who officiated; but the list requires amendment, as it contains no mention of the *Rev. Mr. Punch*. The *Rev. Mr. Punch* was (if not in flesh, in spirit) present at the ceremony, and saw in his mind's eye every inch of its performance. Mentally, though not manually, he assisted at the service; helping those engaged in it with his heartiest encouragement. At the conclusion of the ceremony the Rev. Gent no longer could control his feelings; and regardless of his reverendship, he gave way to his emotion in such a burst of cheering as might have easily been heard on the other side of the Atlantic. He understands it was distinctly audible at Cherbourg, in spite of all the cannonade which there was raised to drown it. Having then pronounced a benediction on the work, the Rev. Gent discharged a volley of old shoes, and drank six bumpers of champagne to the prosperity and welfare of the united happy couple.

The ceremony being finished, the two nations now are one; joined for better and for worse, and, it is thought, for better far more than for worse. Wedded to each other, they have both henceforward unity of interest, and must go hand in hand in all they undertake. May their Union be lasting, as it is complete! May no divorce act ever separate those who 're now united by the Sub-Atlantic Splice!

## THE SPEECH OF THE STATUE.

(August the 8th.)

On the broad quay at Cherbourg in bronze he stands mounted,
Arm outstretched—finger pointed—not seawards, they say;
Bareheaded, 'mid bayonets and cannon uncounted,
There Nephew does homage to Uncle to-day.

Is it glorious exemplar, or terrible warning
Dead bronze Uncle to living bronze Nephew supplies?
Stands he there, our Time's Lucifer, Son of the Morning,
To deter by his fall, or inspire by his rise?

If bronze had a voice, from those lips monumental
Who can tell us what Sibylline promptings would fall?
If to realisation of dreams Oriental,
Grasping empire to which Alexander's was small?

Or to knock with armed hand, once again, at the portal
Of Asia, Sphinx-guarded, and moated by Nile?
To call down the Pyramid's mem'ries immortal
On a new Gallic conquest of Egypt to smile?

Or all Europe to tame? or that island to humble,
Where pigmy Britannia, sea-throned, holds her sway:
That island which saw the Colossus slow crumble
From forehead of iron to ancles of clay.

That island, whose ancientest glories are written
At Cressy and Poitiers, in France's best blood:
That small, slow, untiring, untamed, bull-dog Britain,
Whose four feet though you sever, his grip he 'll make good.

If that bronze breathe of Britain, 'tis words of dissuasion,
Not of prompting to strike, that those lips should convey;
'Tis the tale of long-planned, ever-baffled invasion,
Of Aboukir, the Nile, and Trafalgar's red bay;

Of hearts that ne'er quailed at a bulletin's swelling tone;
Of pluck by defeat that to conquest up grew;
Of chieftains from Burrard advancing to Wellington;
For starting-point Walch'ren,—for goal Waterloo.

Yes, ponder the lesson, "Beware of Great Britain:"
Such thy bronze Uncle's voice as he frowns o'er the quay:
These the words, all unseen, yet in adamant written
On the statue at Cherbourg that turns from the sea.

### A CALL OF THE HOUSE.

We think it was Mr. Roebuck, who, on board the *Pera*, amused himself by calling out to the Steward, "Here, Chiltern Hundreds!"

## DANGEROUS BOYS.

The *Times*, the other day, proposed the removal of the Bluecoat School from the sulphuretted hydrogen of Newgate Street to the oxygen of the country. Very good; but what will the country-people say to that? Whenever the Bluecoat scholars are taken out for a walk on the turnpike-road their extraordinary dress will frighten all the horses. In the London streets, those animals, as is well known, are subdued by the noise and bustle, so that they do not start and shy at fearful objects, such as the Christ's Hospital scholars, who are occasionally seen running about bareheaded, in their blue gaberdines and yellow stockings. But in the country every horse will bolt at the sight of such alarming figures, and the bulls will be sure to charge at the boys' legs. If Christ's Hospital is removed into the country, it will be necessary to give the scholars caps which they can wear, and clothes which will not excite the derision of mankind, the fear of horses, and the animosity of horned cattle.

According to a Mr. Edward Tudor Scargill, who seems to be a great admirer of the existing order of things, position inclusive, of Christ's Hospital, the health of the boys there is "remarkably good." If this is the case, the sanitary state of the school has much improved. It used to be greatly, if not principally, celebrated for the ringworm, and perhaps afforded more opportunities for the observation of that disease than the neighbouring hospital of St. Bartholomew. Injuries of the feet, also, by reason that the scholars had to scramble for shoes, which, having been cleaned, used to be tossed together in a heap, and also because the shoes were ill cobbled, were, we believe, not unknown. These evils may have ceased to exist, and the Bluecoat boys may now no longer be rendered unhealthy or uncomfortable, but only made to look ridiculous. That, however, is quite bad enough, and will be too bad if they are transferred to the rural districts, where they will be continually causing riders to be thrown and vehicles to be capsized or kicked to pieces.

## A GREAT HARDSHIP.

The *Mersey* stuck fast "with *Leviathan*-like obstinacy" on the first day that they attempted to launch her. The description of the failure says:—

"There is little doubt there is not 'cant' enough for the vessel to slide down the ways."

This neglect is too bad, when the Derby Government have such a large stock of it on hand. For instance, a little of the "cant" that was indulged in so bountifully about the Jews unchristianising the House of Commons might have been advantageously applied to this purpose; or why not have invited the Bishop of Oxford to have volunteered his valuable services? A few oily words from Soapy Sam, and the obstacle would have been removed in a minute. In any talking-match, we will back his Saponaceous Reverence to win in a cant-er.

## THE LOG OF THE PERA.

*(Continued from last week.)*

IME, *Half past Six.*—Terrible tramping overhead. Report being brought in that they're weighing anchor, some inquiring-minded member wants to know how much it weighs. Question is referred to a Weighs and Means Committee.

"*Seven.*—Disturbed for the third time by OLD CHARLEY calling out for 'aborreloshodawawr, with—at—jushateashpoofleobranyinit.'

"*Eight.*—Disturbance the fourth. (One never gets a comfortable night's rest in a steamboat.) It seems that donkey of a Wiscount turned in on the top tier: perhaps that he might dream he was a person of high berth. Never having been the member of a Government, he has not had much practice in the art of turning out; and in attempting it just now, he inserted his big toe in the mouth of the O'MULLIGAN, who was sleeping underneath him. Irish row in consequence, by which I'm kept awake till

"*A quarter to Nine.*—AYRTON begins talking. Fall asleep directly, and don't wake until

"*Ten.*—I dream I'm *Mrs. Gamp*, and wake myself by crying out, 'Drat that cussed bell!' (*Mem.* Mind I bring a Bill in to abolish Bells on Steamboats.)

"*Quarter past.*—I'm *Sairey Gamp* again. Conflustricate the bell! Can't get a-wink-of-sl-hmm-bqkzlzmpql.

"*Half past.*—Somebody shaking me. O breakfast's ready, is it? All right.—Stew-ard--you—may—say—I'm—com—hmn—ckgzlwqzkl——hmmn——gcrlqzbpkzqll——

"*Quarter to.*—Sensation as of sherry cobbler in my backbone. Find it's that wretch —— giving me cold pig. Won't I be revenged just when I catch him mounted on his hobby in St. Stephen's! It will be my turn then to crow. (*Mem.* Mind to practise cock-a-doodle-dooing.)

"*Eleven.*—Clattering of knives and forks and tongues and plates and coffee-cups. Infernal shame it is, depriving one in this way of one's natural night's rest. Downright cruelty to animals. LORD RAYNHAM ought to look to it.

"5 *and* 20 *minutes after.*—Clattering continues. No use trying to sleep, so I may as well get up. Some lazy Government dogs prefer breakfasting in bed. Having got into snug berths, they say they don't mean to turn out of them.

"*Noon.*—We show signals of distress. AYRTON has made a joke. Some one asking for an egg, A. says, 'I rather think you'll find it's in the hatch-way.'

"*Half a second later.*—Another joke reported. When we were off the Needles, the Sheffield File went up on deck to make an observation of them. Observed, when he came down again, they looked rather like the Wiscount, as though they wanted sharpening.

"*Two minutes past.*—Fresh signals of distress. SAM WARREN says, 'The sea's so calm, it's quite a *mer de glass!*' (I mention these attempts to show the seedy state of mind to which the House has been reduced, in consequence of taking rather too much Salmon.)

"*Quarter past.*—The House resolving into a Committee of Supply, the Great Economist for Lambeth moves for a Return of the number of Champagne Corks which were heard to pop last evening, and the number of Madeira, Hock, Bucellas, Sherry, Port, Moselle, and Claret bottles which went 'down among the dead men' before the House adjourned its sitting. (It will be remembered that the House sat rather late.) A fierce debate ensues, and the G. E. is persuaded to withdraw his motion. OLD CHARLEY's powers of persuasion perhaps hastened the withdrawal: CHARLEY threatening the G. E. with an *à posteriori* argument, the force of which would be brought home to him through the medium of a boot.

"12·30 *Greenwich (Railway) Time.*—Pipe all hands to tobacco. (One may as well speak nautically now one is at sea.)

"12·35.—Fresh breeze springing up between the Wiscount and Old Boreas. The Wiscount moves a reading of the Smoke Nuisance Prevention Act, and proposes to enforce it upon all abaft the funnel. Old Boreas, for amendment, proposes 'That be blowshed!' and moves that in addition to his other titles, the Wiscount have the title of a 'Thundering Old Tobacco Stopper' immediately conferred upon him.

"*One o'clock.*—House still smoking. *Sine Bacco frigel Venus*, says recondite SAM, who is always showing off his classical attainments. Amendment of quotation moved to make it apposite. For '*Venus*' insert '*Domus*,' and translate, 'The House can't exist without Tobacco.'

"*Half past.*—House still smoking. Among the orders of the day some beer has just been ordered.

"*Quarter to.*—Effects of the Salmon still at times perceptible. Observation made, that while we have the Member for Derby on board there's no possibility of our being without BASS. Brace of stale jokes flushed: that the M.P. is never half so bitter as his beer, and that his acts of charity are always Bass-reliefs.

"*Two.*—Motion being made that the House 'do have more beer,' the W. says the House is getting quite a pot-house, and proposes that the *Pera* be re-christened the *Beera*.

"*Twenty past.*—House still smoking. Fresh supplies of malt voted. The Admiral's trying to explain to us the difference between nautical and Horse-Guards' time. Says the nautical day begins at noon, and not just after midnight as the landlubbers' day does; and is reckoned up by bells, two to every hour. So, four o'clock on shore to-day at sea is eight bells to-morrow. The House takes time to reflect upon this riddle, but resolves at length to give it up and order some more beer.

"*Six Bells*, A.M. (*Mem. that's* 3 *o'clock*, P.M.)—Several yachts sighted. One of them seems in Queer Street, but the Admiral says that she's in stays. House asking explanation, the Admiral mystifies it more by explaining very lucidly, that she was forced to come about or she'd have run athwart our hawse, and if she'd tried to bear away, you know, she must have gone to leeward, for, you see, she couldn't luff.

"*Seven Bells.* (*I suppose that's the nautical for Half-past Three. As the hours are even numbers, the half-hours must be odd ones; but then, how about the quarters?*)—House seems getting hungry. Some one saying something about the Chops of the Channel, several members vote that they do lie upon the table.

"*Twenty Bells* (*or thereabouts, couldn't stop to count them*).—The House adjourns to lunch.

"*Several Bells later.*—Some few honourable gentlemen have paired off for a cigar; and half-a-dozen have adjourned to play at pitch ha'penny in the fo'ksle. The majority, however, prefer to remain sitting, and are engaged in making up their estimates of the sherry.

"*A little after that.*—Fresh supplies of sherry having been brought in, Old CHARLEY is himself again, and backs himself to reef the topmast stunsle dead-eye, and moreover to bowse down the starboard jib sheet boom in twenty seconds less than the twinkling of a marlingspike.

"*Middle of the Dog Watch.* (*Mem. to find out what that means.*)—CHARLEY gets pugnacious. Wants to box the compass.

"*Cinq heures et demi.*—It is reported that we have sighted France, so I may as well begin now rubbing up my French. Feel much more up in Latin, thanks to getting up quotations. (*Mem.* To practise French by quoting MOLIÈRE and RACINE *vice* CICERO and HORACE.)

"*Cinq heures et trois quartiers.*—A deeply interesting debate is at present going forward, as to what are deemed the best preventives of sea-sickness. Tough old CHARLEY passingly alludes to his 'dear eyes,' and swears that when your landlubber feels he's getting squeamish, there's nothing half so good for him as a 'shelly goostrondose of—ut—colbranyanwawr.' KELLY suggests applepips, and some enormously facetious fellow recommends Homœopathy; arguing that as HAHNEMANN has shown that 'like cures like,' (h)any man may cure sickness by just making himself sick. He recommends BILL C—X's speeches for their nauseating properties; but says they must be taken in exceedingly small doses, or the liveliest of patients would soon find they'd be the death of him.

"*Very little later.*—The debate has quite upset me. I struggle to repress my feelings, but—here! Stew-ard! br—and—y ba—s—id—.

(*Hiatus valdè deflendus.*)

"Don't know the time, and don't want to know it. It's enough for me to know that we have reached the harbour. Feel too ill to ask particulars.

"*Beginning of To-morrow—that is, Middle of To-day.* (*This nautical time bothers me, and I can't bring my mind to think of sea things just at present.*)—Feelings more composed. Getting all serene again. Rather glad to hear the supper-bell is rin—"

(*Here the Manuscript breaks off.*)

## THE SUNNED-OUT DOCTORS.

The sad accounts we receive of the Medical profession are quite distressing. Owing to the long continued fine weather, many practitioners have been thrown wholly out of employment, notwithstanding the state of the Thames at London, and the general neglect of sanitary arrangements in Town and Country. It is in contemplation among them to parade the streets singing, "We've got no work to do," and bearing about their pestles and mortars and other implements of their suspended calling. We cannot imagine how, in their present distressed condition, they will be able to raise the money wherewith to pay the fine of two guineas imposed on them, for compulsory registration, by the new Medical Act.

## AN IRREGULAR FIRE-EATER.

What an appetite for fire must be the peculiarity of M. Pierre Napoléon Bonaparte! He writes a furious letter in the *Times* to General Fleischmann about what he considers a misstatement injurious to the honour of his family, in a memoir edited by the General, and winds it up with a challenge. The General returns him a mild answer, which in this case does not turn away wrath. In this reply, the invitation to mortal combat is not declined, but the recipient of that honour hints that he is a very old man. Whereupon, the implacable Pierre writes another ferocious letter to the *Times*, in which he addresses General Fleischmann in the following terms:—

"Dans tous les cas vous avez un fils qui peut vous remplacer. Je l'accepte d'avance, et j'attends de vous ou de lui l'indication de l'adversaire et des témoins."

How can General Fleischmann's son replace his father as the antagonist of M. Pierre Napoléon Bonaparte? What satisfaction can M. Bonaparte derive from murdering a man who has never injured him? Oriental potentates, sometimes, for the offence given by the father, will revenge themselves on the son, and the Sepoys slaughtered children. M. Pierre Napoléon Bonaparte would make a good Prince of Sepoys, with little but his language and complexion to distinguish him from a native prince. Bully Bonaparte exhibits in himself a pretty specimen of European civilisation. An ordinary duellist is rather a curiosity of that kind; but Bully Bonaparte is a perfect monster.

## MECHI THE MOURNER.

The musing Mechi stood upon a turbid river's brink;
A fat soil might that stream have made, but was not fit to drink:
The willows sighed in concert with the melancholy swain,
Whilst thus, impressed with chemic lore, he sang a mournful strain.

The phosphates they are going, they are going to the sea,
Oh, if I had them on my land, how happy I should be!
Those wasteful waves are bearing them to Ocean's barren breast,
Those phosphates, my poor acres that so richly might have drest.

Oh watery waste!—but if thou wert a watery waste alone,
I should not grieve for riches to the raging billows thrown;
I should not wildly wring my hands and beat my brow and weep,
To see all that wealth go to swell the treasures of the deep.

Ammonia, sweetest—as thou art of all things flowing there,
Thou from those waves art flying off to scent the thankless air;
How gladly would I see thee to a proper acid wed,
And, light one, then my fallow fields should form thy bridal bed.

Ye matters odoriferous, all born of mother Earth,
Alas! ye never will return to her who gave ye birth;
A barren mother she will be, and cease at length to teem,
Because unthinking citizens have cast you on their stream.

I know we must dispose of you, and in such wise dispose,
That you shall not too forcibly affect the tender nose.
But oh! our aqueous system has not proved a water-cure,
And ah! while we had cesspools, we had you, we had manure.

## THE FIDDLE IN THE FIELD.

The band of the 47th was sent to the Crystal Palace the other day to play popular music, in order that the public might judge of its excellence. No military band can have a fair chance with people accustomed to a complete orchestra, owing to the want of violins. Why should this want exist? A rifle-bullet would no more effectually silence a fiddle than it would a bagpipe, and a cannon-shot would respect the former instrument as much as a trumpet. We can understand why the piano should not be included in a military band, unless the band were that of a regiment of horse artillery, and could have one mounted on wheels; but we cannot account for the exclusion of the violin, which, if made of metal, might serve the performer for a shield, whilst the stick, pointed at the end, would answer the purpose of a spear.

The Real Milky Way.—The projected telegraph line from Alderney to Cowes.

## NO PLACE FOR LADIES.

The *Aberdeen Press* narrates a scene of considerable absurdity, which occurred the other day at a Scotch Episcopal Synod held at Aberdeen. The Bishop who presided, observing some ladies present, desired them to withdraw. Here are two strange circumstances in conjunction. On the one hand, the ladies could have had no business at the Synod, and on the other, they could have found little pleasure there. Theological discussion could have had no charms for them, and it is improbable that the Bishop had any himself. On the other hand, they were surely doing no harm where they were, and it seems to have been rather ungallant of the Bishop to try and turn them out. This, however, was not so easily done. The ladies would not stir, and the Bishop had to repeat his injunction three times, and to threaten the adjournment of the Synod, before they would move. Nor did they go even then, but remained until the Bishop was as good as his word, and did adjourn the Synod. This seems rather strange behaviour, both on the part of the Bishop and the ladies, though the latter were not to blame if they believed they had a right to be present. Why should the Bishop have deprived them of any gratification they might have experienced in listening to what they could not have understood, if anybody else could have understood it. Besides, it is just possible that they merely wanted to show themselves.

What sort of conversation do ecclesiastics hold in a Synod, that they find it necessary to bid ladies retire? Such a proceeding is calculated to raise a suspicion that a Scotch Episcopalian Synod is of the nature of a free-and-easy, at which the Bishop presides in an arm-chair over a bowl of whisky-toddy, and calls on the constituents of the assembly to sing songs, which are not exactly anthems. Still, if the free-and-easy were at all respectable, the presence of ladies might be tolerated in a gallery, either with or without a screen, according to their own ideas of what is proper, unless the prelate and his pot-companions desired that there should be one, to keep the fair visitors out of their sight, in order that their too susceptible minds might have nothing to distract their attention from their tobacco and whisky-toddy.

### Clerical Boredom.

The Abbé Domenech, in his record of priestly experiences in Texas, describes how he drove his errant congregation from his garden into his church by letting a wild boar loose in the garden. Our incumbents too often prefer the opposite course, and drive their congregations from the church into the garden, by letting loose a tame bore in the church.

It is asked, whether some honours should not be conferred, in celebration of the laying down the Atlantic Cable? Viscount Williams says that the fittest memorial of the achievement would be the giving a Peerage to Alderman Wire.

COMMON OBJECTS AT THE SEA-SIDE—GENERALLY FOUND UPON THE ROCKS AT LOW WATER.

## CROWING.

*(Being a growl from the British Lion to Mr. Punch.)*

"MR. PUNCH, SIR,

"As an old friend of yours, I hope you will allow me a growl or two. This is a time of year, when our Members of Parliament go down to talk to their constituents, and, of course, I make up my mind to be trotted out a little. Now, it's well known I can stand a fair amount of familiarity, and don't mind the liberties that are taken with me in monuments, and prize poems, and leading articles, and so forth, and never resent a fair amount of poking up, when it's done in a pleasant and decent way; but I must say, I've been very hard drove of late, along of this Cherbourg business.

"The way I've been stirred up, and lugged forward, and made to stand on my hind-legs, and wag my tail, and open my jaws, and roar, by editors and spouters at public meetings, is a great deal too much for any decent beast to submit to. But I've been particularly ill-used by my old friend ROEBUCK. The liberties he has been taking with me at that Shields *soirée*, beat everything!

"Now, ROEBUCK's a fellow I like, on many accounts. He is plucky and straightforward, says what he thinks, and doesn't mind whose back he sets up, whether it be a Sheffield grinder's or a Secretary of State's. But, really, the way he trotted me out at Shields the other day was a little too strong. I don't call *that* roaring—I call it crowing, which is a French noise, and one I hate, as is well known, since the days of old PLINY downwards.

"Now, ROEBUCK began by preaching a very good sermon to the working men of Shields, on the text of 'Eyes and no eyes;' and then he proceeded to illustrate his sermon practically, by telling them what use he had made of his eyes at Cherbourg. 'I went on shore,' he says, 'and what did I see there? I saw men in peg-top trowsers; they put me in mind of Cochin China fowls. I saw priests and women—and very ugly women, too. Well, then, I said to myself, is there a man among them who will dare to say his soul is his own?' And then, of course, he went on to assure his audience, that not a man in Cherbourg *did* dare to say his soul was his own. And then he described his going to Liverpool, and seeing 'dock after dock full of merchantmen, coming in from all parts, floating into their basins before every breath of Heaven; laden to the very brim with the world's produce.' 'And this,' says ROEBUCK, 'is England!'

"Now, I say, this isn't England: it's Liverpool.

"'And then,' ROEBUCK goes on, 'on the other side of the Channel, what did I see? I saw a solitary 90-gun ship, ready to be launched upon a Sunday; and that was France!'

"Now, I say, that wasn't France: it was Cherbourg.

"Altogether, I felt a good deal more ashamed than proud of myself, after being crowed over for the best part of an hour by my friend ROEBUCK in that Shields oration of his, last week. There was, altogether, too much of the French style in it to suit my taste—too much bounce and big talk, and strut, and clapping of wings, and straining on tip-toe—too much of the 'see what a monstrous fine fellow I am! how I speak my mind, and double my fists, and stick my arms a-kimbo, and don't care a snap of the fingers for anybody!' and all that sort of swaggering *Bobadil* stuff. Now, I won't stand any nonsense; and if anybody treads on my tail, or tries to clip my claws, or to file or draw my teeth, or to trespass on my den, I'll soon let him see what's what. But I hate bounce and braggadocio; and, between ourselves, there's a good deal too much of it about little ARTHUR ROEBUCK; and, if he don't mind, I won't go down to the country with him any more.

"So he had better take this hint from

"Yours, *Mr. Punch*, to command,

"THE BRITISH LION."

## THE FARMER'S FAIR FRIEND.

IT is well known that considerable damage is done to the harvest by the sparrows, in spite of the measures usually adopted for driving them away. This year, however, an ingenious agriculturist has hit upon an expedient for that purpose, the trial of which has been attended with perfect success. Observing the effect exhibited by a lady's dummy in the window of a draper's shop, he bethought himself of the notion of sticking up one of his wife's dresses after the like fashion in a corn-field. The effect was excellent. The scarecrow frightened all the birds away.

# THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH—A BAD LOOK OUT FOR DESPOTISM.

JOHN BULL. "HOLD FAST, JONATHAN."

JONATHAN. "ALL RIGHT, JOHNNY."

## WHAT A RIDICULOUS FASHION!

Tune—"*The King of the Cannibal Islands.*"

Now Crinoline is all the rage,
With ladies of whatever age,
A petticoat made like a cage,
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!
'Tis framed with hoops and bars of steel,
Or tubes of air, which lighter feel,
And worn by girls to be genteel,
Or if they've figures to conceal.
It makes their dresses stick far out,
A dozen yards, at least, about,
And pleases both the thin and stout:
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!

*Chorus.*
Balking walking all the day,
Always getting in the way,
All, except the ladies, say,
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!

One female takes up half the street,
And can't sit clear in any seat,
You walk half round each girl you meet,
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!
Or in her dress you hitch your stick,
And tear it, if you're walking quick:
Of Crinoline all men are sick,
It forces them their way to pick.
A carriage with a lady's clothes,
If she rides in it, overflows,
And people shout where'er she goes,
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!
*Chorus.*—Balking walking, &c.

In Church the very widest pew,
Will hold of ladies but a few,
Its door their skirts protruding through,
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!
And when they go to routs and balls,
They fill chock full the largest halls,
And squeeze the men against the walls;
A man might wish his wife wore smalls.
An omnibus they occupy,
So that your knees are covered by
Their muslin, whilst you softly cry,
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!
*Chorus.*—Balking walking, &c.

There's not a door that's wide enough
For girls to pass with all their stuff,
Without a squeeze and struggle tough,
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!
The posts their spreading dresses scratch,
The bushes scrape, the brambles catch,
And, what is worse, the Congreve match.
They interfere with all despatch,
'Tis tiresome quite to see how slow;
With held-up skirts, the ladies go,
Their ankles, it would seem, to show,
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!
*Chorus.*—Balking walking, &c.

There was a time when every lass
Just wore a "bustle"—which might pass—
But now 'tis one enormous mass,
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!
Before as bulky as behind,
By moderation unconfined,
Just one point stretched we shouldn't mind,
To suit the whim of womankind;
But Crinoline is more than such,
It really is a deal too much,
And makes the contour worse than Dutch,
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!
*Chorus.*—Balking walking, &c.

How long will English ladies troop
About encircled by a coop,
Composed of air-tube, bar, and hoop?
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!
The more you scoff, the more you jeer,
The more the women persevere,
In wearing this apparel queer,
Which is in cost extremely dear,
So much material it requires,
Which every husband's patience tires;
The fashion not one man admires,
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!
*Chorus.*—Balking walking, &c.

## DANCING AND DERANGEMENT.

Punch, In one of the papers I met with an amusing account of a ball, which took place the other day at a Lunatic Asylum, kept by a Dr. Skae, at Morningside, near Edinburgh. It stated that—

"About 200 of the inmates of the Asylum took part in the festivities, and danced with the most wonderful propriety, decorum, and grace reels and quadrilles; polkas, valses, and mazurkas being properly forbidden within the walls of the Asylum."

"I know you sometimes admit a little philosophy into your columns; will you then allow me to call the attention of your thinking readers to the remarkable psychological fact above-mentioned, that Dr. Skae's insane patients danced with peculiar propriety, decorum, and grace? Most wonderful, indeed, is the epithet which the reporter of the lunatics' ball applies to their performance. There is, however, nothing wonderful in it, but quite the reverse. Dancing is the natural expression of at least certain forms of insanity, and, indeed according to popular language, of madness in general, for it is common to describe a rampant maniac as 'dancing mad.' The bite of the Tarantula, recollect, excites a sort of delirium which expends itself in dancing. Certain religious madmen among the Mahometans express their feelings of devotion by dancing. Intoxication is often productive of attempts to dance, and champagne suppers will cause girls and young men who have been tired with dancing to go at it again till three or four o'clock in the morning, which people in their sober senses would never think of doing. These considerations would lead one to expect that mad folks would dance better than rational people, and to rest verified, instead of being astonished, on finding that they do. A short time ago a gentleman published a book, in which he proposed to cure insanity by inducing deranged persons to sketch at random, under the idea that their hands were guided by spirits. By this means, he said, that the insanity would run out at their fingers' ends. In the same manner, perhaps, when people abandon themselves to dancing, insanity may run out at the tips of their toes. But, if so, it must be a mistake to prohibit polkas, waltzes, and mazurkas in lunatic asylums; for, the more frantic the dance, the more frenzy would be discharged from the lower extremities of the patient.

"If dancing is indeed an effort of nature, by which she endeavours to cure, by giving vent to, madness, it ought to constitute the main treatment in every lunatic asylum; and, if it were, there is reason to believe that a harmless amusement would, in too many instances, be substituted, as a remedial measure, for the infliction of brutal outrages.

I am, *Mr. Punch*, your punctual subscriber,
"Hippocrates Heavyside."

"P.S. I am a martyr to the gout."

## IMPORTANT RESOLUTION.

At a large meeting, held last week at a fashionable watering-place, the following important resolution was put, and carried without a single dissentient. We must not omit to state that the Meeting in question had been called "on the sands," at the pressing request of several young ladies of distinction, and more or less beautiful, whose indignation had been moved to take this unusual step at seeing their legitimate rights most unwarrantably invaded by those who could establish no kind of fair claim to them.

This is the resolution:—

"Resolved—That the use of the Round Hat be henceforth discontinued by every young lady, who has any pretensions to taste, since the prevailing and questionable habit of elderly ladies, who are certainly old enough to know better, and who will persist in wearing it, has had the unhappy effect of bringing it into general disrepute, and vulgarising it to the extent of covering it with nothing short of universal laughter and popular abuse."

It is expected that an early evening will be appointed, when all the beautiful adherents to the above resolution will assemble on the Promenade, or some conspicuous spot, and prove that they are perfectly ready to make a large sacrifice in favour of their insulted cause, by having a tremendous bonfire, and throwing into it without any hesitation all their Round Hats.

Due notice of the date of the intended Meeting will be sent round on embossed paper to all the elderly ladies (above the age of 50), residing at the above watering-place, who are in the unblushing practice of usurping a style of *chapeau*, that, on every point, including that of lace, belongs to much more juvenile shoulders.

Great excitement prevails in all the circulating libraries. The young gentlemen, to a boy, take the side of the young ladies.

### Sweets for Sick Silkworms.

From a Report made to the Academy of Sciences at Paris by M. Quatrefages, it appears that the disease which has for some time prevailed among the silkworms is curable by sugar, administered by being diffused over their mulberry leaves. How small boys must envy silkworms whose physic is sugar! The sugar only tempers the black dose as a little something sweet in their cup of bitterness. What unalloyed enjoyment it would afford if, instead, it were spread upon their bread and butter.

*Young Practitioner.* "H'm, very odd—I must have made some Mistake; there's nothing the matter with *this* Tooth. Never mind, try again!"

## WHAT TO DO WITH THE LEVIATHAN.

Many ingenious contrivances have been suggested, but we like our own recommendation the best. We propose that she be maintained as a kind of sewer-vessel, for the purification of the Metropolis. Let the whole of the sewage of this dirty London be emptied into her many holds; and, when all of them are full, let her sail with the cargo right out to sea, and discharge it in the middle of the ocean, where no human nostrils are likely to be offended with it. This might be done once or twice a-week, and would triumphantly bridge over the difficulty of deciding as to what particular point of the river the metropolitan sewers are to favour with their fragrance. The *Leviathan* is so far stuck for finances, that her works, for the moment, are at a complete stand-still. Being commercially in rather low water, it would not take much to bail her out. We fancy the vessel might be had almost dirt-cheap; so that, as a speculation, it would promise to pay more than (s)cent per (s)cent. Besides, it would effectually sink all the disputes now raging as to the best system of drainage; and thus a sweet little gain would be effected of some dozen millions of pounds, that we are seemingly eager to throw into the gutter in the construction of drains, that no one seems to know how, or where, they are likely to turn out. In our opinion, the *Leviathan* would make a first-rate floating sewer; and, supposing economists objected to flinging so much wealth into the sea, means might easily be taken to turn it to profitable account for agricultural purposes. It would only be a graceful compliment to appoint Mr. Mechi commander.

### Punchius Sum, non Œdipus.

The real Sphynx would certainly have dashed out its brains in puzzledom at the following Riddle. *Mr. Punch* was "seized" last week in Paris, in consequence of his presenting a magnificent engraving of his Imperial Majesty as the French Sphynx. Then, after twenty-four hours, *Mr. Punch* was released. The riddle is: Why was he seized, if he was to be let go again? He offers a complete set of his works to any one who will solve this profound mystery.

## LAUNCH OF A NEW CRINOLINE.

A Lady of Fashion launched a new Crinoline last week in Kensington Gardens. The attempt was perfectly successful, several little boys, who had been attracted by the novelty of the sight, doing honour to the occasion by cheering lustily. A policeman looked on, but displayed, in addition to a new cape, his wisdom by not interfering. The Crinoline in question was built at the celebrated establishment of Mesdames Flounce and Furbelough, in Bond Street, on the second floor, though, we believe, the bold design and general contour of its fine sweeping proportions emanated in the first instance from the accomplished scissors of Mademoiselle Fanni Smith, (the leading architect of the firm, and German cousin of the first lady,) who studied, if we are not misinformed, for several years under some of the most talented mistresses of the divine art, in some of the most inspired *ateliers* in Paris. The boldness of the *coupure* is such that Michael Angelo himself, had Necessity driven him to work for a milliner, would not have been ashamed to have owned it for his handicraft. The workmanship is of the most exquisite nature, double silk having been used all throughout the building. It occupied six apprentices incessantly for five days, though they worked in their ardour of the cause not less than fourteen hours every day, and on one occasion, nervously anxious to sustain the reputation of the house that had guaranteed to send home the dress the following morning, they never went to bed at all! The high finish of the execution reflects the greatest credit on all concerned. It is a truly noble specimen of milliner's architecture, there not being a slip (we forget how many there are between the heel and the hip) but what is a perfect hit.

The following proportions will give some idea of the enormous size of this new Crinoline:—

| | ft. | in. |
|---|---|---|
| Extreme Length | 8 | 7 |
| Length on the pavement | 2 | 5 |
| Size of pocket for *mouchoir*, &c. | 3 | 7 |
| Extreme breadth across the shoulders | 2 | 6 |
| Extreme breadth round the base | 18 | 3 |
| Breadths let in afterwards | 5 | 7 |
| Depth of flounces | 1 | 6 |

Burden in pounds, 92 15-30ths.

The new Crinoline is Paris-rigged. Its colours are *chocolat au lait* on a rich bread-and-butter ground. The pennant flying at her head is a small *marabout* feather. The cost of its construction, with its fittings up and all, was little short of £42; a very insignificant sum, when we take into consideration the immensity of the dimensions, which are unquestionably the largest of any Crinoline that ever left the slips of a milliner's building-yard. A companion exactly similar was instantly put on the stocks of the establishment, and will be ready in ten days, if not sooner, the fair craft having received orders to cruise without loss of time in the Scarborough channel.

Notwithstanding her bulky build, the new Crinoline sails very lightly, doing easily, without pitching or rolling, her two or three knots an hour. She answers readily, too, when civilly spoken to.

The Crinoline started off capitally, though a momentary delay was occasioned by a tremendous hulk of a Newfoundland Dog coming in collision with the train that was beginning to spread out, with every bit of *moire antique* being stretched to its last stitch, behind, and so causing her to pull up a little too taut. She soon steadied, however, and, hoisting a Honiton veil, went off at a rattling pace, which she maintained with flying parasol for full two hours and a half.

Later in the afternoon she put into Grange's, and took in provisions, in the shape of an ice and a wafer biscuit; and afterwards, on her way home, scudding gaily through the Hyde Park roads, spoke with a Life Guardsman (*Knightsbridge*, A 1, entered at Almack's), with whom she exchanged signals of distress, lest she should be late for dinner.

The success of the Launch was the theme of ecstatic congratulation amongst the fair owner's young friends who happened to run in during the evening. One young lady went so far as to pronounce it "a duck of the first water."

### How to Make a Free Park.

Put a toll-bridge on each side of it. This is literally the case with Battersea Park. At one end there is Battersea Bridge, and at the other the new Suspension Bridge, and you are stopped for toll at each. By these protecting means your Park is perfectly free to those who can afford to pay a penny for admission to it. Moreover, it keeps the Park select and genteel, and effectually frightens away children.

## THE SCENTRAL BOARD.

There cannot now be the slightest doubt that the River Thames will be purified. The Metropolitan Board of Works has pledged itself to accomplish the feat, and has been meeting in the most zealous manner, in order to carry out the object. Father Thames himself is so convinced that all is right, that he has actually left off being particularly offensive, and is not much worse than any other foul ditch. *Mr. Punch* has promised to assist the Board in every way, and has great pleasure in announcing that he has been unanimously elected its reporter. He begs to offer the following *verbatim* account of the opening meeting, held at Guildhall on Tuesday last.

Mr. Thwaites took the Chair. He remarked, in taking it, that it was very dusty, and, as he had got a bran new pair of summer trousers on—(which he had had made for a picnic at Richmond, which had been put off on account of a wet day, for the weather had been variable lately)—he thought they would not be improved by contact with the unclean mahogany. He would therefore call in the Beadle, reprimand him soundly, and order him to wipe the chair at his own expense, and with his own pocket-handkerchief.

Mr. D'Ippanger saw one objection to this course. If the Beadle should say he had no pocket-handkerchief, the Board would be stultified, *pro tanto*.

Mr. H. L. Taylor did not know what *pro tanto* meant, unless it meant protestant; and he would tell the honourable member that he, Mr. Taylor, was as good a Protestant as he was, though he did not see why religious questions should be brought up at such a meeting as that. Religion had nothing to do with sewers.

Mr. D'Ippanger would simply reply that Mr. Taylor was a great ignorant Megatherium. (*Cries of Order.*)

The Beadle was called in and severely admonished by the Chairman. The former official urged, in his defence, that it was not his business to dust the chairs, but that of Mrs. Gapps, charwoman to the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Corporation.

Mr. Leslie said, that here was another instance of the shifting of responsibility, and by way of discouraging the system, he moved that the Beadle be ordered to dust the chair forthwith.

The Beadle said that he had every disposition to oblige, but his sense of duty compelled him to decline to lower the office which he had the honour to hold. Wishing, however, to meet the Board half way, and on the distinct understanding that it was not to be drawn into a precedent, he would order his little boy to come in and dust the chair. (*Partial applause.*)

Mr. Leslie said that if the Board allowed itself to be bearded by a Bumble, there would be no end to its humiliation. He moved that the Beadle be given in charge of a policeman for contumacy.

Mr. Doulton thought that the spirit of modern improvement lay in compromise, and he was for the little boy.

Mr. Carpmael thought it would be more respectful to the Board, if instead of having a dirty little urchin to wait upon it, the Beadle had directed his wife to perform the duty in question.

The Chairman said, that all this time he was standing, being unable to sit down in the dust. If the Board did not intend to support the Chairman, he should spread out a newspaper on the chair, and sit upon that.

Mr. Palmer said that the idea was bold and ingenious, and worthy of their excellent Chairman, but he did not see that it would much improve matters, for printers' ink would make most deplorable marks upon the honourable gentleman's trowsers. He would take that opportunity of asking him, who made the articles in question, and what was the figure?

The Chairman said, that if the honourable member would give him notice of the question he would be prepared with a reply.

Mr. F. Doulton said, that they did not appear to be making much progress with the cleansing of the Thames. (*Cries of Order, Shame.*)

The Chairman said, that the last speaker was doubtless actuated by a good motive, but was inexperienced, or he would have known that everything must be done regularly. A Board must have a Chairman, and a Chairman must have a chair, and the chair must be one he could sit in. He demanded whether the Beadle still adhered to his policy of inaction.

The Beadle intimated that no other course was open to him, but that he heard his little boy in the street singing *Poor Dog Tray*, and was willing to fetch him in to dust the chair.

Mr. Doulton moved that this proposition be accepted.

On division, this motion was carried by 16 to 7. The Beadle was called in, and the result announced to him.

The Beadle said that this was another instance of the folly of not striking while the iron was hot. While the gentlemen were dividing a Punch had come by, and his little boy, who was addicted to theatrical amusements, had followed the show. He might be half an hour—he might be two hours. Would they please to wait till he returned.

Mr. H. L. Taylor said, that if a boy of his were to demean himself by running about the streets after Punches, he, Mr. H. L. Taylor, would wallop him. (*Cries of Question.*)

Mr. Leslie would like to know the address of the charwoman to whom reference had been made. If she could be easily summoned, her attendance might relieve the Board from embarrassment. He regretted that they should have got into such a difficulty, but, being in, there was no retreat with honour.

The Beadle said that Mrs. Gapps resided in a court leading out of Gresham Street, but that she was gone, that day, in a van to Hampton Court.

Mr. H. L. Taylor said, that there was a pretty instance of the profligacy and extravagance of the lower orders. He never indulged himself with a van.

Mr. D'Ippanger reminded them that the question was not then of the van but of the rear. Would they enable their Chairman to sit down, or not?

Mr. Carpmael would solve the difficulty by proposing that the Chairman should sit down *de bene esse*, and that the Board should authorise the Treasurer to disburse to the tailor of the Chairman any reasonable sum that might be required to renovate his nether garment. (*Applause.*)

Mr. H. L. Taylor would protest, with all the indignation of which he was master, against so abominable a waste of public money. If the Chairman, instead of dressing himself like a swell, had attended like a man of business in a pair of honest corduroys, this debate would not have happened.

Mr. D'Ippanger. There would have been no Corduroy's *Colloquies*.

Mr. H. L. Taylor. You 're another.

The Chairman said, that he was so affected with the loyalty and good feeling that had been manifested towards him by the Board, that he should be ashamed not to meet them in a corresponding spirit, and therefore he would take his seat regardless of consequences. He took his seat accordingly, amid loud cheering, and as the discussion had already occupied the time allotted for the Meeting, the Board separated, and there is every hope that ere long its efforts will purify the noble river which has been entrusted to its care.

## THE JUDICIAL MIND ON DIET.

Great credit is due to Chief Baron Pollock for improving an occasion which presented itself in the course of a late action tried at Newcastle. A medical witness having described a particularly serious feature in the case of a patient deceased, stated, with reference to that feature, that "a vegetable diet, if the blood got thin, would be very likely to produce it." The report proceeds:—

"His Lordship. In all probability, then, if the deceased had eaten animal food and taken a little wine, he would have been alive and well now?

"Witness. Very likely.

"His Lordship. I should advise insurance companies in future to put among their questions to the insured, 'Are you a vegetarian?'"

The *obiter dictum* of the learned Judge, and the medical opinion which he elicited from the witness, may not only benefit insurance companies, but also convey a warning to those unhappy persons who abandon themselves to vegetables and unfermented liquors, by which weak and ridiculous regimen deluded and infatuated creatures bring themselves to untimely graves. It is a remarkable circumstance that British judges in general, if not all of them, are distinguished by a predilection for a very contrary, not to say a directly opposite, mode of living to that prescribed by vegetarians and total abstainers; and it is a comfort to think that such very good judges warrant us, both by their precept and example, in taking a little, though not too much, wine, and eating an ample, not an excessive, quantity of roast beef, and partaking moderately of other varieties of animal food and generous liquor, conducive to longevity and strength of mind and body.

Tobacchanalian Nomenclature.—The committee that sat with closed windows on the Thames was always spoken of, amongst the wags of the smoking-room at Bellamy's, as "the Council of Nine."

First Tourist (Zoological). "*In this lovely district, Sir, I have found fine specimens of Sertularia rosacea and Campanularia verticillata, Alcyonidium gelatinosum and Flustra foliacea, all of which are now numerous; it also produces the pretty little Sertularia pergosa, the latter may be known by its—*"

Second Tourist (Piscatorial). "*What bait did you use, now?*"

## THE SERMON MR. PUNCH READ IN THE STONES OF CHERBOURG.

TUNE—"*The Right Little, Tight Little Island.*"

You have heard how the QUEEN to Cherbourg has been,
And the "Marvels of Egypt" inspected:
How the Paris Press states, all who went to the Fêtes,
Have with peace and good-will been infected:
How the bells have been clanging, the guns have been banging,
(Of course in the friendliest manner);
And the English on shore have cried "*Weeve l'Omperoar!*"
While the Frenchmen have sung *Rule Britannia.*

*Punch* was charmed, he must own, such good feeling was shown,
And he trusts he may ne'er see it ended;
For of course it would be most distressing to see
All our friendly relations suspended!
But, while Peace be our prayer, we for War should prepare,
Ancient wisdom in prudence pursuing;
With our neighbours if we have a mind to agree,
We'd best do as our neighbours are doing.

There are Sermons in Stones: and at Cherbourg *Punch* owns
He indulged in some moralizations;
And the sermon he'd preach, is that Cherbourg should teach
Us to keep up our fortifications.
*Punch* says this in spite of GIBSON or BRIGHT,
But he hasn't a thought of alarming;
*Punch* would merely suggest, if at peace we would rest,
We should arm when we see our friends arming.

If JOHN BULL intends with the Frogs to keep friends,
And take JOHNNY CRAPAUD for his brother,
In fraternity we like twin brethren must be,
And neither be stronger than t'other.

Now, 'tis easily seen that the French coast has been
Much strengthened since Cherbourg has risen:
So friend JOHNNY CRAPAUD 'tis our duty to show
That *our* coast is strong quite as *his'n.*

Of course we all prize our gallant Allies,
As we've proved by our fraternizations:
Yet perhaps it is meet to keep up a good fleet,
Just to keep up our friendly relations.
Just for peace sake you see, 'tis as well we should be
Their equals at sea or on dry land;
So don't let us neglect the best means to protect
Our own Right little, Tight little Island!

## THE WINDING-UP ACT.

A GENTLEMAN brought himself up under the above Act for having neglected to set his watch right overnight. On examination of his antecedents, he elicited, after some hesitation, during which the witness had to refresh his memory with a bottle of soda-water, that he (the gentleman) had been dining "with a few friends" the previous day at the Crystal Palace. After this fact had been elicited, and clearly proved, the confusion of the witness became so great that the gentleman declined putting any more questions to him. Blame was cast upon the Salmon, and no one appearing to speak in its maligned favour, sentence (filled with anything but a complimentary adjective) was passed upon the piscine delinquent, and all the mischief attributed to its mischievous influence. It was laid down as an axiom in the ethics of the Table, that when a gentleman omits to wind up his watch overnight, the Salmon is the disturbing agent that stops the hands all round, human as well as horological, from doing their appointed work. The gentleman then proceeded to lecture the witness, and, after a severe reprimand for his gross neglect of duty, condemned him to take that day ten miles' hard exercise, without the benefit of as much as a glass of ale on the road. He was further warned not to let him (the gentleman) "catch him at that kind of work again."

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AQUATICS—WHEN THE BEES ARE SWARMING.

## THE PEACE CONGRESS AT CHERBOURG.

ALTHOUGH the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH is reputed a grave man, there is no doubt that, at times, he is exceedingly facetious. The rareness of his pleasantries may perhaps increase their drollness; but it is certain that his comic fits are always highly ludicrous. Notwithstanding he be so outwardly sedate in bearing, the EMPEROR seems inwardly ever pregnant with jocosity; and the rich vein of fun which he brings now and then to light shines the brighter for the seriousness in which it is imbedded.

As a specimen of the jokes which he occasionally cracks, we take the following bit of humour from the speech he made at Cherbourg, in reply to the address with which the Mayor received him. Half shutting his left eye, and displaying the merriest of twinkles in his right, said the EMPEROR:—

"I am happy to come to your city, to inaugurate in the midst of profound peace those gigantic works which were commenced by the EMPEROR, my Uncle, in the time of war."

Profound peace! Now, what joke could be richer than to talk thus of inaugurating "in the midst of profound peace," when every single step in the inauguration process was attended with the banging of some three thousand cannons. Having, doubtless, given orders for the most thundering of rows, the EMPEROR proclaims that there 's to be most profound peace. What a "sell" for the poor Mayor, if, acting on the faith of this Imperial remark, he took the cotton from his ears which he had prudently been stuffing there! Glancing at the picture which the *Times* gives of the *Fêtes*, in every other paragraph one finds phrases like the following:—

"Fleets and forts repeated their tremendous welcome, and the continued roaring of 3000 guns again thundered in our ears for more than twenty minutes. * * * This deafening salute was kept up with such incessant rapidity of firing, that the very frame of the listener seemed shaken, as if even the air smote him in its reverberation. * * * Their progress was marked with the same thundering compliment from the French fleet which accompanied every incident of note upon the water, and which shook the windows and knocked the soot out of the chimneys of almost every house in Cherbourg, when the wind lay town-wards. * * * Again the fleets saluted; the English ships as usual firing 21 guns each, giving gun for gun; but the French, with that terrific cannonade of 101 guns from each, three times repeated, till the whole town seemed shaken to its deepest foundations."

Profound peace! And this is what the EMPEROR considers "profound peace!" To the Imperial collection of *Idées Napoléoniennes* should assuredly be added his idea of "profound peace." It is completely *sui generis*: characteristic of the man, and as noteworthy, we think, as any of his notions. The EMPEROR's old dictum that *L'Empire c'est la paix* must be read henceforward in rather a new light. Kicking up a thundering row is the Imperial idea of keeping profound peace!

We have no wish to exaggerate; but as far as we have heard, the Peace Congress at Cherbourg was one continual cannonade. Even at this distance, of space as well as time, one's mental ears are deafened by the echoes of the thunder. The EMPEROR arrives—bang go the guns! The EMPEROR goes to bed—bang go the guns! The EMPEROR gets up again—bang go the guns! The EMPEROR goes out—bang go the guns! The EMPEROR meets the QUEEN—bang go the guns! The EMPEROR says, "How d'ye do,"—bang go the guns! The EMPEROR says, "Good bye!"—bang go the guns!

Bang go the guns! This was the key-note of the Imperial Peace Congress. Everything went off to the same unvarying tune. There was one unceasing roar throughout the whole proceedings. The only reports listened to were those of 90-pounders. There were several "great guns" in oratory present, but the only speeches audible were from the mouths of the cannon.

Nevertheless, for all his flourishing his iron talons in our face, the French Eagle is a dove: acknowledged bird of peace. Cherbourg is his nest, and Cherbourg (have we not Imperial assurance of the fact?) has been inaugurated in the midst of profound and perfect peace. The burnt-offering of gunpowder was intended as a peace-offering. Every ramrod that was used for it, was in reality an olive-branch; a smacking kiss of friendship sounded loud in each salute. Even at Cherbourg, *L'Empire c'est la paix*. According to the EMPEROR, Jupiter Tonans is the deity of Peace!

## QUOD AND QUARTERS.

WHAT a good plan for the punishment of offenders it would be, to convert all our barracks into gaols, and what a comfort it would be for the British soldier if we were to turn all our gaols into barracks! Only then we should have more barracks than we want to accommodate our gallant army, and too few gaols wherein to discipline our rogues and thieves. But as the end of punishment is to reform, that end would not be sufficiently consulted by the incarceration of criminals in dungeons so filthy and wretched as to kill them off in very large numbers. Therefore, although a shallow objection might be raised against doing things by halves, we should content ourselves with pulling down our barracks, and building others, as clean and commodious as gaols, on their respective sites, or in more healthy and pleasant situations. A British soldier ought to be rendered a little more comfortable anyhow than a British convict.

AGRICULTURAL INTELLIGENCE.—It is confidently expected that the harvest will be carried *nem. con.*

## A WONDERFUL TAKE OF TRAVELLERS.

A HOTEL-KEEPER at Boulogne succeeded a few days ago in taking three English travellers. The capture was remarkably easy, the bait used being a little bit of soft sawder, which goes down wonderfully well with certain English travellers, who swallow it, when artfully thrown, with the most voracious avidity. Having got them in a line, they were landed with comparative ease with a common fly that was caught near the *Etablissement*. The travellers are very fine specimens of their class, one of them weighing with his dorsal fin, that takes the singular shape of a knapsack, not less than 16 stone, 5 pounds and a half, whilst another (a splendid JACK) upon being measured from one extremity to another, was found to reach within a couple of inches of 7 feet. This astonishing take has produced the greatest excitement in the melancholy town, and countrymen keep pouring in from the adjoining villages to stare at them, as they are the first stray fish of the kind that have been caught this season.

The one that has large blue spots on the front of his breast, in outline not unlike a ballet-girl, seems to be the favourite. He is a little wild, and tried to escape the other morning, but was soon caught and pulled back by the tail; and, being effectually hooked by a *Commissionnaire* of the very sharpest fangs, that is never allowed to leave his side for a moment, he has since become quiet, and rather reconciled to his fate. They are fed three times a day, and take their food very kindly. In the evening, a little brandy is thrown into their water, which has the effect of making them very lively. If a cigar is offered to them, they will rise instantly, and snap at it, as though they were eager to smoke it. The landlord, who is very proud of his capture, has openly announced his intention of fattening them as much as he can, as he entertains strong hopes that they will yield him quite sufficient to support him, not only during the trials of this desperate summer, but to maintain himself and family, also, very comfortably through the severities of the ensuing winter.

## CHEAP TEETH.

IN the case of HOLMES *versus* LAWTON, tried the other day at the Yorkshire Assizes, the jury gave the plaintiff twenty pounds damages. The subject of the action was an assault, and the injury sustained was the loss of two teeth. British juries often form strange estimates of the value of things. They will assess the injured feelings of a disappointed damsel at two or three hundred pounds and upwards, and they value two of a man's teeth at twenty pounds. What wound inflicted on the softer sentiments, however severe, can be so bad as the loss of two teeth? In this case, moreover, the plaintiff was between sixty and seventy years old; a time of life when a man has at any rate no teeth to spare, and, in by far the greater number of cases, not any pleasure left but that of eating, besides that of drinking.

Twenty pounds would hardly buy a man a couple of artificial teeth; that is, if he went for them to an advertising dentist. No wise man would take any money for one of his teeth, and two of them ought surely to cost more than twenty pounds.

## A SPHINX IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

WHAT could be the meaning of the clover-seeds transmitted by PHIPPS in answer to the letter from the Mayor of Gravesend, requesting information as to the Royal will about the embarkation there on Tuesday week?

Did it mean that Gravesend had better make its hay while the sun shone; or was it a roundabout way of promising the town a good harvest from the loyal crowds attracted by a Royal Visit?

Or was it an easy way of saying, that PHIPPS and the Court were in clover where they were, and had no intention of changing their quarters? Or, that ALBERT was seedy? or, that hé, PHIPPS was seedy? Or could there be any hidden allusion to Ireland—the shamrock being a kind of trefoil, and trefoil a kind of clover? Or is it conceivable that PHIPPS, in a moment of levity, may have been tempted into an unbecoming play upon the words that "all flesh is grass," in allusion to *Graves*-end?

Or was it an enigmatic mode of expressing that the loyal inhabitants of Gravesend were to be 'planted,'—*plantés*, as the French say—left, with raised hopes and prices, in the lurch? Or could it be an oracular direction to the Mayor and Corporation to "spring up," and be about their work of loyal preparation?

We have only enumerated a few of the thousand solutions of PHIPPS's mysterious packet, which are current in the town. The libraries continue to be agitated with the wildest conjectures—and the two confectioners' shops in the High Street have had their anxious crowds of disputants on the subject for the last eight days. Mr. TROUGHTON's sleep has, we regret to learn, been entirely destroyed by the unnatural activity to which his brain has been stimulated by the dark riddle of the Phippsian clover-seed.

We wait in hopes of some authentic light being thrown upon the subject, for the sake of the excited population and bewildered Town Council of Gravesend.

### The Style of a Lady.

A COUNTRYMAN, who witnessed a lady lifting up her dress, exclaimed, upon beholding the numerous tiers of hoops that encircled her petticoat in the shape of Crinoline, "Well, may I be danged, if she arn't got a five-barred gate wropped round her."

## CALENDAR FOR THE NEXT WEEK.

*By Our Mesmeric Prophet, who, with half an eye, can always see into the middle of it.*

| | Aug. | |
|---|---|---|
| M | 30 | An elderly gentleman, travelling with his wife, six children, and two servants, upon being detained for six hours at a French Custom-house, is heard to inveigh very loudly against the system of passports. |
| Tu | 31 | A "Tremendous Gooseberry" appears in one of the Provincial Papers. |
| W | Sep. 1 | Sixty thousand persons pass over London Bridge, and yet the wall is everywhere heard that "there isn't a soul left in town." |
| Th | 2 | Upsetting of a Perambulator, and two children seriously injured. The nurse in command assures her mistress that it is "no fault of her'n," and calls a Life-Guardsman, who was near her at the time, to prove it. |
| F | 3 | Speechless astonishment of an English gentleman, upon witnessing a French Monsieur, in the topmost height of Parisian fashion, pocket the sugar as coolly as possible at a Boulevard Café. |
| S | 4 | A married gentleman, upon being met at Cremorne, declares—"It's singular, very singular indeed, for he never was there in all his life before!" |
| Ⓢ | 5 | Grand Morning Promenade in Petticoat Lane. |

### Submarine Telegraph.

THERE is no truth in the report that a Submarine Telegraph is about to be laid down between the Exeter Change Arcade and the Thames Tunnel. The traffic between those two arched thoroughfares is so slight, that it is evident it would never pay for the construction. Besides, there are so many engineering difficulties standing in the way, which we need not point out, that it is positively a loss of time, and a severe trial of one's temper, to contradict rumours that have not, and never are likely to have, the smallest foundation for them.—*Morning Advertiser* (*Third Edition*).

### Flowing Comparisons.

HENRY THE FOURTH, of France and Navarre, exclaimed, previous to changing his Sunday suit, "*Paris vaut bien une messe.*" We do not know whether London is worth a "*messe*," but it certainly has got one, that cannot be very sweet in the nostrils of the Church, in that large polluted mass of Stygian water, called the Thames.

## THE PYRAMID OF PEACE.

From the Paris Correspondent of the *Times*, we learn that:—

"The Emperor attaches so much importance to the visit of Queen Victoria to Cherbourg that he has ordered a pyramid of granite to be erected at the head of the new dock, to perpetuate the remembrance of that remarkable event."

For this extremely graceful act of fraternal recognition, we are deputed in the Queen's name to offer our acknowledgments; and, bubbling over as we are with irrepressible emotion, we must let off a sentiment to give our feelings vent. *Apropos* of the Queen's Pyramid we would venture to propose: May the peace which it commemorates be as solid as the granite of which it is composed, and stand on as secure a basis as its base!

As a pyramid, however, is not a common form of monument, there may be some questioning among weak-minded people as to why a pyramid should in this case have been chosen. We believe the reasons to be simply these:—

Although built for warlike purposes, the Emperor clearly intends Cherbourg to be all of a piece. Throughout his supervision as foreman of the works, he has adhered with marked consistency to the design on which they were originally planned. Among the latter day confessions which he made at St. Helena, his Uncle said he had resolved "to renew at Cherbourg the marvels of Egypt;" and being always anxious to follow most exactly in the footsteps of his uncle, the Emperor keeps before him this avuncular design. Foremost among the marvels he intended to renew, the Uncle made especial mention of the Pyramids; and this part of the renewal the Nephew carries out by putting up a pyramid in honour of our Queen, showing thereby his good memory as well as his good feeling.

As we happen to be always perfectly well satisfied with everything we do, we are perfectly content with this solution of the problem, why the Emperor chose a pyramid to commemorate the Queen's visit. Regardless of our lungs, and of the heat of the weather, we therefore beg to cry Hooray! to betoken our success. It is possible, however, that the Emperor's selection was determined by another and a still more kindly motive. Pyramids are usually square as to their base; and by the selection of this form of memento, the Emperor may mean to show he means to act "upon the square" with us. Perhaps imbeciles may question if his Majesty be so far acquainted with our language as to know what is meant by "acting on the square." But we won't be beaten off in this way from our ingenious supposition. From his long residence among us, the Emperor of course is well up in our slang, and moreover knows that it is becoming daily more and more a British Institution. It is therefore, doubtless, purely out of compliment that he thus allegorically uses it; wishing thereby to convince us that he still keeps up an intimate acquaintance with our tongue, and delights to cultivate our elegant accomplishments.

Hooray! (number two.) Again we've solved the problem. The French Sphinx, it is known, delights to be mysterious; but the deepest of his mysteries are invariably fathomable by the British *Punch*.

### A Parallel Case.

Inspired by the example of Belgium, which has summoned a Congress to settle questions relating to artistic and literary property at Brussels, the head-quarters of literary and artistic *contrefaçon*,—and in emulation of the organisers of the Congress, who have invited our Dramatic Authors' Association to send representatives to the Congress,—the Prigs of the Metropolis are about, we understand, to hold a congress on questions relating to property in watches, purses, and pocket-handkerchiefs, to which "the Back Kitchen" in Gray's Inn Lane will be requested to send representatives of its *Artful Dodgers* and *Charley Bateses*.

### PROSIT.

Mr. Bright, says the *Birmingham Journal*, is in Scotland recruiting his health. Of all the recruiting now in progress there is none to which we wish more success.

## COLD WATER FOR THE CONFESSIONAL.

*To the* Right Reverend Sam. Oxon.

Dear Sam,

The other day I saw the Rev. Mr. Shaw, and asked him how he was off for soap; whereupon he showed me your letter about Messrs. Gresley and West, and Auricular Confession. I was glad to find you in that document, declaring yourself against the Confessional; but I want to see a little more zeal on your part in opposing the endeavours which some of your clergy are making, to introduce it amongst their parishioners. For your own sake, you should look considerably more alive in this matter. As one of the heads of the clerical body, you doubtless suffer with all its members, particularly those in your own diocess, and some of these, if they go catechising women about the seventh commandment, and ordering them not to tell their husbands of the questions put to them, will assuredly get well horsewhipped, which will be very painful to you as well as to themselves. I declare that if I caught a parson confessing my wife I would give him a good hiding without the smallest respect for the cloth composing his M. B. waistcoat.

However, as you disapprove of the practice of Confession, let me congratulate you on a circumstance which perhaps you and the Tractarian party may not have considered. Our statutes include an Ecclesiastical Titles Act. Hitherto you may all of you have regarded that Act solely as a measure for rendering the Popish Episcopate illegal, and depriving it of the consequence which it would derive from recognition by the State. But a much more important effect of the Act than that, is the operation which it will have in frustrating a trick which might perchance be played by your friends the Puseyites. It will prevent them from seceding from the Establishment, and then pretending to call themselves the true Church of England. This they might do if Confession were prohibited, or if they were forced to marry divorced persons, or unite widowers to their deceased wives' sisters. But now if they take any such step, they will, thanks to the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, simply constitute themselves Dissenters.

Now, this is very fortunate, for the name of dissenting minister is very odious to a Puseyite priest; and the certainty of incurring it will discourage the Puseyites from setting up a Church for themselves. To check, by any just means, the progress of Puseyism is much more necessary than to arrest that of Popery, since the former is more objectionable than the latter, by reason that the priestly power which it exercises in the Confessional is subject to no regulation, and wielded by every young curate; moreover, the Confessional itself generally consists of a drawing-room or a library, with the usual furniture.

Here let me again urge upon you the expediency of trying, in good earnest, to put the dangerous and disgusting practice of Confession down. If you and your mitred brethren neglect to abate this Puseyite nuisance, we shall soon have a demand for the enlargement of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, by the prohibition of any territorial titles at all. In advance of "No Popery!" and "No Puseyism!" the people will cry "No Bishops!" and their representatives will give their voice effect. Be warned in time by your friend,

Punch.

P.S. Your friends, of course, did not foresee the operation of the Anti-Popish Act, and oppose it so violently as they did on that account.

## VERY QUESTIONABLE.

Mr. Bernal Osborne (whose long-suspended powers of speech are, we are rejoiced to say, fully restored) in his late discourse to his Dover Constituents, says of Mr. Disraeli,—

"He has got into very bad company; but if you will give him an opportunity, I think he, with Sir John Pakington and Lord Stanley, will be desirous of quitting it."

Considering the official bed-fellows Mr. Osborne has himself put up with, we cannot hope that the mere consciousness of bad company in office will drive Mr. Disraeli into better out of it. Unless, indeed, Mr. Osborne attaches a peculiar sense to the words "if you will give him an opportunity;" and means by them, "if he can be secured Office under another Administration."

### Gross Misnomer.

Considering the lively way in which Gravesend invariably comports itself, when selected for a Royal embarkation—the pretty little triumphal arches it runs up, the pretty little speeches it turns out, the pretty little girls it musters with pretty little flower-baskets, the pretty little addresses it emblazons with true lovers' knots and roses and posies and pansies—on such occasions, it ought to fling off its lugubrious name and be rechristened, by Royal permission, *Gay's-end*, for all time to come. Let the loyal Troughton look to it.

WE have received the following Telegram from our Scarborough Correspondent:—

"*Scarborough, August 6th:*—The weather is charming, although I do not feel much inclined for transactions of a business nature. I am decidedly better. My Doctor, a most sensible man, recommends me to take Horse Exercise, and go into agreeable Society. I endeavour to carry out his suggestions."

## SAM.

A MELANCHOLY BUT INSTRUCTIVE NARRATIVE, FOUNDED ON FACTS, AND ON HORACE SMITH'S "GEORGE BARNEWELL."

SAM SOAPEY stood at his Palace door,
Promotion hoping to find, Sir;
His Apron it hung down before,
And the tail of his wig behind, Sir.*
A Lady, so painted and smart,
Cried "Pardon my little transgression,
But I know what is next to your heart,
Now, what do you think of Confession?"
Rum-ti-iddi-ti-ti.

Her face was rouged up to the eyes,
And red was her ladyship's toggery,
And folks who are thought to be wise,
Recognised a professor of roguery.
A bundle of Keys at her waist—
Says she, "I can help you, Sir, that I can,
In the South I am very much graced,
And I live at a place called the Vatican."—Rum-ti, &c.

Her language his wits did bereave,
She proceeded to carney and gabble on,
And at last (which you'd hardly believe)
He smirked at the Lady of Babylon.
Says he, "I should get in a scrape,
Could my late and respectable Sire hark;
He'd frown should a WILBERFORCE ape
A sleek Ultramontanist hierarch."—Rum-ti, &c.

Says she, "Don't be frightened at names,
You've always to Rome had a tendency;
Stand up for Confession; your game's
To struggle for priestly ascendency.
Cut the priest a back-way to the house,
And you've cut through the isthmus of Darien:
Fathers, husbands, are not worth a souse
After that, my fine stout-legged Tractarian.—Rum-ti, &c.

"Let laymen surrender their rights
To the curate; he knows what his trade is;
He'll keep the wife's conscience from frights,
And he will 'direct' the young ladies.
Get the women but under your thumb,
No chance for the male interlopers,
They may talk and protest till they're dumb,
The priest has the sway—and the coppers."—Rum-ti, &c.

This counsel he took from his love,
And in Parliament's very next Session
He pleaded, with voice of a dove,
For "the excellent rite called Confession."
But Premiers are wary, and *they* can see
Whom 'tis expedient to lish up;
Lo! an archiepiscopal vacancy,
And SAM is *not* made an Archbishop.—Rum-ti, &c.

"If that Woman were here, dash my wigs,"
Cried he, "I'd come LUTHER and KNOX at her,
I'd slate the old mother of prigs,
And raise my episcopal *vox* at her.
I fancied I'd made such a rare book,
And now I'm in just the wrong box for't;
Had I stuck to my Anglican Prayer-book,
I should not have stuck BISHOP OF OXFORD."—Rum-ti, &c.

MORAL.

(*Too obvious to need telling.*)

* Hierarchical wigs have no tails, and hierarchical Oxford has no wig, but trifles must not quench the sacred fire of poesy.

DANGEROUS FLIRTATION, OR SAM AND THE SCARLET LADY.

## IMMENSE PROGRESS IN CHINA.

The Chinese negotiators with Lord Elgin and Baron Gros, have adopted (as we are informed by the *Times* correspondent) the word "*Plenipotentiary*" into the language of the Flowery Land. Considering that the Chinese tongue is without any equivalent for "lie," "honour," or "friendship," it ought to be the *diplomatic* language *par excellence;* and it would indeed be deplorable were it to remain without so long a word, with so little meaning, as the respectable polysyllable in question, which, no doubt, by this time, drags its slow length along in a series of gridiron-like monosyllables, as long as a coolie's cash-string, a Mandarin's pig-tail, or even the negotiations of Ti-en-si themselves.

## THE SCENTRAL BOARD.

The Scentral Board met again on Saturday last for the purpose of purifying the River Thames, and prosecuted their labours with an ardour which gives every assurance that before long the cleansing of the stream will be completely effected.

Mr. Thwaites, on taking the chair (which he remarked, with a smile, had this time been carefully dusted) said that the weather was changing again. It was beginning to rain, and he thought they would have a wet afternoon.

Mr. Wickings had no objection to the Chairman's making mythological remarks promiscuously, but he should oppose their being entered on the minutes.

Mr. Diffanger supposed that the honourable member meant meteorological, not mythological.

Mr. Wickings demanded what was the odds, so long as the honourable member was happy?

The Chairman said that they would now proceed to business. The Legislature had invested them—

Mr. Jones begged to interpose. The sun had come out, and was shining through the window right bang into his eye.

The Chairman suggested that the honourable member should move his chair a little.

Mr. Jones had two objections to that course. First, it was a temporising policy, for it was notorious that the sun moved, and would be a little further presently, and then he should have to move again; and secondly, the Chairman had no right whatever to desire him to remove from a place in which he had umbly endeavoured to do his duty.

Mr. Diffanger said that it was hardly fair to expect the Chairman to prevent the sun from shining. As to its moving, the honourable member had better ask one of his little boys about that.

Mr. Jones had no little boys. But as to the sun not moving, the honourable member must be a most ignorant person, and also an irreligious one, to deny that. Why, at the examination of their Charity Schools last week, he had heard a girl say something out of Dr. Watts about the sun standing still upon some occasion, which proved that upon other occasions it must move.

The Chairman begged that the Board would abstain from any theological controversy, and go on with business.

Mr. Jones was not going to discuss business with the sun in his eyes.

Mr. F. Doulton, to save time, would move that the blind be drawn down.

Mr. Lobscouse and other members opposed this, declaring that they wanted all the light that was to be had.

After some discussion a division was taken, when the motion for pulling down the blind was carried by 15 to 11.

The Beadle being instructed, in pursuance of the resolution, to pull down the blind, stated that there was not one.

Mr. Robinson moved that the shutters be closed, and this proposition being resisted, the Board was about again to divide when the Chairman pointed out that there were no shutters.

Mr. Wickings moved, that it be an instruction to the Chairman to order a blind to be made and fixed before their next meeting.

Mr. Doulton moved that it be a Venetian blind.

Mr. Jones opposed this. Venus was a heathen god, and they had nothing to do with him there.

Mr. Doulton explained.

Mr. Jones said that made matters worse. He had read that Venice was a hollowgarchy, and they wanted nothing of that kind in London. He moved for plain brown Holland, pure and simple, and on a roller with a spring. He had one in his back shop, and it worked uncommon well.

Mr. Robinson was an enemy to extravagance, but he thought a mere Holland blind was rather beneath the dignity of that Board. (*Applause.*) He proposed that a blind should be painted with the arms of the Board in transparency.

Mr. Brown was afraid the Board was seen through quite enough already. (*Murmurs.*)

The Chairman proposed a middle course. He had seen very good blinds in Tottenham Court Road, made of Holland, but painted with horizontal stripes in green, to represent Venetian blinds. He did not speak from positive information, but had reason to think that an estimate of one-and-ninepence for such a blind could not be appreciably exceeded.

Mr. Wickings said that he would be no party to a sham. He had read Mr. Ruskin's book, and, though he would not have the presumption to say he understood it, he had gained some knowledge of truth in art. The blind ought to be conscientious.

The Chairman had no objection, but did not see how conscience was to be got into a blind. Perhaps, as the sun had now gone in——

Mr. Diffanger. As clouds interpose between the luminary and this our earth.

The Chairman. Very right. The honourable member, being no longer inconvenienced, would be willing to proceed with business?

Mr. Jones would do nothing of the kind. The sun might come out again, and then they would have to renew their discussion.

Mr. F. Doulton offered to lend the honourable member an umbrella, to be used in the light of a parasol, if necessary. (*Applause.*)

Mr. Jones was not reduced to that strait that if he wanted an umbrellas or parasols either, or a pair o' soles, for the matter of that (*laughter*), he need be beholden to another party. He had money enough, thank Providence, to buy what he wanted. He stood upon a question of principle.

The Chairman said that Mr. Wickings had moved that a blind be put up. Mr. Doulton had proposed to insert the word "Venetian," and Mr. Jones had moved an amendment for substituting "Holland." Would he withdraw that amendment?

Mr. Jones would see the Board blessed first, and then he wouldn't.

The Board divided on the amendment, which was negatived by 19 to 7.

Mr. Doulton, to save time, would suggest that the matter be left to the discretion of the Chairman, who, he was sure, would endeavour to meet the views of all parties.

Mr. Lobscouse would throw out another suggestion. Suppose they did not have a blind at all, but had the window dabbed all over with putty. This would exclude the strong glare, but preserve the light.

Mr. Robinson thought that was a putty good notion. (*Roars of laughter.*)

Mr. Jones approved of the plan, but reminded the Board that the room did not belong to them, but to the Corporation of London, and therefore the putty would become a landlord's fixture.

The Chairman thought that might be arranged by valuation, or otherwise, and respectfully advised the meeting to agree to this plan.

The putty was agreed to with one dissentient voice, which bawled "transparency," and the Board, the usual hour of breaking up having arrived, separated. We congratulate the public on the progress which is being made in the cleansing our noble river.

### Historical Parallels.

An intelligent Constable, of the Q division, upon hearing a gentleman of large historical reading say, that the Duke of Wellington mentioned the word "Duty" in all his despatches, but never introduced the word "Glory" once, was so moved that he could not help exclaiming, "By Jove, that's precisely the case with the despatches we receive from Scotland Yard! There's a precious deal about 'Duty,' but not a blessed word about t' other thing."

Heaven-Born Smugglers.—Women. To avoid paying duty, is, with most women when they travel, a *custom* infinitely "more honoured in the breach than in the observance."

## OVERFLOW AT THE SEA-SIDE.

RAMSGATE is exceedingly full. There isn't a shrimp to be had for love or money, at Pegwell Bay. You can only have a last year's shrimp, and really a lobster caught overnight is much fresher, and almost cheaper. The bathing-women are reaping a harvest out of the sea. They are charging at the rate of 'sixpence a duck.' A young lady, of the name of BESSIE, who had ten ducks before breakfast, declares she can dine cheaper than she can bathe. Consequently, she has given up her bath, and has now two dinners a-day instead. There is an undue proportion of Jews and Jewesses at this their favourite Harbour of Refuge. The sands of a morning resemble a Mosaic pavement. SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE has a great deal to answer in focussing so many all on one spot. The fault is laid entirely at the door of his synagogue. There is scarcely a bit of fish to be had. The hissing that is heard every Friday reminds one of the first night of a prize comedy. There is a scarcity of gentlemen on the week-days, but on the Saturdays there is always an overflow. The overflow generally lasts till the Monday morning, when the black coats suddenly recede, and leave the shores in undisputed possession of the white muslins. This ebb and flow of the human tide at a watering-place is very singular, and we must endeavour, when Leisure offers us a spare five minutes (which Leisure, by no accident, ever does), to account for it. Perhaps, it may have something to do with the marital regulations, as influenced by the London till. Young gentlemen are exceedingly scarce. The youngest gentleman of the place cannot be less than forty-five, or forty-eight, if he is a day. He smokes short pipes, and looks as though he had been in the Spanish Legion. Yet this seedy monster in peg-top trowsers is made much of. The daughters of ABRAHAM (beautiful young *Jessicas!*) throw flowers and scented notes into the little window of his bathing-machine. In London, he would not be looked at without producing an instantaneous curl of the nose. A good-looking young fellow, with moustachios and flossy whiskers, and not more than five-and-twenty, and all his teeth perfect, would be carried in triumph over the town. After the first day, he would not have a lock of his hair that he would be able to call his own.

(*More in our next, if Ramsgate is worth it.*)

## SHEARING THE BEEFEATERS.

LAMENT, ye good old Tories,
Old England's setting sun:
Alas! her ancient glories
Are going, one by one.
The last drop of the barrel
We very soon shall see;
The Beefeaters' apparel
Discarded is to be.

And why this alteration,
So shocking and so strange,
The last sad perpetration
Of men inclined to change?
The Beefeater's large measure
Exceeding common bounds,
His clothes cost too much treasure:
The sum of fifty pounds.

Much good our diggings do us
With all their golden ore:
What profit are they to us,
If we have grown so poor,
That, spite of all the riches
Upon us that are poured,
Beefeaters' coats and breeches
We can no more afford?

The need for such retrenchment,
Plague on it! is too clear.
The fleet, to match the French meant,
*This way if they should steer;*
The army, to demolish
Allies, becoming foes,
Oblige us to abolish
Our Beefeaters' brave clothes.

## LOUIS NAPOLEON'S GUNPOWDER PLOT.

WHETHER or no the EMPEROR designed it to be such, there was every appearance to warrant the belief, that the Imperial *Fête* at Cherbourg was a gunpowder plot. Unsuspecting visitors were regularly taken in, and auricularly done for. Those who said beforehand they would "give their ears to go," were taken at their word; and, going, lost their hearing. The *fête* which they were promised turned out to be a feast of brimstone and saltpetre. *Toujours poudre* was the order of their diet. Every dish was a dose—"the powder as before." Anything but pleasant, we should think, were the results. Indeed, really the Imperial Gunpowder feast reminds one of the banquet in *Lucretia Borgia:* all the guests who came to it were poisoned—by the smoke. As soon as his dear friends were assembled safe in Cherbourg,

Then said the EMPEROR to his fiery crew:
"Up with the white smoke! cover the sky blue!
Fire on the water! fire on the shore!
Let the small arms rattle! let the big guns roar!"

So, besides being stifled, every visitor was stunned, unless his ears were bomb-proof, by being stuffed with cotton. Well, whatever History may say of the Imperial Saltpetre *Fêtes*, to use a vulgar phrase, they were certainly "bang up!"

### The Rating of Public Establishments.

THERE are great complaints made of the unfair exemptions of public establishments from local burdens. This can hardly apply to the Government Offices, for certainly, to judge by the abuse lavished on them at all hands, never were establishments more thoroughly rated. At the same time, it is quite clear that there is no danger of their being over-rated, while they continue to be managed as at present.

FORTUNATE ESCAPE.—There was a meeting of the Great Northern Railway Company on Friday, with MR. DENISON in the Chair. No lives were lost.

## A GAIN FOR THE PUBLIC EYE.

"LARGELY as the Round Hat has been abused by certain elderly ladies, who attempt in vain to rejuvenify themselves, it has certainly been attended," writes a young gentleman to his female cousin, "with one decided advantage. It has effectually displaced that fearful eyesore at all watering-places—the Ugly. It is indisputable that you see fewer Uglies now at the sea-side than you have done for seasons past. This is a clear gain for the Public Eye, for whereas the Ugly only made an ugly face uglier than it was before, the Round Hat has the pleasing merit of hiding the truth and even occasionally succeeds in persuading us that an old face almost looks like a youthful one. Moreover, the Round Hat is flattering to many faces, whereas the Ugly was universally unbecoming. It is for this reason, that I notice the alteration that has taken place in the stage directions of the fashions. All young ladies, prompted by good taste, should be prepared to follow the new movement, *viz.* 'Exit Ugly—Enter Round Hat.' It is an improvement on every head."

### Puseyism and Plush.

A FOOTMAN in a highly Puseyite family in Belgravia is named EDWARD. "Like master like man," says the proverb, and MR. EDWARD'S brethren in the plush, according to their custom of identifying one another with the gentlemen in whose service they live, call him, with a confusion of theological terms scarcely pardonable among such footmen, EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

### The French are Imitating Us.

PRINCE NAPOLEON is to be appointed High Admiral of France. Ridiculous as the appointment may appear to us, still we should refrain from laughing at it. We maintain that PRINCE NAPOLEON is just as well qualified to be High Admiral of France as PRINCE ALBERT is to be Field Marshal of England. Both countries have reason to be proud of the services of such distinguished heroes!

## QUESTIONS FOR THE CONFESSIONAL.

*Auricularly addressed to Young Ladies in Belgravia, and Elsewhere.*

HERE do you buy your gloves? and have you ever split your gloves in endeavouring to *encore* MARIO in one of his sentimental love-songs? and tell me what was your motive in so doing?

"How many novels have you read this season? and how many of the same touched upon the tender passion of love? and you must please try to give me a fair specimen of some of the most thrilling passages that bore upon that worldly subject, so that I may the more forcibly dissuade you against lending your mind to such evil influences.

"Do you recollect any one squeezing your hand, or treading on your feet, during the last month? and you must be candid in confessing whether you encouraged, or resented, the same? and also, describe to me your particular sensations on receiving those mundane attentions.

"How often have you danced the Polka since last I saw you? and don't you think it extremely sinful to join in any such disreputable dance?

"Do you ever breakfast in bed? Do you ever bang the door in a passion? Do you ever take hot luncheons? Do you ever take a glass more champagne than you feel in prudence you ought to do? and under what especial circumstances have you allowed yourself to be so carried away?

"What French novels have you read lately? and make an effort to give me a tolerable notion of the last one you happened to read, and, also, tell me by whom it was written, and whether you really enjoyed it, or not?

"Have you flirted much recently, and let me know what you consider flirting? and whether you are fond of it? and how far you consider it can be carried in safety without compromising yourself or injuring your character? and at the same time inform me, *s'il vous plaît*, with whom you like flirting best—parsons, or officers?

"How often have you been to Cremorne this season? and do not scruple to let me into the secret of what you saw on each occasion? and particularly whether you witnessed anything to shock you?

"Do you like pancakes best with sherry? or lemon juice? or a small glass of gin? and which of the three do you consider the least sinful? and how many pancakes can you eat?

"How many lovers have you? How many admirers can you boast of? and recount to me all they addressed to you the last time you met them, so that I may know whether it was proper or not?

"Who is your favourite—BOSIO, or PICCOLOMINI?

"Make no secret of telling me whether you believe in platonic love?

"Describe to me the nature of your dreams during the last seven days; and, mind you let me know whether you have had any offer of marriage since your last confession? or whether you think you are likely to receive one shortly? and from whom? and are you really distractedly fond of him, and why? Also, let me know what his religion is, as well as the colour of his eyes? and tell me what coloured eyes do you like the best!"

### Suspicious.

ARM-IN-ARM with his friend QUIDNUNC, *Mr. Punch* was passing the House of the French Embassy, on the night of Monday week—the anniversary of the *Fête Napoléon*. On a sudden, QUIDNUNC clutched *Mr. P's* arm convulsively, and pointed to the illumination *over* the portico of the DUC DE MALAKHOFF. "Do you see that?" he gasped out: "N.E., NAPOLEON, *Empereur*. V.A., VICTORIA and ALBERT," replied *Mr. Punch*, innocently. "Psha!" indignantly ejaculated QUIDNUNC; "don't you see the subtle compliment to Russia? N.E.V.A.!—from the River to St. Petersburg, from St. Petersburg to the Czar, and you have it at once." *Mr. Punch* admired the sagacity of his friend, and passed on in moody reflection.

CHINESE DIPLOMACY.—It is of the willow-pattern—always bowing, but never giving way.

## ARMY INTELLIGENCE.

FROM the Paris Correspondence of the *Daily News* we glean the following important piece of military intelligence:—

"The Imperial Prince who, it will be remembered, was enrolled in the First Regiment of Grenadier Guards a few days after his birth, and who has ever since drawn the pay of a private soldier, has just been promoted to the rank of Corporal. The following is the text of the order for his elevation:—

"'His Imperial Highness the PRINCE IMPERIAL NAPOLEON LOUIS EUGENE JEAN JOSEPH, matriculated No. 3,463, is appointed to be a Corporal in the First Battalion, First Company, in which there is a vacancy by reason of the transfer of CORPORAL PRONET to the Third Battalion, of the Fourth Company.

"'*Versailles, Aug.* 14, 1858.' "'DE BRETTEVILLE, *Colonel*.'"

These interesting details only whet our curiosity. Having learnt so much, we are naturally desirous to learn a little more. Everything which bears upon the military position, past and present, of the Prince is, of course, just now a matter of the very deepest interest. We should like to know, for instance, if the Prince has seen much service since he joined the Guards, and if he bears a character for being always at his post, and is relied on by his Colonel as one who does his duty. Moreover, we feel somewhat curious to hear to which of the three steps he now owes his promotion: whether he has gained it by purchase or by merit, or (which seems unlikeliest, we think) by seniority. As the Grenadier Guards is an infantry regiment, the Prince-Imperial is certainly in one respect well suited for it: but without intending the least bit of disrespect to him, we may doubt if any regiment ever had a Corporal of so diminutive a *corpus*. His regimental comrades must be rather small in stature, if his Highness (save the mark! we should rather say his Lowness) be accounted and enrolled as up to regulation height. The regimental standard must be down to baby-measure, seeing that his Highness was admitted in his cradlehood. If their stature were like his, the Grenadiers were literally all brothers, then, in arms: and although, as we now hear, he has since risen in the ranks, he cannot have risen more than six or seven inches. In fact, however well his officers may think of him, it were quite a stretch to call him yet a soldier of high standing.

There is another point, moreover, upon which we are no less desirous for enlightenment. We are informed that his small Highness has been drawing private's pay almost ever since his birth. Now we sadly want to know—what has he been doing with it? Has he been investing it? and if so, in what security? Or has he been spending it in buying vital necessaries; such as "baby's bassinettes," pinafores, and pap. If his Highness has been regularly drawing private's pay (by the way, we should extremely like to see a sketch of that same drawing), it is of course quite possible he may have also drawn his rations: and if they consisted of food proper for his age, he would not have found it necessary to spend his pay in pap. The Prince-private would in this event have doubtless had a surplus to lay out as he liked: and if he be of an unnaturally saving disposition, he may have put it in a money-box, or perhaps have handed it to his Mamma to keep for him. For aught we know, his savings may be safe now in the Savings'-bank: or be elsewhere placed at interest on a deposit account. Were he resident in England, the fittest bank that he could go to would certainly be CHILD'S. But we can hardly think him gifted with such precocious prudence. The military mind is in general not a saving one: and it is far more probable that, with the usual thoughtlessness of military youth, he in fact has not put by a single farthing of his pay, but has laid it out in lollipops and squandered it in suckers.

One more remark, and we (reluctantly) must leave this interesting subject. When we hear that the Prince-private has recently been "elevated," we accept the phrase, of course, as referring to his rank. Our imagination shrinks from picturing the Prince in what is slangily regarded as an "elevated" state. We often hear that infants show a fondness for "the bottle;" but the bottle they indulge in cheers without inebriating, and does not produce those sad effects GEORGE CRUIKSHANK has depicted. Yet, even were the term accepted in this sense, it need by no means follow that disgrace would be implied by it. The Prince-private may perhaps have been commanded to get drunk, and have been doing his duty strictly when discovered to be "elevated." Within the present century the French troops have, we know, been served with rations of champagne; and have been acting under orders in taking their full swill of it. At present there, however, would be no need of champagne to "elevate" his Highness. Quite strong enough to muzzify the Prince-Imperial's head would, we fancy, be a bottle of Imperial ginger-pop?

### Wooden Walls v. Stone Ones.

WHEN MR. LINDSAY observed to the sick but still sardonic ROEBUCK, at Cherbourg, that the French could not man their yards, "No," replied the *pétillant* Member for Sheffield, "but"—(pointing to the vast ranges of barracks in the arsenal yards) "they can yard their men!"

Malicious Swell in the Stern Sheets (to little Party on the Weather Quarter). "*Splendid breeze, isn't it, Gus!*"
Gus (who, you see, has let his Cigar go out). "*Ye-es; but I say, what's o'clock? Isn't it time to turn back?—What d'ye think?*"

## MULIERES CAUDATÆ.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"You can be serious when you please; and there is one subject on which I wish that for light satirical comment you would substitute grave animadversion. I allude to Crinoline. When men write about female peculiarities, and especially women's clothes and ornaments, I know they are expected to write, as it were, in a titter. In many cases it may be well to comply with the popular demand for jocularity in reference to the other sex, and to discuss it, and the things that belong to it, in the same spirit as what usually pervades a speech made after dinner upon proposing the health of 'the ladies.' But Crinoline is an exception to this rule. It is not a mere folly. It is an intolerable bore. It is incommodious to the wearer and all who come near her—that is, as near as they are able to get to her. The sight of it has grown wearisome, insomuch that diversion has ceased to be afforded by its ridiculous appearance. But the greatest objection to it, that which constitutes it a really serious eyesore, remains to be stated.

"We have heard a great deal of late years about the progress and elevation of Woman (with a large W.) and all that sort of thing. Now Crinoline is not only evidence that all this is mere fudge, but proves that it is altogether the reverse of true—Crinoline shows that Woman has retrograded instead of having progressed. Ladies of quality have got back to LADY BELLASTON, and her hoops: LADY BELLASTON not satisfied with her natural conformation. If this, however, were all, it would not signify much; but all the women of England have followed the ladies of quality. And they in the first place followed somebody above them, supposed to be EUGÉNIE, the Empress of the French. Her Imperial Majesty, it seems, has been the bell-ewe to our superior classes in this matter of Crinoline.

"Now this is not a thing to be laughed at, or treated with levity; it is a fact very disgraceful to the women of England. The gregarious disposition evinced by the female mind in general is a very unpleasant subject to think upon. It suggests terrible misgivings about human nature; for if a woman is an essentially instinctive creature, what is man that is born of a woman? But there is this particularly degrading circumstance connected with Crinoline, that it is a fashion copied from the costume of a continental monarch's wife. It is flunkeyism in petticoats, and the worst of flunkeyism—the worship of foreign power. Plush is a fashionable material for the dresses of ladies; I marvel that they now wear anything else. What will the sons of such mothers be? What will become of the next generation? Our men have contemptuously resisted the attempt made to introduce peg-top trowsers into this country, but will not our boys take after their Frenchified mammas? If they accept French fashions, they will not reject French ideas. Our fathers were quite right in associating Popery and slavery with wooden shoes.

"The foregoing remarks are equally applicable to the little bonnets worn on the occiput. Pray, do not jest any more about them, but denounce them in the strongest language that your subscribers will stand. They, too, are the badges of what would be slavery if it could, and humiliating evidences of irrationality and imitative instinct. Instigate the sensible women of England, if there are any, to hold public meetings and assert their independence of French dictation, by resolving to relinquish Crinoline and occipital bonnets. Then they will also assert their superiority to the brute creation, which is now rendered doubtful by their sheepish and simious gregariousness, and also by the appearance, created by their Crinoline hoops, of a natural tail extending underneath their hinder garments. Going about, as they do, with the action of a duck out of water, renders this appearance the more conspicuous, and if LORD MONBODDO could revisit the earth, he would doubtless think that the weaker portion of the human race, at least, had reverted to the condition of the *homo caudatus*. I am no pump, as I may appear to be because I am in earnest, and because I shall subscribe myself

"CATO."

"P.S. I do verily believe that, if the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH, or whoever she may be that creates the fashions, were to stick a bone through her nose and tattoo her face, our womankind would follow her example."

### Slavery in England.

AT the Custom-house at Ramsgate, last week, there were advertised "SIX BUOYS FOR SALE." MRS. MATERFAMILIAS instantly wrote a pathetic letter to LORD BROUGHAM, to ask him if he, or some other staunch Abolitionist, would not interfere to prevent these dear "buoys," some of whom she had heard had only just been launched into this world, being sold into slavery.

AURICULAR CONFESSION.—"It is as much as I can do to believe my ears!"

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## THE HAWTHORN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER I.

MY dear MR. PUNCH,

"WHEN I left word at my Chambers that I had gone into the Country on urgent business, I think I was guilty only of a *pia fraus* in yielding to the weakness of human nature by embracing an opportunity of exchanging the reeking pavements of London for the shades of Hawthorn. I don't exactly know what the thermometer now stands at in London, as my excellent host, MR. HAWTHORN, is one of the old school, and reads the *Morning Herald*, which we receive here on the second day after publication; but, after all, the thermometer does not much affect us; among the cool shadows of the stag-headed old oaks, that stand knee-deep in fern, within a stone's throw of Hawthorn Manor.

"Hawthorn is not exactly what you would call an accessible place in these days of railway locomotion. A journey thither involves an early start from London; about 150 miles of broad gauge, and half as much of narrow, to a place where the trains only stop by signal. Thence a coach, which goes wonderfully 'across country,' takes one for twelve miles to the top of a lane, at which point the traveller (if expected) finds a dog-cart, and, if not expected, a four mile walk of remarkably ill-repaired 'accommodation' road, as it is facetiously called.

"I was expected. The dog-cart received me and my traps, and my dignity rose at the polite touch of the hat and the cheery 'Good Evening' frequently offered by homeward-bound labourers, at sight of the well-known Hawthorn livery—a style of address in pleasant contrast with the 'Now, then! where are you a shoving to?' of overcrowded London life.

"The Manor is an old rambling place, overgrown by ivy and creepers; the floors are mostly of polished oak, and the walls of the Entrance Hall are adorned with 'guns and pikes and bows.' Moreover, there are long corridors of bed-rooms, hung with rows upon rows of old family portraits, the histories attached to which, lead one to the conclusion that the various members of the line of the Hawthorn have combined a fair proportion of the vices and virtues of the respective periods over which it stretches. DAME ALICE HAWTHORN, 'for whos sowle allé pepel' are desired 'to praie,' according to the inscription on her monument in the Parish Church chancel, founded an Abbey—*temp. Henrici Quinti*—and her grandson, who lived in the time of HENRY THE EIGHTH, robbed it. KATE HAWTHORN held the old House, in a three weeks' siege, against a regiment of CROMWELL'S troopers, and MARY, her niece, migrated to New England with the Puritans, just in the same way as we now often see two sisters—one of whom worships at St. Barnabas, while the other sits under the REV. SPURGEON. Then there seems to have been one very fast HAWTHORN, —fast even for CHARLES THE SECOND'S Court—who appears in a tremendous periwig and a rich suit of that Monarch's highly ornamental reign; and there is a respectable old party in a soap bubble wig, who sailed under SIR CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL—and a pleasant looking man (my host's father) at the age of twenty-one, in what now constitutes a Civilian's Court dress, conducting a lady with her hair dressed on a pillow, and a towering hat on her head, up a very straight avenue, preceded by a little dog. And, as a matter of course, our host figures in the uniform of the Hawthorn troop as they appeared when reviewed by GEORGE THE THIRD.

"Add to these remnants of antiquity, an Old Butler, Old Ale, and Old Port, and I think you will say, *Mr. Punch*, that I am not a bad judge when I stick to the ship down here, though it is so difficult to get aboard. By the bye, I see I have omitted to mention a pretty oval-faced, brown-haired, bell-voiced girl, of about nineteen or twenty, with a clear, ringing laugh; her name is LAURA HAWTHORN, and she is five years older than when I saw her last. Oh, *Mr. Punch*, what a difference there is between fourteen and nineteen! She is at the head of affairs here, and will succeed to all her grandfather's property.

"Supper was so good, and I was so hungry, and the conversation was so cheery and pleasant, and LAURA'S songs were so English and honest, and refreshing after a long course of VERDI, that I went to bed with a conviction that my slumbers would be light and pleasant. My equanimity, however, was much disturbed by the discovery of a small parcel, containing a flannel cricketing cap, bound with dark blue, a blue neckcloth, and a little note which ran thus:—

"'DEAR CHARLES, I hope you will like the enclosed.

Yours ever, LAURA.'

"What could it mean? We had been very intimate in old days? My name is CHARLES. The room was prepared for *me*. Can you wonder, *Mr. Punch*, that when fatigue had fairly won the battle over sleeplessness, I dreamt that old MR. HAWTHORN had passed away like SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY, and that I was giving directions to the architect for a comfortable smoking-room for the long winter evenings, with LAURA'S full concurrence. I was awakened in the night by a banging of doors and a bumping of boxes. At first I thought it must be the Hawthorn Ghost, and then I dropped off again, and slept with that deep and sound sleep, which is the happy privilege of the MUFF family, till next morning. I was awakened by LAURA'S maid knocking at the door, and requesting me to give her out a small parcel, which was on the drawers. In fear and trembling, I handed out the little parcel, small note and all, and I own that I kissed the latter article.

"I dressed, and went down to breakfast, and found a tall stranger sitting at LAURA'S right hand, and looking offensively at his ease. Had I been disturbed last night? CAPTAIN BLUFFINS had arrived so very late. This was BLUFFINS. LAURA introduced him to me with that equivocal addition, 'my Cousin!' I can't deny it, the man was a fine man,—a broad-shouldered, quick-eyed, tawny-moustached man—though confound him, he had that identical blue neckcloth round his neck, and his name—I need scarcely add—is CHARLEY. 'MUFF, my boy,' whispered common sense, 'smother your emotions, and take the change out of that cold pie.' I obeyed the inward monitor in both respects.

"It was Sunday morning. We went to Church like good folks, and I must own my conviction that red cloaks and white smock frocks *look* more like church-going than LADY WILLOW'S and LADY WHEEZER'S crinoline and basketwork contrivances, which annoy me so excessively in my London sitting, and my thoughts were pleasant and collected. Just after the Confession, the whole congregation were disturbed by the entrance of a fine-looking man in a velveteen jacket and white trowsers; heads and bonnets went together all over the little Church. Let me hope LAURA HAWTHORN is so good, that she can afford to let her thoughts wander sometimes; she certainly leant over to CAPTAIN BLUFFINS in a very excited state, and whispered loud enough for me to hear, 'The Blacksmith is going to bowl to-morrow, for he has got his white trousers.' As I subsequently discovered, the Blacksmith bowls by prescription as his father did before him, and I at once foresaw an impending cricket match.

"After luncheon, MISS LAURA gave us (BLUFFINS and myself) permission to smoke a quiet weed under the trees by the river; and not only were we graciously indulged in this particular, but she conspired with the old Butler to send some cool drink out to us in an old tankard, and better still, came herself.

"'Now about the Match,' said BLUFFINS; 'LAURA ought to have told you before, but we have a match to-morrow against the Garrison—Oh! You've no cricketing togs; of course, I will lend you some. You are out of practice! So am I. Let me see—we want a long stop. You were an old Winchester man. Of course you play?'

"I am free to confess, *Mr. Punch*, nothing but LAURA'S presence saved me from breaking out into unsabbatical and unparliamentary language. In vain I protested and pleaded; the brutal BLUFFINS was inexorable, and LAURA HAWTHORN finished me quite by saying, 'Oh, MR. MUFF, you *must* be our long stop.'

"If I am killed at my post, *Mr. Punch*, you are my residuary legatee, and sole executor. If I survive, you shall have the particulars of this match.

"Yours, faithfully, but in mortal funk,

"CHARLES MUFF."

### An Example to be Followed.

IT seems that the Atlantic Telegraph cannot do more than five words a minute. Ladies would be wise to imitate this great economy in verbal expenditure. They would not be able, perhaps, to talk so much—which would be a sad punishment to their pretty rosy lips; but then they would find that the gentlemen would listen more. Moreover, they would find that, not only would a greater value be attached to what they said, but their words, as in the case of the Atlantic Telegraph, would go a great deal further. Therefore, our advice to the fair sex is:—"Ladies, as you love and admire us, please, not more than five words a minute!"

CON BY ONE OF THE COMMISSIONERS IN LUNACY.

WHY is a pic-nic like a perfidious reptile?—Because it's a Snak(e) in the Grass!!!

## A WET BLANKET AT WINDSOR.

WILL it be believed that any gentleman could be so genteel as to have penned the following lines, which occur in a letter to the *Windsor and Eton Express*, relative to what was intended to be a jollification, entitled "The Literary Institution *Fête?*"—

"SIR,—May I beg the favour of a small space in your paper, in order to disclaim any further connection with the management of the forthcoming Fête at St. Leonards.

"The *pro. tem.* committee, having determined to engage 'Punch-and-Judy, dancing-dolls, nigger-song singers, &c.,' for the delectation of the company—but especially for that of the ladies, in addition to the ordinary amusements of dancing, archery, cricket, quoits, and various games of ball, the whole affair is made so near an approach to the low-lived fairs, which are now so generally condemned, that I cannot consistently have further to do with its management."

The letter is signed THOMAS CHAMBERLAIN, Hon. Sec. What manner of man is MR. CHAMBERLAIN? Is he a saint of the melancholy and Sabbatarian species? Does he object to "dancing, archery, cricket, quoits, and games of ball," or is he scandalized only by "Punch-and-Judy, dancing-dolls, nigger-song singers, &c.?" If not a saint, is he a retired Beadle?

If MR. CHAMBERLAIN is a serious character, we would beg him to reflect seriously. He alludes, apparently, to all the amusements above-enumerated as "low vulgarities." We presume that he at any rate thinks *Punch and Judy* vulgar. That is a hard word. Let him say, "popular" instead, and consider how fine a thing for the nation is the popularity of *Punch and Judy*. There can be no doubt that the energy and perseverance of the British race are largely owing to the lessons which are beaten into their infant heads by the all-conquering cudgel of *Punch*, and that his reckless atrocities inspire youth with daringness, and blunt those too delicate sensibilities which constitute a spooney. We are afraid MR. CHAMBERLAIN, when he was a little boy, did not see enough of *Punch and Judy*.

## THE REVEREND PAUL PRY.

I HOPE I don't intrude,
You ask me who am I
Who dare to be so rude?
The REVEREND PAUL PRY.
I trust I find you in
A penitential mood,
Tell me; are you in sin?
I hope I don't intrude.

About my business
Ah! bid me not to go.
Your sins you must confess,
Because I want to know.
That you've committed some
I safely may conclude;
Out with them, now then, come:
I hope I don't intrude.

Discover to me all
The naughty deeds you've done;
Relate your every fall,
Without omitting one,
Your errors, grave or light,
Whate'er their multitude,
I'll thank you to recite:
I hope I don't intrude.

No circumstance conceal,
Let everything be named,
However you may feel
To mention it ashamed.
Some questions I've to ask
Which you must not elude,
Be pleased, then, to unmask:
I hope I don't intrude.

Your thoughts you must unfold,
To no inquiry dumb,
Because I mean to hold
You underneath my thumb.
My ears will quite devour
Your shrift; for that's the food
Whereon thrives priestly power:
I hope I don't intrude.

## CALENDAR FOR THE NEXT WEEK.

*By Our Mesmeric Prophet, who, with half an eye, can always see into the middle of it.*

| | Sept. | |
|---|---|---|
| M | 6 | A Member of Parliament, who is never listened to in the House, goes down to his Constituents, and lectures them most cruelly (on the principle of one bad return deserving another) in a long-winded speech of at least three columns long. |
| Tu | 7 | Rumour of another Reform Bill under the process of incubation—making about the fifteenth the House will have to sit upon next Session. |
| W | 8 | A British Traveller, upon being charged in his hotel bill with a pair of wax-candles, insists upon taking them away with him, making in all fifteen pounds of wax candles that he has collected during a journey of seven weeks. |
| Th | 9 | The annual discussion as to the authorship of the *Letters of* JUNIUS takes place in the literary journals. |
| F | 10 | An "Extraordinary Cabbage," is accurately weighed to the quarter of a pound, and served out with "a Shower of Frogs" to the customers of a Provincial Paper. |
| S | 11 | A Railway Meeting of rather a tempestuous character takes place, at which want of confidence is expressed in the Chairman, the Directors, the Secretary, the officials, the porters, the safety of the line, the soundness of the boilers; in fact, every one is dissatisfied with everything and everybody. Several compliments are exchanged between the Chair and the Shareholders, and a general tumult, and miscellaneous combat only prevented by the interference of the Police. The result of "No Dividend" pleases nobody. |
| S | 12 | A lady of colossal fashion, who follows *les Modes de Paris* as fast as the unwieldy size of her Crinoline will allow her, cannot get through the turnstile of the Zoological Gardens, on account of the voluminousness of her dress. The Sabbatarians knowingly aver that "it serves her right," for wickedly presuming to go to such a place on the Sunday. |

### Benefit of Clergy.

THE conduct of GRESLEY & Co., and the other reverend gents who are trying to introduce the Confessional into the English Church, has been palliated by a kindly and tolerant buffoon on the ground of being clerical error.

## THE ART OF NOT QUARRELLING.

*Sensible Husband.* "How is it we never quarrel, MRS. XANTIPPE? Well, I will tell you. You see, for a quarrel, and especially a good quarrel, it is necessary to have two parties. One person can't make a quarrel. Now, if I am in a quarrelsome humour, and break out, my wife remains cool and collected, and doesn't say a word. If my wife is peevish, and displays more temper than is becoming to one of her beautiful sex, I, her husband, remain as unmoved as the monument, or else cheat myself into the belief that I am listening for the moment to one of GRISI's heavenly songs. Thus, whilst one party is volcanically fuming, the other is as calm as a cold potato. In all our quarrels, there is in this way always a controlling power. Seriously, we never quarrel, because there is a philosophic compact between us never to quarrel together. *We only quarrel one at a time;* and it is astonishing, if you leave a quarrel alone, how very soon it dies out! That's our secret, Madam, and I should advise you, and all Xantippes, to follow it."

## HUMANITY ON HORSEBACK.

SOME people will ride a hobby to death. Unfortunately there are some cases in which the hobby is a real horse. The subjoined paragraph, from the *Manchester Examiner* records one of them:—

"PONY MATCH AGAINST TIME FOR £10.—On Saturday last, a pony, the property of a MR. HARRISON, of this city, started from the Old Boar's Head, Withy Grove, at 4·10 A.M. to go to Liverpool and back in eleven hours, which feat was accomplished in ten hours and twenty minutes. Upon the completion of the task it was found necessary to place the pony under the care of a veterinary surgeon. The pony, however, died at six o'clock on Sunday morning."

Does the law against cruelty to animals not extend to Lancashire? Perhaps the demands of humanity may be considered to be sufficiently answered by the Factories Act, intended to prevent children from being killed by overwork.

## THE SENIOR WRANGLER TO HIS BRIDE.

*Being a Mathematical Madrigal in the simplest form.*

HARMER, on a given straight line,
And which we will call B C.,
Meeting at a common point A,
Draw the lines A C., A B.
But, my sweetest, so arrange it
That they 're equal, all the three;
Then you 'll find that, in the sequel,
All their angles, too, are equal.

Equal angles, so to term them,
Each one opposite its brother!
Equal joys and equal sorrows,
Equal hopes, 'twere sin to smother.
Equal—oh, divine extatics—
Based on HUTTON's Mathematics!

## THE SCENTRAL BOARD.

THE usual weekly meeting of the Scentral Board took place on Saturday last, when further and important progress was made in the arrangement of plans for purifying the River Thames.

MR. THWAITES took the Chair, and begged to apprise the Board, that in pursuance of their resolution of the preceding week, he had invited estimates from several of the most eminent painters and glaziers for dabbing with putty the window before them, so as to exclude the dazzle of the Sun. He had not had opportunity to consider these documents, but would give them his earliest attention.

MR. JONES said that such delay was most unbusinesslike and untradesmanlike. If it lasted much longer the fine weather would be gone, and then the window would not want puttying.

The CHAIRMAN said, that so long as he had the honour of presiding at the Board, there should be no concession to temporary clamour or impatience, but everything should be done with deliberation and order.

MR. JONES said that he was evidently the victim of the Chairman's hatred. He had made himself obnoxious by his plain speaking, and the Chairman was trying to drive him out by means of the Sun, but he could tell the Central LOUEY NAPOLEON—(*Cries of Order.*) Well, then, he would tell MR. OLIVER CROMWELL THWAITES.—(*Order, order.*) He had been to the Britannia Saloon. (*Question, question.*) It was the question. He had seen Ajax defying the Lightning, and he begged to say that he defied the Sun and the Chairman too. (*Sensation.*)

MR. DIFFANGER said, that the honourable member had likened himself to Ajax, but he must be permitted to say that the honourable member rather reminded him of a friend of Ajax, named Teucer, who was remarkable for drawing the long bow.

MR. JONES said, the honourable member was another.

The CHAIRMAN disclaimed any hostility to MR. JONES, whom he honoured as a colleague, liked as a man, admired as an orator, reverenced as a churchwarden, venerated as an inhabitant householder, and adored as a respectable greengrocer. Now, perhaps, they might cleanse the Thames. (*Applause.*)

MR. LOBSCOUSE said, that he thought they ought to be furnished with maps of the Thames. He felt the need so much, that he had brought in his pocket the only map he could find, which was his little girl's puzzle-map of England, and he begged the Board would wait while he put it together.

The CHAIRMAN said, that there could be no objection to so reasonable a request.

The putting the puzzle together occupied the honourable member, and some of his colleagues, a considerable time, and at last it was found that the pieces representing Kent and Essex, were not there.

The CHAIRMAN said, that he would have a large map hung up against the wall by their next meeting. Meantime, he thought they might assume that the Thames ran through London.

This was unanimously agreed to.

The CHAIRMAN then said, that they would probably also agree to assume that the Thames was a tidal river.

MR. BROWN. But not a tidy one. (*Roars of laughter.*)

The CHAIRMAN (*smiling*). But not a tidy one. The whole case was tied up (*sensation*) in that phrase. Well, now it was for them to consider how to tidy the river. And first they must inquire what made it objectionable.

MR. WICKINGS said that, if the Chairman was going to talk unpleasantly, he, for one, should leave the room.

MR. ROBINSON said, he had read that a great man had said they could not make revolutions with rose-water.

MR. WICKINGS did not want to make any revolution, except half a one upon his own axes, which he should certainly make, preparatory to leaving the place.

MR. DIFFANGER supposed that the allusion to the axes was a scientific way of saying that the honourable member meant to cut. (*Laughter.*)

The CHAIRMAN begged they would be serious. The Thames was a great body of water, and the Board was a great body of wisdom. Now these had to be combined, for a sanatory result. He hoped they were prepared to plunge into the subject—he did not mean the river—and deal with it like statesmen.

MR. BROWN said, that he thought they ought to see the river for which they were asked to legislate.

The CHAIRMAN reminded the honourable member that as they were in Guildhall, by walking down King Street, and crossing Cheapside to Queen Street, he would come to Southwark Bridge, by standing on which he might satisfy himself that there was such a river.

MR. BROWN said that was all very well, but (waiving the question of who was to pay the toll) he would say that he had no doubt he should see a river, but how was he to know that that was the Thames.

The CHAIRMAN advised him to ask anybody in the neighbourhood, an applewoman for choice. (*Laughter.*)

MR. BROWN was not to be put down by ribaldry and clamour. He knew that people would tell him that was the Thames, but how did they know. It seemed to him that mere hearsay evidence would not do, when they had to fulfil the order of an Act of Parliament. They might go and work at that river, and then find they had been cleansing the Severn, or the Trent. He would have evidence, before he went further.

The CHAIRMAN thought that the inhabitants of London would be quite satisfied if that river, under Southwark Bridge, were clean.

MR. ROBINSON said that would not do. He owned that the difficulty had not occurred to himself, but he now thought the Board under a deep obligation to his honourable friend for saving them from a great peril. If his honourable friend moved a resolution, he would support it.

After some discussion, MR. BROWN moved, and MR. ROBINSON seconded,—"That the first duty of the Board is clearly to identify the stream upon which they are required to work, and that evidence for that purpose be forthwith procured."

On division this motion was lost by 28 to 2; and it was resolved that what is generally known as the River Thames should be admitted to be such.

The Board then adjourned, with mutual congratulations upon the advance they were making in their work.

## ADVICE (WORTH MILLIONS) GRATIS.

EVERY man should keep the wolf from the door, and his mother-in-law, too, if he can. Every woman has a right to be any age she pleases, for if she were to state her real age, no one would believe her. Every one has a right to wear a moustache who can. Every woman, who makes puddings, has a perfect right to believe that she can make a better pudding than any other woman in the world. Every man who carves has a decided right to think of himself by putting a few of the best bits aside. Every woman has a right to think her child the "prettiest little baby in the world," and it would be the greatest folly to deny her this right, for she would be sure to take it. Every young lady has a right to faint, when she pleases, if her lover is by her side to catch her. Every fool has a right to be on the best terms with himself, and that man is a greater fool who differs with him about those terms. Every child, who makes a noise, has a right to be turned out of the room; and, supposing you have not the right, you are perfectly justified, if its parents are absent, in usurping it.

### A Wicked Charge.

A CABMAN has to carry a French gentleman from Waterloo Bridge Station to MORLEY's Hotel, Trafalgar Square, and charges him 16*s.* 6*d.* for it. He carries him right round London, making a little *détour* by Highgate, and is four hours and a half doing it. In extenuation, Cabbie modestly pleads; "The fact is, Lunnun 'll never stop a-growing, Sir. It grows biggerer and biggerer every day,—that it does, Sir." Monsieur gives him a sovereign, and receives 1*s.* 4½*d.* change.

## HEARTLESS PRACTICAL JOKE.

*Charlotte.* "HERE THEY COME, BLANCHE. LET US PRETEND WE DON'T RECOLLECT THEM."

## THE SUB-ATLANTIC LIBERATOR.

THE Atlantic Telegraph is beginning to produce fruit, if we may depend on the development of the following buds:—

"*Newfoundland, Aug.* 24, 11·30 P.M.—Two miles shore end ample; have half mile small cable plenty. It is stowed on the beach. Two splicers and jointers here. Six gallons naphtha required. Please send authority to draw on Brooking one hundred pounds, required immediately for labourers' house in a wilderness. Roads to make and woods to cut down and clear. Ought to have some more relays; have only one. Great difficulty in sending letters from here. Have written fully."

The frequent omission of verbs, prepositions, articles, and pronouns in the above telegram is a fact as remarkable as it is cheering. These peculiarities of style manifest unmistakeably the quality of their author. There can be little doubt that the writer of the foregoing message was one of our ebony fellow-creatures. The only uncertainty, small as it is, on that head, is suggested by the case of one of the few pronouns used. The nominative is made to govern a verb which chances to be expressed, whereas our ebony fellow-creatures usually put the accusative before the verb when they employ one; and moreover, the verb in question is in the singular number, for which they generally, in a similar instance, substitute the plural. The passage involving these difficulties is "It is stowed on the beach." One might think that "Him am stowed" would have been the language of a sable writer. But aldermen and cockneys in general, servant-girls, footmen, omnibus-drivers, cabmen, and other individuals of our illiterate classes, are, in speech or writing, occasionally right by mistake, and why may not the same accident sometimes happen to a gentleman of colour?

We will cherish the fond hope, that the person employed on the Atlantic Telegraph at the Newfoundland Station is actually a black man. The capacity of such a man for such an office will afford a practical proof of the essential humanity of the African race, and among the first results of our more intimate connection with America by the electric ligament will be the recognition, on the part of the United States, of their duty towards the nigger.

### COLOURABLE LOGIC.

How would you prove that black was white?—By seizing hold of an Ethiopian Serenader, and giving his face a good washing.

## A HIGH JOKE IN HAMPSHIRE.

WE must look out. A formidable rival in the provinces threatens to eclipse us. This luminary has long existed, in a quiet state of brilliancy, but has at last shone out with a blaze of splendour, that, for the present, pales every other light. The *Hampshire Chronicle*, last week, published the subjoined mirth-inspiring apology:—

"In last week's paper was inserted a notice of the death of MR. C. TIBBETS, of Portsmouth. We are requested to contradict the announcement, and are exceedingly sorry to find that our Correspondent was misinformed."

Our contemporary, the *Hampshire Chronicle*, supplies the Hampshire clergy, and especially those of Winchester and its vicinity, with local information and light reading. In the above paragraph, it has furnished them with a joke so capital as to be absolutely dangerous—to clerical gentlemen. The *Hampshire Chronicle* expresses regret at finding that its correspondent was *misinformed*, when told that MR. TIBBETS *was dead!* Suppose this bit of exquisite humour should cross the mind of a reverend but acute divine while preaching—say in Winchester Cathedral. He would have to be taken suddenly ill, bury his face in his hands in the middle of the sermon, and bolt—to have his fit of laughter out in the vestry. The only chance for the clerical readers of the *Hampshire Chronicle*, lies in the possibility that the joke which we have quoted from its facetious columns may be too subtle for their comprehension.

## THE BLACK-BALL LINE.

WE see there is a squadron of steamers under the above title. It only reminds us of the line of social navigation pursued by certain Clubs, where cliques are most predominant. LORD BROWN blackballs all the persons proposed by VISCOUNT JONES, and the Viscount returns the compliment to all the friends that are put up by his Lordship. For ourselves, we would rather not travel by such a Black-Ball Line, and so we take very good care to steer clear of it. But seriously, are the passengers in the steamers above-christened balloted for, and how many black-balls exclude? We conclude that no passenger is admitted, unless he has been duly proposed, seconded, and elected. If these rules are rigidly enforced, the party, sometimes, must be extremely select.

# A LITTLE TEA PARTY.

BRITANNIA. "A LITTLE MORE GUNPOWDER, MR. CHINA?"

CHINA. "O—NO—TAN—KE—MUM."

## IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

BALLYNASHLOE, in a shtate of exciseman,
Beheld the arrhival of CYARDINAL WISEMAN;
His Imminence came by the noon-thrain from Dublin,
His iligant presence the hereticsh throublin'.

In his holy red hat an' his robes like the lightnin',
He stepped on the platform the Prodeshansh frightnin';
The faithful ash shoon ash they shaw him apparin',
Ixpress'd their approval by vahemint charin'.

Is it dhrunk that I am? I belave I'm not very.
In attendanche to met 'um there danched BISHOP DERRY,
At his heels was a praste in a nate purple gown,
An' the boys drew his holy coach clane into town.

The Bishops an' Clargy his Imminence faysted
At GILL'S grand Hotel, while the hereticsh pasted
The walls with all manner of handbills oncivil,
To larn the poor faithful the way to the divil.

There 's BISHOP M'HALE the great Lion of Judy,
That writes such fine letthers, at times, in his study,
Just come for the Cyardinal's glorification,
And to-night we 're to have a grand illumination.

I exshpect the Poleesh won't admit of a shindy,
But I 'd like to break just now a head or a windy,
To aise my emotions, becase I 've got frishky,
And my head 'sh all on fire wid religion and whishky.

## WHAT THE EMPEROR SAID AT CHERBOURG.

WITH what the EMPEROR said in public at the Peace Congress, at Cherbourg, we gentlemen of England, who stayed at home at ease, and didn't share the perils of the venturesome M.P.s, have by means of the reporters been sufficiently acquainted. Thanks to the auricular exertions of the Press, the gist of his set speeches has been faithfully reported to us. Indeed, keeping at a distance, we have heard them quite as perfectly as though we had gone nearer, and ourselves "attended hearing." Such a banging off of cannons as was kept up at the *Fêtes* would have deafened us so thoroughly that, had the EMPEROR a pair of lungs of even fifty stentor power, we may almost question if his speeches would have reached us. As an orator his Majesty is thought rather a "great gun;" but how could one great gun be heard amid three thousand! By what means the reporters contrived to catch his speeches so fully as they did, is a riddle fit to puzzle the French Sphinx himself. But this is not the first time such a mystery has perplexed us. In Parliament, for instance, and at public meetings, we have frequently observed it. Reporters are by no means what is called a long-eared race, but they generally contrive to hear what no one else on earth can. In fact they seem possessed of an auricular clairvoyance, by which they somehow see what speakers say when one feels sure they cannot hear it.

But although we have full record of the EMPEROR'S public speeches at the late Peace Congress, his private conversations, there have not yet been reported. Whether this be owing to that proper sense of delicacy which should forbid such private matters being put in public print, we really have not time nor space just now to speculate. But as it is a maxim that "*Punch* can do no wrong," we don't intend to suffer any squeamishness of this sort to prevent our printing just exactly what we please: and a fragment of the EMPEROR'S small-talk having reached us, we do not scruple in the slightest to give the world the benefit.

It will be noticed that his Majesty has used rather a mixed jargon to convey his thoughts, and by no means has confined himself to his usual pure French. But this departure from the language which he commonly employs, was simply out of compliment, we fancy, to his guests. To make himself agreeable and pleasant to them both, the EMPEROR did his best to talk in their own tongues: and so trotted out some English when speaking to the QUEEN, and got up some small German in honour of the Prince. Grammarians may notice in the specimen we publish, that the EMPEROR shows more knowledge of the former than the latter: but this is readily assignable to his residence in England, where his Majesty of course picked up a pretty intimate acquaintance with our tongue. As a proof of the Imperial proficiency in English, we understand that he has mastered not a few of our slang phrases, which he, of course, indulges in on every fit occasion. For instance, we believe that lately speaking of LORD MALMESBURY, his Majesty was pleased to say he was "un joli muff;" and at the State Banquet on board of the *Brétagne*, the EMPEROR called SIR CHARLEY NAPIER "un regular vieux brick," and pronounced the fireworks to be "un joli shine, et vraiment, en effet, un regular flare up!"

Without more words of preface, we beg to print the following tit-bits of conversation, which—no matter how—have happened to be handed to us. The EMPEROR is describing to his Royal Visitors the motives which induced him to carry out his uncle's wish, and to act for him as foreman of the Cherbourg works:—

"Voilà! your Majesty. C'est un fait accompli. It is now a finished altogether work, mon Prince. Es ist nun ganz fertig, comme vous dites en Allemagne. Enfin, I have completed l'ouvrage merveilleux que my uncle (l'homme merveilleux!) set his heart upon accomplishing. Ah oui, mon oncle! Ma foi! the greatest man, c'est à dire der grösste Mann, your Highness, que le monde a jamais vu—(*aside*)—avant moi, par exemple! avant moi, Sein Neffe!

"En effet, your Majesty, c'est toujours mon ambition to carry out parfaitement les desseins of my oncle. Ohne Zweifel, ihre Hoheit, sie kennen que mein Oheim il désirait very much de renouveler à Cherbourg les merveilles de l'Egypte. Ja wohl. Morbleu! Es ist treu. Cette ambition, Potztausend! Oui, ma foi! J'ai been and gone and done him, ce cochon entier. Ich habe, what you call him? gone der ganzen Schweine. Meines Onkels wish ist gänzlich réalisée aujourd'hui. Ja, sapperment! C'est vrai. Vous pouvez voir, your Highness, es ist wirklich gemacht. Ma foi! Voici! Here we are! Moiméme, je suis à Cherbourg, et je suis Merveille, moi! Mon Jove! der grösste Wunder pas seulement dans l'Egypte, aber in der ganzen civilisé Welt!

"En vérité, your Majesty, Cherbourg est cher à moi, aussi qu'à mon peuple. Cette ville, you see, has really been fortifiée sans l'égard des frais. Persönlich, es ist treu. Elle m' a couté rien. (Je vous remercie beaucoup, ihre Hoheit, for the hint.) Aber meine Leute, voyez-vous, mon Prince? Meine Leute haben sehr viel bezahlt for it pour moi. Mon peuple must come down pretty handsomely, you twig. C'est donc vraiment cher ce Cherbourg à mon peuple, parce qu'ils most undoubtedly will have to pay the piper. Ah! Ah! Voyez-vous, your Majesty? comme vous dites en Angleterre, ces cochons ils devront payer le piper. Potztausend! Ja, c'est vrai. J'existe upon my people. Wir haben eine ganz gemeine Geldbeutel, you see. Ma foi, donc! Welches que je do pour eux sie müssen sehr certainement dem Pfeifere zu zahlen. Mais oui, ce n'est que juste, verstehen sie, Old Cock!

"Enfin, your Majesty, somehow je régarde this place comme a sort of pious monument au mémoire de my Uncle. En effet, c'est une véritable Pyramide de Piété que j'ai ici got up regardless of expence. Une Pyramide! ma foi! c'est donc un petit Mont! Mais oui, ce n'est pas bad! C'est vraiment donc un véritable Mont de Piété que j'ai ici put up au mémoire de mon Oncle. 'My Uncle,' savez vous, c'est à dire Ma Tante, longago, das ist seit viele jahren, ihre Königliche Hoheit, établit here in France un Mont de Piété pour moi: ainsi, ma foi! sapperment! by Jove! ce n'est que juste que je lui rende ici le compliment, you twig!"

## A LONG-STANDING FEUD.

WE see in the South African papers frequent allusion to the war between "the tribe of Moshesh and the Free State." This seems to be only an extension to the African colony of that war between the tribe of Moshesh and the Free State, which has so long been waged, with peculiar activity, about Chancery Lane and Cursitor Street, under the renowned chieftain, LEVI, and his followers, armed with those very formidable weapons, called "Capiases." We will back these for execution against the assegays of the South African representatives of this troublesome tribe, whose hatred to the Free State is so bitter, that they seem to furnish Sheriffs' Officers to Great Britain and all—even the remotest—of her dependencies.

### Tenant Right—and Wrong.

THE Royal Academicians cleared £9,000 last year, and yet they are too poor, or too mean, to pay a farthing of rent. Our Academicians would be puzzled, we are afraid, to find a good substantial reason for this evasion. They may be very good painters, but they evidently would not distinguish themselves very brilliantly as logicians,—for what can you charitably say in favour of the logic of gentlemen, who are always *begging their premises?*

### Dignity and Dust.

WE must say, that the conduct of the Roman Catholic Priests in Belgravia, and other districts where the parsons are preaching up Auricular Confession, has been forbearing and dignified. They might have gone about from house to house leaving cards to inform the inmates that they were the original dustmen, whereas they have offered no opposition to the other party's trade in rubbish.

Augustus. "*Gracious Heavens, Fred! What are you up to, now?*"
Fred. "*Haw, flattaw m'self, bwilliant ideaw. Preserves the Boots, Haw!*"

## PUNCH TO THE MONKS OF MAIDENHEAD.

AIR—"*You Remember Ellen.*"

You 'll remember ELLEN, I mean his bride,
How neatly she called you a Popish lot,
When the REVEREND GRESLEY his logic tried,
And quite as good as he gave he got.
A brace of parsons that dame assailed,
She fought them both with undaunted pluck,
And Protestantism that day prevailed
Over Puseyite twaddle and mass-book muck.

Says G. "the Prayer Book, we 'll shelter there,
For there Confession 's enjoined, you see;"
But MISTRESS ELLEN, with LUTHER'S air,
Cried, "No, a better Book speaks for me."
She scolded the Bachelor Curate well,
For his Romish trash by the pauper's bed;
She set his master a lesson to spell,
And the Priests in shame from the Lady fled.

## A DOUBLE INFLICTION.

WE have a right to conclude, when Parliament has put the shutters up for the season, that Members will close their mouths as well. Lately, however, the fashion has sprung up of M.P.s visiting their constituents, and inflicting on them long speeches. We object to this two-fold tax. Let Members speak *in* Parliament as much as they please, but we do not see what right they have to speechify *out* of Parliament. The nuisance is quite bad enough during the Parliamentary season, without being extended through the whole year. The House of Commons is the proper arena for dulness, and we cry out against the insidious attempt that certain loquacious legislators are making to extend it. We propose that every Member caught delivering himself of a speech out of Parliament be instantly taken up, and summarily convicted for contempt of the nation.

TO ASCERTAIN THE NUMBER OF YOUR ENEMIES.—Publish a book.

## JESUITS' BARK AND HOWL.

PUBLIC attention is at present directed towards the subject of insanity. We do not mean to plunge into that; but will only ask whether there is not a certain sort of people now going about that ought to be shut up? When we say, going about, we mean going about the whole world, but especially about Europe; and to what sort of people we allude, the following extract from the *New Prussian Gazette* will show:—

"Since the first of this month we have had three Jesuit missionaries in this place [Grandeny, in Western Prussia,] who every evening preach sermons and hold conferences in the Catholic Church. In one of those sermons the preacher took for his text an inscription engraved over the door of the Church:—'We all believe in one God, and love will unite us all.' He explained the meaning of the inscription, and declared it erroneous and damnable."

Violent and frantic language rather. Certainly Bedlam does seem a fit and proper place for anybody raving at that horrible rate. Surely no two British medical men would hesitate to sign a certificate for placing such a person under restraint. But the utterer of the shocking stuff above referred to, is no isolated maniac. Madness is catching; one lunatic, like one common fool, makes many, and we read in continuation that—

"The curé of the Church then decided on having the inscription effaced, and by his orders the words were all struck out in the course of the night."

The Jesuit bit the curé, and set the latter howling too. But the whole fraternity of the Jesuits howl to the same tune. There may be method in their madness. The charitable words which the rampant Jesuit execrated at Grandeny were addressed by FREDERICK WILLIAM THE THIRD, while passing through the town, to the preceding curé. We know that the idea of mutual toleration, based on agreement in essentials, is odious to the Jesuits. It makes them wild, it causes them to rave. But as they are wild, as they do rave, ought not they to be shut up—under the tutelage of St. Luke? What a blessing it would be for mankind if, like some other monks, they would save the rest of the community trouble by shutting themselves up, and shaving their own heads!

## PRIESTCRAFT AND POVERTY.

THE *Univers* says that poverty was unknown in England before the reign of HENRY THE EIGHTH. How very odd!—for, according to Popery, poverty is meritorious, and monkery comprehends mendicant friars. If our Ultramontane adversary merely means to say that no poverty existed in priest-ridden England but what was voluntary, how does he account for the swarms of beggars that infest priest-ridden places on the Continent? Are all these noisy, nasty, dirty creatures penitents? and are their rags, and their filth, and the insects that revel in it, only unpleasantnesses imposed on themselves by themselves, for the purpose of mortifying the flesh? We always thought that the priests and monks strongly encouraged mendicancy, and judged them to make a considerable mistake in so doing, inasmuch as beggary enables impostors to thrive, whilst it occasions the really destitute to perish in the streets; and, moreover, because fraudulent and criminal beggars are apt to steal children, for the purpose of carrying them about, and pinching them to make them cry, and thereby excite the commiseration of the passengers. A case of child-stealing by a beggar-woman occurred but the other day; and two Irish monks were recently had up before the magistrates at Liverpool for asserting their nationality and their religion by begging in the streets. They were not punished for that offence; but, if they had been committed, what a howl the Irish organs of the same humbug as that which is advocated by the *Univers* would have raised against the justices, for persecution!

### Clever Hedging.

LORD DERBY has ordered his stud to be sold. He considers that he shall have enough to do next Session in starting bills, training subordinates, handicapping colleagues, and backing (out of) rash pledges. But LORD DERBY is not going to sell his brood mares, or their progeny. He considers that there may come such a thing as a division which will remit him to opposition and the turf, and it would be a bore to have to re-stock his stables. LORD DERBY is a very clever man, and goes far to verify the elder MR. WELLER'S theory, that them as is a good judge of a horse are a good judge of anything.

## THE RECOIL OF THE SEASON.

HERE we sit, within our Office; where it is, I shall not say—
But from Downing Street, I'll own, it's not a hundred miles away.
Here we sit—FITZFLUKE and QUAVER, MONTMORENCY BLADES, and I—
Very limp and very languid, sipping bitters on the sly.
And we look back on the season, as our leave-time isn't come,
And our social views are bitter, and our language grave and glum.
And we feel like Cockney sportsmen, who, in loading of their guns,
Not familiar with the manner in the which the powder runs
From the flask, o'erload their pieces, till so frightful the recoil,
That it lays them sadly sprawling in the stubbles on the soil.
Yes, FITZFLUKE and BLADES and QUAVER, we confess it, one and all,
We the season overloaded: PRATT's and Greenwich; rout and ball;
Double-barrelled Operas going; *Matinées* six nights a-week—
Marvel not if we look sallow, limp and languid, wan and weak.
Many a morning we have seen the sun rise o'er against Cremorne;
Many a morning down the area have we seen the milk-cans borne;
Many a morning from our door-sills have we scared the wakeful cat;
Found the rush-light in the socket, burnt out on the passage mat!
Yes, our season we o'erloaded, and just now we feel the kick;
And our eyes are sunk and sodden, and of pleasure we are sick.
Sick of operas, sick of concerts, sick of dinners, sick of drums,
Sick of Office-hours, and labour, sick for leave that slowly comes.
Oh, what boots it thee, my QUAVER, that thou hadst two Opera stalls?
What remains of "*Il Balen*," "*Beviam*," and other VERDI squalls?
Tired you are of *Traviata*, tired of *Trovatore* too;
Triply tired of *Rigoletto*, heard and reheard through and through.
What to you, FITZFLUKE the Punter, what of good from PRATT's remains,
Of your canons off the cushion, of your losses, of your gains?
What have Richmond dinners brought you, MONTMORENCY BLADES, my friend,
What Trafalgar whitebait parties, and pink bonnets without end?
And, for me, that, like my fellows, strove to cram four months in one—
Eating, drinking, dancing, flirting, still from set to rise of Sun—
What remains but indigestion, shaky hand, and sodden eye,
Ticks in plenty, ready money inconveniently shy?
Constant thirst for Brighton Seltzer, and for bitters sharp and strong,
And the sense that life is hollow, and that Office-hours are long!

### Parliamentary Question.

AMONG other interesting particulars of Foreign Intelligence we find it announced that—

"TOUSSOUN PACHA, the only son of the Pasha of Egypt, is expected in Paris from Prussia, where he at present is."

*Punch* presents his compliments to MR. BERNAL OSBORNE, M.P., and begs to know whether the Hon. Member for Dover does not hope that TOUSSOUN PACHA will not arrive too late? (*Cries of oh! oh!*)

### Sunday Closing.

THE Bishops intend, next Session, agitating most vigorously the question of closing all shell-fish shops on the Sabbath. LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR EBURY (late Liberal M.P. for Middlesex) joins the episcopal phalanx. He is particularly opposed to the opening of as much as an oyster even on the Sunday.

A CONUNDRUM.

WHY is the reader like a newly-footed pair of boots?

For answer, see next page.

## A CABMAN'S CONSCIENCE-MONEY.

WE have often had occasion to comment on the injudicious scrupulousness which occasions certain persons of delicate but unthinking morality, to send conscience-money to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. We have endeavoured to point out that, by such immoderate acts of unenlightened and undiscerning honesty, Government is encouraged to leave taxation in its present unequal state, and to postpone the due adjustment of fiscal burdens. Of an act of just and intelligent reparation, however, we shall ever speak in terms of the highest praise that we can employ. Such an act was recorded the other day in the *Times*. The magistrate at one of the Police Offices, received for the Poor's Box some odd shillings from a Cabman, for overcharge on a fare. Now, this is sensible healthy honesty, not the delirious excess of a morbid conscience. The Cabman is evidently one of Nature's noblemen, and we wish he drove a four-in-hand for pleasure, instead of a one-horse public conveyance for hire. As a nobleman, he ought to have armorial bearings; in which, two bob *argent* might be combined, according to art, with square and compass *proper*, we will not say on a field *vert*, not only because that might involve bad blazonry, but because it would be bad symbolism: it is only the senders of conscience-money to Government that betray verdure. The motto of the noble Cabman might be, "Fare and Above Board," or "Hansom is that Handsome does." Some such a coat-of-arms as this ought to be awarded to him, gratuitously, by the Herald's College; and he should be licensed to wear it instead of a badge.

Let us add, that the gratifying circumstance, on which we have felt called upon to make the above comments, is an illustration of the general rise in character which has lately become apparent among Cabmen. We were not wanting to touch this class of public servants up, we may venture to say, on the raw, at a time when they were notorious for brutality and extortion. It is with no little complacency that we now often see them devoting their leisure time on their boxes to the perusal of this periodical, a practice which we have not the least doubt has occasioned their remarkable reformation.

## ERIN GO BRAY!

A PLEASANT display of warm-hearted Irish feeling lately occurred at Dublin, where PICCOLOMINI has been singing at the Theatre Royal. The Dublin boys performed a graceful act of homage towards that interesting little warbler. According to the *Freeman's Journal*, the other evening,

"On her issuing from the stage-door, and entering her carriage, the cheering of the assemblage became most vehement and enthusiastic. The fair donna smilingly acknowledged the compliment paid her. But she was hardly seated in the vehicle when the horses were unyoked from the pole in a twinkling; about a hundred young gentlemen collected round the carriage, and drew it at a rapid pace to the Gresham Hotel, followed by an immense crowd cheering heartily all the way."

Now, herein the Dublin boys manifested an instinct of a truly noble kind, its nobility being precisely that which we recognise in that noble animal the horse. But, as in the case of that quadruped, might not the ennobling alacrity to draw a vehicle be utilized? Might not MDLLE. PICCOLOMINI, at least so long as she remains in Dublin, be enabled to dispense with the hire of horses by availing herself of the gratuitous services of young gentlemen? They, doubtless, would only be too happy to place themselves at her disposal, and give her the benefit of the power and the inclination which Nature has implanted in their minds and bodies. Thus she might ride about wherever she pleased, in triumph and for nothing. What would the sprightly young vocalist think of a trip to Killarney and back again in a carriage drawn by Irish quadrupeds, or horses on two legs: young gentlemen of Dublin? They could cost her nothing but their keep, and would probably find themselves in food, which of course would consist of the verdure of green Erin. Even were there turnpikes in her way, she would get the expense of tolls reduced to the lowest denomination; for though we have, with our usual delicacy, called her cattle Irish horses, they would never be mistaken for horses by the toll-takers, and would assuredly be charged for at the smaller rates which are levied on humbler animals. They would be perfectly safe, though perhaps you could not exactly warrant them to go quiet in harness, as they would probably make a great noise, the nature of which is suggested by the title prefixed to these observations.

### How to Make a Lady Stick out her Little Finger.

THE best way of securing this effect is to put on the finger in question a handsome diamond ring. The mere desire to display the diamond to the best advantage, is sure to make the lady stick out her little finger in the most charming manner possible. When the effect begins to fail, substitute another ring of greater brilliancy. Success must attend these repeated efforts.

126538

DISTRESSING POSITION OF CHARLES, WHO DOES NOT FEEL WELL, AND WHO IS KEENLY ALIVE TO THE FACT THAT AMY IS LOOKING AT HIM THROUGH HER OPERA GLASS.

## JOHN COMPANY BAHADOOR.

### An Elegy.

*1st September*, 1858.

EACH year September's earliest day
Wakes ELEY's patent Cartridge,
And sturdy M.P.s trudge to slay
The loud wing-whirring partridge.
This year a nobler spoil shall grace
The Parliamentary larder,
To-day 'mid dead-stock takes a place,
JOHN COMPANY BAHADOOR.

'Tis long since first on Indian soil
He gained a trader's footing,
Empires since then have been his spoil,
And thrones have felt his "looting;"
In vain have Kings and Potentates
Essayed with martial ardour,
To keep outside their Palace-gates
JOHN COMPANY BAHADOOR.

But time arrests with ruthless hands
Each worn out fancy's hobby,
The Jew no longer seatless stands
Within St. Stephen's lobby;
With special pleas, and RICHARD ROE,
And many an old retarder
Of progress, lies in limbo low,
JOHN COMPANY BAHADOOR.

JOHN! Tit for tat! As you have shorn
The Hindoostanee nation,
The lion and the unicorn
Now teach you—annexation!
Of lands o'er which you long have reigned,
JOHN BULL henceforth mounts guarder,
And we 'll take care of what you gained,
JOHN COMPANY BAHADOOR!

**Answer to Conundrum, Page 101.**

Soled again.

## SOME FRENCH FUN.

To whom does the author of "*Aurons-nous la Guerre avec l'Angleterre?*" allude in the following apostrophe to his EMPEROR?—

"Sire, the people of England are not against you, you have only against you those SARDANAPALUSES of the Thames, who, drinking from golden cups the sweat of a hundred millions of Helots, set themselves up as the pastors of civilization."

WHO are the SARDANAPALUSES of the Thames? The Aldermen are the only persons whom it is easy to conceive intended. In being perhaps rather luxurious, they may bear a remote resemblance to SARDANAPALUS; but in other respects they are very dissimilar to that monarch. SARDANAPALUS was refined in his pleasures, which moreover were not limited to the table; and there is every reason to believe that he was a man possessed of smell as well as of taste, and would never have endured such a perfume as that of the Thames. Then the worshipful Aldermen are accustomed to drink out of glasses, not golden cups, and to imbibe wine and punch, and not the fluid which the French pamphleteer mentions. If he alludes to the loving cup, and intends to express its contents by a metaphor, what idea must he entertain of the size of a goblet sufficiently large to hold a quantity of negus equivalent to the laborious exudations of a hundred millions of Helots? What a Rabelaisian estimate he must have formed of the Aldermanic paunch, and general proportions! His notion of an Alderman would appear to be GOG indefinitely magnified. But whence could he have derived the fancy that the Aldermen of London pretend to be the pastors of civilization? Possibly he confounds Alderman with Archbishop. Both Lambeth and Fulham Palaces lie on the River. Perhaps the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY is a SARDANAPALUS of the Thames, and the BISHOP OF LONDON is another. They exercise the pastoral office, and may consider that they contribute somewhat to promote civilization by the encouragement of foreign missions.

The next sentence is another enigma:—

"Sire, your glory will not be that of a conqueror, but your ashes will be deposited in the temple of humanity."

Does our author mean to say that the British public will welcome LOUIS NAPOLEON as a deliverer from QUEEN VICTORIA, and that, when he dies, his remains will be deposited at the Receiving House of the Humane Society, or the Office of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals?

That LOUIS NAPOLEON will, according to the pamphleteer's expectation, be welcomed by the British public, seems plain enough from the passage following:—

"When the privileged classes of England declaim against France, let them reflect on the amount of support they would obtain from the English people on the day when a French General should present himself with universal suffrage in one hand and the *Code Napoléon* in the other."

Universal Suffrage in one hand and Universal Slavery in the other—which is what the English people would see there instead of the *Code Napoléon*—would probably induce them rather to bear those privileged classes which they have, than to fly to that despotism which they know not of; and indeed it is more than likely that they would support their privileged classes against the French General to the extent of repelling his kind advances with some violence, and requiting them with very ill-treatment. Notwithstanding the peculiar beverage in which the SARDANAPALUSES of the Thames indulge at the expense of their numerous Helots, the latter do not exactly cherish the aspirations thus represented:—

"From the present moment it is not only to Heaven that the British workman will appeal in his misery, he will also keep his eyes fixed in the direction of Cherbourg, and seek to discover amid the mists of the horizon the approach of the fleet of deliverance."

If the British workman had any idea that a fleet was approaching from Cherbourg for the purpose of delivering him from even his greatest grievances, the ungrateful British workman would immediately enrol himself in a corps of volunteers for the purpose of preventing his would-be deliverers from effecting their kind intentions on his behalf, in spite of all the depletion to which his system is subjected by the bloated SARDANAPALUSES of the Thames.

HOW TO LEARN ALL YOUR DEFECTS.—Quarrel with your best friend.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, September 4, 1858.

## OVERFLOW AT THE SEA-SIDE.

OUR SEA-SIDE CORRESPONDENT writes to us to say that Ramsgate is overflowing with visitors. As a proof of this overflow, he begs us to direct our eyes of a morning to the Sands. From ten till one they are as crowded as the Commons on a grand DISRAELI night. A lady's lap-dog could with difficulty thread its way through the entangled maze of chairs. It is an impenetrable thicket of legs. Ladies sit there for hours reading, knitting, starring, chatting, or dreaming with their lovely eyes open.

Some walk up and down, allowing their back-hair to be dried by the scorching kisses of the Sun. Their shoulders are turned, for the moment, into a kind of portable drying-ground.

Others pretend to be deeply absorbed in the last New Novel. Sometimes, they take up the third volume, and then the first; it seems to be quite immaterial to them, whether the beautiful heroine is married, or merely undergoing that endless series of cold-blooded persecutions that parents in novels are fond of inflicting upon their children, before the loving dears are allowed to enter that haven of Belgravian bliss, St. George's, Hanover Square. Sometimes, the book is unconsciously turned upside down, in that respect resembling their sentimental natures, ever since they met that captivating Captain, whose moustaches fall almost as long as the couple of bell-ropes that hang generally on each side of the fire-place. In truth they are belle-ropes, at which the girls' hearts keep pulling all day long, but the Captain, apparently, is not an answerable being, for he does not make his appearance when summoned, or it may be, that he has just gone round the corner to have a game of billiards.

The Ramsgate Sands are illustrated novels of themselves; breathing romances more crowded with incidents than the miserable ten-volume *brochures* that were in the habit of leaping once a week from the thickly-populated inkstand of ALEXANDRE DUMAS. The only authoress qualified to fathom their depth would be, perhaps, GEORGE SAND, from whose works they might be considered an animated extract; or rather, considering the undue preponderance of Jews and Jewesses, you might call them so many living *Coningsbys*, full to repletion as they are of Asiatic Mysteries, by the side of which that greatest of Asiatic mysteries, the Indian Rebellion, would seem to be the easiest of riddles. However, numerous the chapters of this large romantic encyclopædia may be, there is interest to the end of every one of them.

So dense is the crowd, that it extends to the very edge of the beautiful lace-borders that the Sea draws on the sand with each new wave it unrolls for inspection. OUR SEA-SIDE CORRESPONDENT comes to the conclusion that there must be a dreadful want of accommodation at Ramsgate, or else he is positive, as the bathing takes place on the sands, that ladies would never think of going there, if there was any other place within reasonable distance where they could possibly go. The town is so overflowing, that their mammas and daughters are driven to the sea-shore as the only bit of unoccupied ground, and so are compelled to be involuntary spectators of sights that they would much rather not see. The authorities should devise some measures for preventing the modesty of women from being shocked in this open manner.

## DR. M'HALE'S TALK OF OXEN.

AMONG the many wise things said at the Ballynasloe banquet in honour of CARDINAL WISEMAN, the mild and moderate DR. M'HALE is reported to have made some striking observations. Having alluded to Ballynasloe as "the centre of that traffic in cattle which is now becoming the busiest and most active commerce of the age," JOHN TUAM, as he styles himself, went on to remark that—

> "The rage for cattle feeding seems to threaten us with something like an Egyptian idolatry, where the worship of Mammon and Serapis seem equally prized."

As it was after dinner when JOHN TUAM indulged in this flight, and as JOHN is said to have disapproved of the proceedings of FATHER MATHEW, may not the above-quoted nonsense be ascribed rather to claret, or whiskey, or something of that sort, than to any more serious cause of wildness and irrelevance of speech? The next morning, if JOHN TUAM came to reflect, he probably saw cause for rejoicing in the sort of oxen which his countrymen now cultivate, instead of limiting themselves to the production of their old Irish bulls.

HOUSE-TO-HOUSE VISITATION.—The Tax-gatherer's.

## SELKIRK IN TOWN.

*(A Song of September, by a middle-aged Guardsman, picked up in Rotten Row.)*

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My reign there is none to divide;
Where the Serpentine's limed waters play,
I am lord of the Ring and the Ride.
Belgravia! where is the charm
The season disclosed in thy face?
Of detection one lives in alarm,
In September Town's *not* the right place.

I am out of Society's reach;
On Pall-Mall's shady side I'm alone!
To the stubbles, the moors, or the beach,
All the people that know one are flown.
The snobs that in London remain
My face with indifference see,
For one of themselves I am ta'en;
Their coolness is shocking to me!

In the country they 're all on the move,
Double guns popping brisk o'er the plain;
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon I'd be blazing amain!
Thirst for sport here there's nought to assuage,
But Cremorne's block-tin lions uncouth,
Game less suiting mature middle age,
Than the frivolous folly of youth.

Every day in the week's blank and cold,
But I solemnly pledge you my word,
Sunday 's something that 's not to be told,
For one out of the common-place herd.
From the hum of the church-going belles,
St. Barnabas' portals are clear;
And to LIDDELL'S Confessional cells
Draws no fair and frail penitent near.

Harsh Col'nel, who made me your sport,
Refusing me leave,—on the score
I'd had too much already; in short,
That the Horse Guards would stand it no more—
When you 're up at the moors, will you send
A box or a haunch unto me?
Let me feel that I still have a friend,
Though from town I'm forbidden to flee.

How fleet is the glance of the mind
Compared with the speed of its flight!
The Express-train itself lags behind,
And the Telegraph needle 's less light.
Purple moors—turnip patch—stubble-land;
In a trice I can fancy I'm there—
But I wake to the organ at hand,
Grinding out its perpetual blare.

But the day-cabmen stableward wend,
From their beats the policemen repair—
E'en September days come to an end,
So now for the Club bill-of-fare.
They 've the painters in every place,
But a cutlet, at least, can be got;
On my hardships I'll put the best face,
And, Plebeian-like, bear with my lot.

## ANGELS OF LITERATURE AND ART.

ANGELS seem somewhat in vogue just now. They figure greatly in the picture-shop windows, under the form of young ladies in white, with wings like those of a species of bird, which we may indeed associate with the archangel St. Michael, on whose anniversary it is eaten with a condiment of sage and onions. Then a book has been published under the title of the *Angel in the House*, which is a title that might be bestowed on a meritorious cook. Another work is now in course of being advertised, bearing the denomination of the *Angel over the Right Shoulder*. The next we shall have will perhaps be the *Angel over the Left*.

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

N the First, LORD STANLEY had a capital day's sport. Having taken out his licence according to the Act, he succeeded in bagging the East India Company. At one shot he brought down the whole covey of directors; a feat requiring no small skill, considering that the birds were mostly old and downy. The covey had been shot at several times before, but such large game invariably takes a deal of hitting. *Mr. Punch* has lately sprinkled his Attic salt upon their tails, and this in no small measure has contributed to tame them. We say so, however, without the least detraction from LORD STANLEY's noble sportsmanship. His lordship showed great skill in the flushing of his game, and deserves the highest credit for following it up so closely as he did, leaving not a shadow of a chance for its escape. LORD STANLEY is an old hand for so young a sportsman, and his aims are generally in the right direction. We congratulate his lordship on the skill which he has shown, and we trust that he in future may succeed in bagging all the game which, like JOHN COMPANY, ought to get the sack.

## REFORM IN THE HAREM.

*The Seraglio, Constantinople. A splendid apartment, with sofas, divans, couches, carpets, narghilès, love birds, gold fishes, hookahs, bobbs, bul-buls, caftans, kismets, hasheesh, yashmaks, bostandjis, and other Oriental luxuries.* ZULEIKA. FATIMA, HAIDÉE, DUDU, GULBEYEZ, KATINKA, MEDORA, GULNARE, JUANNA, NOURMAHAL, ZELICA, LALLA, LOLAH, LEILA, *and other wives of the* SULTAN (K.G.), *amusing themselves, smoking, singing, dancing, lounging, eating bonbons, stringing pearls, &c. &c.*

DUDU (*sings*).

Sweetly the silver moon
Shines upon Scutari,
But, compared to thy smile, love,
Looks heavy and pewtery;
Brightly the laughing stars
Gleam o'er the Bosphorus
Yet, compared to thine eyes, love,
Are duller than phosphorus.
Down from my turret high,
Each pensive day I come,
Hoping to hear thee cry,
"Salaam aläikum."

*Zelica.* I wish to Allah that fat DUDU would try to learn some other tune.

*Fatima.* What for? She would be sure to sing it worse than this one.

*Katinka.* Wallah Billah! That would be a miracle. HASSAN, (*to a little black boy*) baby of Shitan, get me another glass of *parfait amour*.

*Hassan.* Iss, missa Tinker.

*Katinka* (*drinks*). That 's the stuff for my piastres.

*Three or four Ladies. Afiet olsun*—may it do you good!

*Katinka.* You superstitious little animals, what 's the good of saying that?

*Leila.* Does not the Prophet—

*Katinka.* Bother the Prophet! [*General shriek of dismay.*

*Enter the Ethiopian,* BABA, *grinning.*

*Baba.* Ladies, ladies. Will you please to veil?

*Several Ladies.* See you in a sack first.

*Baba.* But, ladies!

*Rebellious Chorus.* BABA, BABA, sat on a minaret,
BABA, BABA, such a great dinner ate,
BABA, BABA, sat on a mosque.
BABA—

*Baba* (*loudly*). A MAN! [*Instant silence.*

*Baba.* Ha! ha! Woglah Bollah! but I have tamed the infernal screeching paroquets. Ladies, I have the honour to inform you that your Serene Husband, the Father of all the Sovereigns, Vicar of Heaven, Pontiff of Mussulmans—

*Katinka.* We know all that. Cut on, old ivory.

*Baba* (*savagely*). I shall have the sewing you up in a sack one of these days, and see if I don't put in good holding stitches.

*Leila.* Spiteful old swine, he was sewed up himself last night.

*All sing.* "BABA, BABA, sat on a mosquey,
BABA, BABA, got very bosky,
BABA——

*Baba.* Now, ladies, darlings, dears, gazelles of Paradise, pearls of Oman's blue water, (*aside*) cats of Jehanum, will you listen? Your Husband says that there is a great deal too much extravagance, and he has sent his trusty Minister, RIZA PACHA, to talk to you about it. By the beard of the Prophet, here he is.

*Enter* RIZA PACHA.

*Some of the ladies veil for a moment, but speedily disembarrass themselves of the encumbrance.*

*Leila.* Veil for him! My dears, I knew him in Georgia. Isn't he an old guy?

*Riza* (*politely*). Ladies, *kiefinig eimi*, are you in good spirits?

*Katinka.* Try, PACHA. HASSAN, the *parfait amour* to his Highness.

*Riza.* May Allah reward you, but I never drink in the morning, (*aside*) at least, not that cat-lap. (*Aloud*) Ladies, I am honoured in being charged with the words of my master, the Padishah, the enslaver of eyes and broiler of hearts. You girls spend a Shitan of a sight too much money. [*Outrageous sensation.*

*Riza* (*calmly*). Houris of heaven, diamonds of Eden, it's no use making that row. We know all about it. The money you spend is awful, and that is not all. You get the SULTAN into the most dreadful debt, and we don't know which way to turn ourselves to get the cash.

*Dudu.* Is not the Padishah the lord of rivers of silver and the keeper of sealed fountains of ever-springing gold?

*Riza.* No such luck, my child. There are too many thieves at his pockets for that, and he is obliged to send to the infidels in England to lend him a few millions.

*Haidée.* Why does he not send a few ships to England, and take the money, instead of asking it.

*Riza.* HAIDÉE, my dear, you were a pirate's daughter, and the errors of your education stick to you. There are reasons against that course, though it would not be a bad one. But now, Peris of loveliness, you must positively pull up.

*Lalla.* I'm sure we spend nothing, scarcely.

*Riza* (*looks at a paper*). LALLA, angel of the ninety-fourth heaven, how long have you had an uncle in Galata over there, and how long has that kind relative taken charge of your emerald bracelet?

*Lalla* (*confused*). I'm sure I don't know what you mean.

*Riza.* Here are the emeralds, my dear. (*Tosses them to her.*) They are better on your pretty white arm than in his ugly brown girdle, and besides, he won't wear his girdle any more.

*Lalla.* O, why?

*Riza* (*carelessly*). Why—we had some accounts to settle together last night, and as the pig-headed old fool would not hear reason, he was paid into the Bosphorus by two instalments—*the thing's* not worth another word, but don't pawn your jewels again, *child*—or we may send you on a message to your late uncle.

*All.* Mashallah! May the omen be averted!

*Riza* (*piously*). Là Allah—illah—Allah—Mohammed resoul Allah! Light my pipe again, HASSAN, you inattentive little black beast of the bottomless chasms.

*Nourmahal.* But, PACHA dear, what are we to do. We must dress like ladies, I suppose. The SULTAN has some proper pride in his wives and families, I should hope, and he can't be so inconsistent as to expect us to make a reputable appearance without its costing him anything. [*Applause from all the ladies.*

*Riza.* That girl has never been herself since she talked to those English matrons, who came prowling and peeping here. If I were Hakeem to the harem, I should recommend a month of low diet, and a touch of the bastinado.

*Nourmahal.* You cross-grained old pig of perdition—but you don't mean it. May the shadow of your old nose never be less.

*Leila* (*aside*). It won't, if he sticks to the fire-water.

*Riza.* Now then, for I have business elsewhere—

*Gulnare.* Wants to go and have his siesta, of course.

*Riza.* Silence, I say. In the name of your Husband, girls, listen. No debt is to be henceforth incurred by any lady in this establishment, unless she wishes the debt and herself to be liquidated together. [*Points to the sea.*

*All.* Horrid old monster!

*Riza.* Each lady will be allowanced, and will receive two thousand piastres a week, and not one para more.

*Haidée.* Two thousand piastres. Is that all?

*Nourmahal.* Why, the very Englishwomen told me they had *that*,

twenty Kings a week. Are we to be treated no better than savages and infidels?

*Zuleika.* I shall go home to my pa and ma in Georgia.

*Fatima.* I shall go on a pilgrimage to Mecca.

*Medora.* I shall retire into a convent in Syria.

*Katinka.* I have my doubts whether the Prophet went to heaven on his ass at all. I shall talk to a Christian missionary.

*All.* Two thousand piastres! Shame, shame!

[*General scream and rush.* ZULEIKA *flings bon-bons at the* PACHA, FATIMA *shies kabobs at him,* HAIDÉE *empties a bottle of Eau de Cologne down his back,* GULBEYEZ *snatches off his red cap,* DUDU *puts his pipe out,* GULNARE *breaks his spectacles,* KATINKA *drags the cushion from under him,* MEDORA *tears up his paper of accounts, and the other ladies fly upon the unfortunate financier with a view to abolishing him, when—*

*Enter the* SULTAN.

[*Instant restoration of order and smiles.*

## THE ANGLO-AMERICAN LIGAMENT.

A CERTAIN Proverb suggests the expediency of having two strings to your bow. This adage may be recommended to the attention of the Atlantic Telegraph Company. If the Sea-Serpent were to snap one cable, he would not destroy the communication between America and England if there were another left, still less if there were two or three.

The President expressed a hope that the Telegraph would be respected in case of hostilities. Probably it will. Few nations would like to fight the United States and Kingdom together, and if either the States or the Kingdom should be separately at war, whosoever damaged the cable would invade not only the belligerent nation, but also the other. He would thus make enemies of both; and the fact is that—

"Whoever dares the Telegraph displace,
Must meet America and England face to face."

which most Powers, however great, would think of twice at least before doing. The Atlantic Telegraph, therefore, may be said, odd as the phrase may seem, to be bound down to keep the peace.

## SOMETHING TO SEE.

HAS any reader of *Punch* the happiness to possess as his wife, a Large Winged Lady? And further, has this extensive, yet angelic personage got a wardrobe? If not, an advertiser in a provincial paper has something to say to her. These are his offers:—

FOR SALE, A LARGE WINGED LADY'S MAHOGANY WARDROBE, 7 feet 9 inches wide, as good as new. Cost £45. Two or three full sized Chests of Drawers would be taken as part payment.—Apply (by letter) M. M., Post Office, Parliament Place.

We hope this introduction will be mutually serviceable to both parties, and we should feel quite rewarded for any little trouble we may have taken, if we could receive a photograph of the Large Winged Lady.

## A MONSTER.

THE *Banff Journal* tells a remarkable story about a boy who was bitten at Fochabers by a savage cat, which flew successively at his throat, thigh, and leg, to which it stuck hard. Our Caledonian contemporary adds—

"The animal was more of a polecat than the common domestic cat, being a cross between the two, and was quite rabid at the time."

A polecat being an animal of the weasel tribe, a cross between it and the ordinary cat, is a curiosity which would make the proprietor's fortune if exhibited. We trust the boy was bitten by no other cat than this hybrid, as according to zoological laws, it is an animal that can have no existence.

### Lines on Sir John Lawrence.

THE title of a Baronet
If to JOHN LAWRENCE you accord,
For what is any man to get
The higher title of a Lord?

### A Trifle from Birmingham.

A MUSICAL Wag (emitting waggery at the Birmingham Musical Festival) remarked, in reference to the Submarine Telegraphs, that they would soon be all over the world, and so "the harmony of mankind would be in the common chord of C." Providentially the big organ struck up, and drowned the indignant exclamations of the auditors.

## A FLAT'S PARADISE.

AN Advertisement headed "BATHS OF HOMBURG," and purporting to be put forward by persons who style themselves directors, whether of the baths or the general arrangements of that watering-place, enumerates amongst its various attractions "the magnificent Casino," respecting which they have the impudence to make the statement following:—

"It contains Saloons for Balls and Concerts, as also for the games of Trente et Quarante and Roulette, in which Trente et Quarante is played with a half Refait and Roulette with one zero—an arrangement which affords the public an advantage of 50 per cent. beyond that accorded by the banks at Baden-Baden, Ems, Spa, &c."

It requires some immoral courage to advertise a gambling-house in a country where such a place in the eye of the law, and that of every respectable person who is not a fool, is regarded as a den of thieves. The directors of Homburg are as brave in their way as some of those who preside over our joint-stock companies, and a few of whom are now in HER MAJESTY'S penal service. But they might be a little bolder. Why should they not go on to say that the Casino of Homburg affords, in the gambling department, a supplement to the waters, enabling all parties to get themselves cleaned completely out? They do mention, among the advantages of Homburg, "perfect abstraction from the cares of this world." Care is said to be the constant companion of riches; and doubtless at Homburg, as well as at Baden-Baden, Spa, Ems, and all the other Continental resorts of people of whom almost the only honest portion are hypochondriacs, anybody not himself belonging to the billiard-marker and blackleg class, would soon be in the enjoyment of abstraction from the cares of this world in so far as those cares are occasioned by his money, and are removable by the abstraction thereof from his pocket.

## SOMETHING AUTHENTIC.

THAT organ of marvellousness, as a punning phrenologist might say, the *Univers*, has published an account of another miracle closely resembling the imposture of La Salette. The miracle consists in the simultaneous appearance of a figure in white, and the eruption of a fountain. The percipient of the apparition is a Gascon girl, surrounded by crowds who saw nothing—which probably was all there was to be seen. The POPE ought to confer the tonsure on the editor of the *Univers*, by causing his head to be shaved as soon as possible. No Pope—and no Irishman—ever perpetrated such a bull as the sort of bull that is constantly made to figure in the cock-and-bull stories of the *Univers*.

MOTTO FOR THE ONE POLICEMAN OF HERNE BAY.—*Unity is Strength.*

THE RACE FOR A BATHING MACHINE.

ALICE FIRST, CLARA SECOND, MISS TODDLES A BAD THIRD; AND THE REST NOWHERE!

## CONGRATULATION TO THE QUEEN.

To thee is given another land,
Another title of renown,
Another sceptre in thy hand,
And on thy head another crown.
To India now at last appears
Hope that before she ne'er had seen.
She smiles upon thee through her tears,
And looks for aid to England's QUEEN.

To thee, her last of monarchs, first
She looks for justice, and the reign
Of mercy, nor will she have nursed
A fond belief, and hoped in vain.
No more a victim and a prey,
She trusts, with reason why she should,
Like all that live beneath thy sway,
She will be governed for her good.

Too long neglected, at thy hands,
Benignant culture she requires,
She asks for irrigated lands,
And iron roads and lightning-wires;
For missionaries who shall preach
Beyond dispute, by what they do,
And in persuasive silence teach
In showing what is good and true.

### Travelling Directions.

IF you travel with a Scotchman and a pocket compass, you are sure to know where you are. They are infallible points to steer by. The Scotchman is as faithful as the needle in the direction he invariably takes. He goes South with the same unfailing constancy that the needle goes North. He is the magnetic attraction reversed. You may call him the Antipodes of the Magnet.

## DIGNIFIED CLERGY DISGUSTED.

SOME persons of title were married the other day at St. Peter's Church, Pimlico, by way of a change. Perhaps St. George's, Hanover Square, shuts up for the season like the Opera House. However, *this* wedding, as usual, is reported under the head of "Marriage in High Life"—by the way, when shall we have the pleasure of seeing the announcement of a "Marriage in High Life below Stairs?" Moreover, we are, according to custom, informed that—

"The ceremony was performed in an impressive manner by the Hon. and very Rev. the DEAN OF YORK."

How it must vex the DEAN OF YORK to find his demeanour and way of reading thus described! An honourable as well as a reverend gentleman, not only a man of education but also a member of the aristocracy, he would naturally desire that his manner of performing the Marriage Service, or any other, should be characterized as quiet and unpretending. Nothing can be more calculated to annoy a high bred clergyman than a representation of his accentuation and delivery as demonstrative—for that is what the statement that he performed the service in an impressive manner amounts to. Excessive emphasis and mouthing, accompanied with gesticulations, constitute what is commonly called an "impressive" manner of preaching or reading prayers, and the idea of being thought capable of such vulgarities as these is likely to make a member of the superior clergy and classes as angry as he could well be made by the consideration of anything that anybody may think about him. The footman who furnishes the report of a "Marriage in High Life" should always be warned carefully to omit the epithet "impressive" in reference to the performance of the service, unless the performer is a stout coarse man who reads with a sonorous voice, dwelling pointedly on words which are quite strong enough in themselves, suiting action to his words, and perhaps shining with perspiration.

### THE CRUSADE AGAINST CRINOLINE.

IF Woman finds the Crinoline, it is man, at all events, who supplies the trimming.

# THE ACCESSION OF THE QUEEN OF INDIA.

## THE HAWTHORN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER II.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"You must imagine that the officers of the gallant Onety-Oneth, have duly arrived at Hawthorn, and that the match has commenced; but I doubt whether it is even in your power to form an idea of the costume of our adversaries. CAPTAIN SPANGLES, known in the Army as the 'Moveable Dummy,' owing to his being the son of an Army contractor and a dressy man, who always exchanges when his Regiment is ordered abroad, was attired as follows:—cap of harlequin pattern, red neck-cloth with a pin composed of gold stumps and cross bat, the British cricketer shirt, illustrated with portraits of favourite players in attitude, and grey and black zebra flannel trowsers. "FLASH, 'REDAN FLASH,'—a game little fellow, chose for his costume pink flannels, blue shirt and Spanish sombrero hat. The Doctor of the Regiment, a merry stout little man, appeared in a suit of close fitting white, and a Panama hat the size of a large parasol; in fact, when the Officers' Eleven were laid out in the field they looked the drollest lot of mountebanks you ever saw.

"Our Eleven consisted of DAISY the Curate, the Carpenter, the Blacksmith, the Landlord of the Barleymow, the two young ROWDYS (public schoolboys), CAPTAIN BLUFFINS, a leash of young farmers, and your humble servant. I was soon put out of office, as the first ball I received on going to the wicket hit me on the knee and disabled me; so I was obliged to become a non-combatant for the rest of the day. I must confess that the sympathy of the ladies much consoled me, and so grateful was I, that I at once undertook the office of interpreter, as women never can understand cricket.

"But the beauty and fashion are waiting to be formally introduced; so I will give you the names and pedigree of the circle which was formed immediately round me. There was little MRS. DAISY, the Curate's wife, with her good-natured smile, anxiously watching the prowess of her husband at the wicket; LAURA HAWTHORN sitting by her, equally interested in the success of CAPTAIN BLUFFINS, but neither of the ladies understanding a single point in the game; and the two MISS ROWDYS, daughters of ROWDY AND CASH, Bankers in Lombard Street, as any one might guess by the appearance of Old ROWDY's drab trousers. Why do bankers always wear drab trousers? and why do the MISS ROWDYS import those beastly hoops and Regent Street hats into Blankshire? I verily believe, *Mr. Punch*, the London milliners take their ideas of rural dress from the costumes in the Ballet, and that if they could persuade the tailors, you and I would have to dress like Merry Swiss Boys, and have our legs bandaged with ribbons of various hues. Little MISS QUIZ, who is sitting next to them, tells me in confidence that the ROWDYS have a house in Eaton Square, a villa on the Thames, besides a Baronial Hall down here, and that they pride themselves on being a fine old County family, which (explains my informer) dates back from the reign of GEORGE THE THIRD, when their Grandfather swept out the Counting House. This really is too bad of MISS QUIZ, who I fear is a little angry and jealous at the dirty dollar having given position to the ROWDYS; and I doubt her story about the MISS ROWDYS having gilt prongs to their garden-rakes and the family crest on the watering-pots.

"Old MISS SABERTASCHE, who lives with her brother, a very superannuated half-pay officer, and the three MISS SHOVELHATS, the Dean's daughters, complete our group. The last-named young ladies cultivate the acquaintance of all military men, and go by the name of 'the Church Militant.' I will attempt some outline of the conversation.

"*Miss Quiz.* 'Now, MR. MUFF, what are all the officers walking across for. Oh, you say, it is "over." What is over? I thought they were to play till dark. Well, all I can say is, that it is the stupidest proceeding I ever saw; the men never appear to exchange a word in going over, but they all walk with their eyes on the ground, like two funerals meeting. Now do look at their attitudes—the man behind the sticks—oh! wickets are they—looks as if he had his eye to the keyhole of a door, and the man behind him is for all the world like a frog, and the bowler looks as if he would fall down and break his neck, and the Doctor looks like a bale of flannel with a hat on the top of it.'

"'Dear me!' exclaims MRS. DAISY, 'I wish I had an interesting book out here. WILLIAM is never happy unless I come to see the matches, and I cannot make the game out; do you know, MR. MUFF, I have read all the rules of the Marylebone Club and am none the wiser; there, now, WILLIAM has hit the ball beautifully, I am sure, and CAPTAIN FLASH has stopped it. "Out!" do you say? oh, I *am so* sorry, and WILLIAM heard me say "well hit," and he will scold me so for being stupid.'

"*Miss Rowdy.* 'Now, what made them run across so often, for the ball was in the ditch, and poor CAPTAIN SPANGLES is all over mud, and has stung himself with the nettles.' (I try to explain that CAPTAIN BLUFFINS has hit a fiver.) 'I don't see the fun of the two men between the wickets running, for there is no ball there: if I send my maid for my work-box, my Aunt and I don't play at Puss-catch-corner till she comes back with it.'

"*Miss Sabertasche.* (N.B. She is very old-fashioned, and thinks out-aloud.) 'Well, I cannot understand a set of stupid girls sitting here all day making eyes at those mountebanks. I haven't any patience with them; the men are more like monkeys than human beings. When I was young, MISS HAWTHORN, I saw a grand match played between the DUKE OF DORSET'S and SIR HORACE MANN'S Elevens, and the gentlemen were not dressed like monkeys, but they all wore nankeen smalls and cocked hats, and looked *like* gentlemen.'

"Cricket in cocked hats! I could not stand this, and was obliged to move round to the MISS SHOVELHATS' side, or MISS QUIZ would have caught my eye and set me off.

"'Do you like cricket, MISS SHOVELHAT?'

"'Ah—oh, yes, we dote on it!'—(*Jane*) 'It's so picturesque,'—(*Mary*) 'And brings such nice people together.'—(*Fanny*) 'And is so sociable. We know *all* the officers.'

"*Miss Quiz* (*sotto voce*). 'And would know all the Fleet too, if you could. Now, MR. MUFF, what are they doing—going to dinner? Well, I do call this *too bad!* You gentlemen have your Clubs in London and shut us out, and now you introduce the same exclusiveness into the Country,—and what are we poor wretched women to do alone? I declare, whenever the players are not in the field they are either eating and drinking, or getting into corners to have "a quiet smoke," as they call it.'

"*Miss Sabertasche.* 'When I was a girl, grooms and ostlers used to smoke, but gentlemen never did.'

"*Laura Hawthorn* (*who is well read generally*). 'How do you explain SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY'S pipe of Virginia? I suppose he was a gentleman.'

"*Miss Sabertasche.* 'My dear, he did not live in my County, and I was not born in the reign of QUEEN ANNE.'

"All this time, *Mr. Punch*, our match went on swimmingly. BLUFFINS scored his twenty runs, and little DAISY made some beautiful hits, but the thing which pleased me most was to see the two young ROWDYS in together. We can, alas! only be boys once, but every honest man lives again in the pleasures of youth. It was grand to see the leg balls flying, and CAPTAIN SPANGLES with the variegated shirt coming to all manner of grief, amidst the cry of 'Now, butterfingers!' from the non-players of his side, and the plump little Doctor after a sixer; and it was pleasant to see the delight of the villagers at the Curate's innings, and in my philosophical spirit I could not help comparing the kind feelings of the parishioners towards their warm-hearted pastor, with the dread which they might have felt under the influence of some straight-coated impostor, terrible by his ecclesiological antics, and great in the doctrine of the Confessional.

"All our wickets fell for ninety runs, in getting which, the Blacksmith with his Sunday white trousers showed well in the score-book.

"After dinner I went down to the villagers' corner to hear what remarks they passed on the officers' innings, all of which shall be duly chronicled hereafter, by

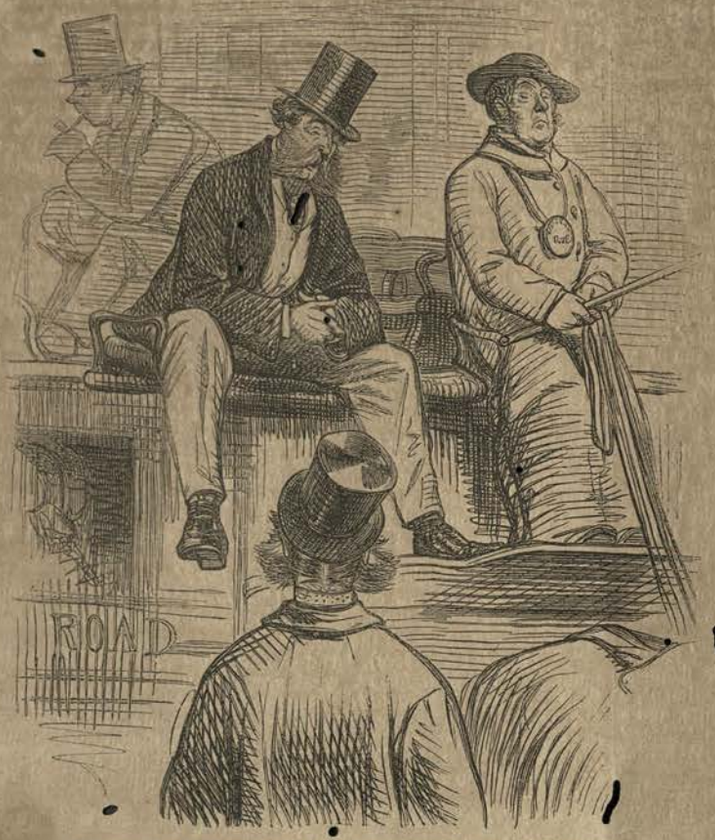
"Your faithful

"CHARLES MUFF."

### A Russian Despatch.

JOURNALISTS have been electrified most shockingly by the fact of Russia being able to bring news from China so much quicker than the Telegraph. The speed, however, is easily accounted for. The agent employed was the celebrated Courier of St. Petersburgh, whom we have admired so often at ASTLEY'S. Mounted on six horses, he flew across the numerous deserts in less than no time. To doubt the rate of his speed would be literally to argue in a circle. Pending the Telegraph to India, why does not the Government borrow of Russia its Courier of St. Petersburgh?

SPREAD OF CIVILISATION.—The Shoeblack Brigade has penetrated as far as Ramsgate!




## DESOLATE STATE OF LONDON IN AUGUST.

SCENE—Piccadilly.

Awful Swell. *"Hullo! old fellar, that* you *top of a Bus!"*

Awfuller Swell. *"Why, Ya'as. Don't mind now* evwy *body's out of Town."*

## THE ROYAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

LET our thanks the boon acknowledge;
And our cheers its undertakers;
Here's to the Dramatic College,
Here's to him who gave the acres!

Rest your bones and take it easy,
Now your leaf is sere and yellow;
Poor old stagers cramped and wheezy,
Who no more can strut and bellow!

Stars declining, unrepining,
Gossip still of buskin leather;
College fellows snugly dining
In your common room together.

College fellows, talking over
Foot-light triumph, green-room quarrel,
Now you 've changed for quiet clover,
Former crops of thorn and laurel.

Dons dramatic, why not vary
Ancient saw with fresh example,
Youths in *statu pupillari*,
Forming on the good old sample?

With experienced eye judicious,
Sprigs of promise deftly culling
From the stage-struck crowd officious,
Whom you warn their lives from mulling.

If the art be worth a College,
Skill dramatic is worth reaching;
Gifted minds and needful knowledge
Come of choosing and of teaching.

Let the Stage be a profession,
Let the Drama be a science;
Chosen, not from indiscretion,
Followed, not in world's defiance.

Noble utterance, gracious bearing,
Life from its dull prose-husks sifted,
Baseness crushed with scorn unsparing,
Manhood to its height uplifted—

Are not these fair means of teaching
Men what men should aim at being?
Showing is the best of preaching,
And believing comes of seeing!

## LATEST BY TELEGRAPH.

"*New York, To-morrow.*

"THE following important message has this instant been received. We have stripped to our chemise sleeves (pardon, ladies, the indelicacy) in our hot haste to print it. Our predictions have, as usual, been most amply verified. We said in our prophetic soul that JOHN BULL would flare up not a nigger less than we did. Wal, Sir-ree, it's the fact. There ain't no crocodiles about it. The old 'coon has been going the entire opossum. The Britishers, we hear, are not a whittle less excited and slogdollagised than we air. Britannia has been going off at half cock, same as we did. Yes, Sirree, it 's a fact. Our liquor 's genuine true brewed, neat and no ways gaudy. We kinder calc'late as our prophecies air of the raal grit. There ain't no small figs about them. JOHN BULL, so we gauged him, is an all-fired stiff old hoss; but when he does git his head, he sparks out like a wet fiz on the tail end of a thunderbolt.

"Wal—about the Telegraph; here 's the latest fixins of it:—

"'PUNCH TO BUNKUM, GREETING:

"'The triumph of the Telegraph has been one too many for us. All England has gone crazy with delight in hearing of it. Bedlam is choke full, and Hanwell p'raps is choker. Fifty million lunacy commissions daily issued. Not so much as a strait waistcoat to be had for love or money. The wisest men in England have lost their wits in consequence. The LORD MAYOR is in strict confinement at the Tower, and MR. COX of Finsbury has been removed with WISCOUNT WILLIAMS to a private madhouse.

"'The rejoicings have, of course, been on the widest scale of splendour, and regardless of cost. Some idea of their extravagance may perhaps be formed, when we state that sixteen cities (including London, Liverpool, and Hockley-in-the-Hole) have been carted off, entire, to Canterbury Plain, and there made a bonfire of at the national expense. There was a grand display of fireworks on the roof of Windsor Castle, which was distinctly visible at Paris and St. Petersburg. St. Paul's was filled with naphtha, and the dome sent up at midnight as an illuminated balloon, with the LORD MAYOR'S coach and four attached by way of car to it. By permission of the shareholders, the *Leviathan* was hoisted to the top of Primrose Hill, and blown up at an altitude of fifteen thousand fathoms. Pieces of her were picked up on the summit of Mont Blanc, and the sound of the explosion woke three deaf men at Venice.

"'The Illuminations also were on the same extensive and expensive scale. Gas being laid on at the Government expense, the most extravagant devices were invented to make use of it. In economic districts the lamp-posts merely were unscrewed, and a light put to the sockets; whence, on either side the roadway, pillars of fire shot up which overtopped the Monument. But in parishes more prodigal, new gas-works were expressly built for the occasion; and fresh mains were laid down to keep up a supply. Perhaps the prettiest device was that in Piccadilly; where, for upwards of three miles on both sides of the street, the gas was suffered to escape up all the kitchen chimneys, and a fountain of bright flame gushed forth from every pot.

"'Nor was the flare-up limited to merely gas and fireworks. There were feasts prepared for other organs than the visual. For one entire week the Aldermen of London dined fourteen times a-day, and consumed *per* man eleven plates of turtle at each feed. Throughout the whole of the metropolis all the baked-potato cans were thrown open to the public; and all the street-boys upon town were put for eight-and-forty hours on the free-list at the pudding-shops. Every boy JACK of them was glutted with as much "plum-duff" as he could eat, and then was given half-a-ton of "HALLBUT Rock" to carry home with him. Even WILLIAMS, the Economist, launched out on the occasion, and provided twelve old toothless women with a captain's biscuit each. A Licensed Wittlers' feed and a Temperance tea-party were held simultaneously at the Crystal Palace; and the big fountains played champagne and ginger-beer alternately. The five-shilling fines for drunkenness next morning amounted to the sum of sixteen millions sterling. Every charity-child in England was entertained with buns,

the buns being, on this memorable occasion only, Bath ones. A pound and a half of lollipops were served out to all of them who were under six, and the more adult had a pennyworth of brandy-balls. Babies in arms had a Jack-in-the-box given them, and were allowed to wheel away as many gingerbread nuts as they could put in their perambulators. On the same evening the Thames was perfectly deodorised, and being frozen over by SMITH'S Patent Refrigerator, twelve thousand elephants were roasted whole upon the ice; and after all the Greenwich pensioners had eaten a haunch a-piece, eleven hundred beefeaters were feasted on the fragments.

"'At all the theatres, of course, there were gratuitous performances, and Almack's and Cremorne were thrown open to the million, by the kind permission of the *haute noblesse*. The noble proper-rioters took part in the festivities, and made themselves conspicuous by their exuberant hilarity. For the amusement of the populace, several jangling matches came off at Cremorne, in which none but Peeresses were suffered to compete. LORD DERBY'S brass band was also in attendance, and performed several of their trumpeting *morceaux*. The REVEREND MR. STURGEON was prevailed on to officiate in the *salle de danse*: and as Master of the Ceremonies directed the performance of a gentleman's quadrille. The Bishops jumped in sacks with much grace and agility; and thunders of applause were won by SOAPEY SAMUEL for his masterly gyrations on the greasy pole. To add to the hilarity of the evening's entertainment, SAMUEL afterwards took a part in the farce of *The Confessional*, which was succeeded by a piece called *The Reverend Paul Pry*, in which the chief character was presented by a Puseyite.

## OUR NOISY NEIGHBOURS.

JUST now writers for the French press appear to have exhausted their vocabulary of epithets in their efforts to describe the late Imperial Fêtes at Cherbourg. But really if they wished to give a faithful picture of them, they should have borrowed a slang English phrase, and called them "regularly stunning." There is little doubt that this would have been truer to the fact than at least eleven-twelfths of the adjectives they used: and as "regularly stunning" is a comprehensive phrase, it might have saved them some considerable hunting for superlatives.

It is however on account of its auricular, and not its slangy acceptation, that the phrase which we suggest would have been specially appropriate. When we hear that pretty nearly all the fun of the fêtes consisted in the banging off of some three thousand cannons, we feel persuaded we speak truth when we say that they were stunning. Visitors who went to them had such a dose of powder as will last them all their lives; and we may almost doubt if some of them will ever quite get over it. We who couldn't go ourselves, because our business or our leisure or our money wouldn't let us, were heard to grumble a good deal at the bad luck which prevented us. We thought it a sad fate which kept us from the fêtes; but after all it was as fortunate a one as could have happened to us. We have to thank our lucky stars that we were forced to stay at home. It sounds rather of a "Bull," but it is nevertheless a fact, that the Cherbourg sights were really far more audible than visible. There was in reality but little to be seen, and the most sharpsighted of visitors could hardly see that little, owing to the smoke which was made by the salutes. On the other hand, however, there was plenty to be heard; and we again beg to thank our stars for saving us from hearing it. Our ears are not bomb-proof; and now Parliament is up we don't wish to have them deafened. When Parliament is sitting, and we have to listen to the speeches, we certainly do sometimes wish that we were deaf; but now the House is gone to grouse, our wish stands over till next Session. Judging from the tortures which street organs inflict on us, our aural constitution, we believe, is rather delicate; and had we "attended hearing" of the Cherbourg sights, we think we should have lost our hearing by our presence.

As some weeks have elapsed since the Cherbourg demonstration, cavillers may sneer at our reviving a stale subject, and may quote it as a proof that the "dull season" is affecting us, and that we are brought to our wits' end for wherewithal to fill our space. Such critics may, however, very easily be silenced, if we remind them, in the first place, that "*Punch* can do no wrong;" and in the second, that it is a no less now admitted maxim that *nullum tempus regi atque Punchio occurrit*. Moreover, we are not presuming in the least, when we say, that it is in the QUEEN'S name we revert to this stale subject. We believe that if HER MAJESTY were asked to make auricular confession of the fact, she would say that the salutes which were fired for her at Cherbourg were much more of a nuisance than they were a pleasure to her. The royal ears, of course, are not a bit more bomb-proof than any body else's; and such a constant cannonade as was kept up at the fêtes must have been disagreeably trying to the royal nerves. The royal nose must also equally have suffered, for the smell of so much gunpowder can hardly have been less offensive than the noise. In more senses than one, then, there is very little question that the QUEEN was inconvenienced; and it is *Mr. Punch's* duty, and that of all her faithful subjects, to prevent her being again exposed to such annoyance.

While we continue on good terms with our excellent Ally, there is no doubt we shall frequently be interchanging visits. Although M. DE PERSIGNY has so amiably assured us that France cares less than England to keep up the Alliance, we still have a suspicion that every now and then, the EMPEROR will condescend to ask the QUEEN to visit him, just by way of showing Europe that (of course merely for own sake) we keep upon good terms with him. Now, when the QUEEN is honoured with these kind invitations, as HER MAJESTY'S advisers, we advise her to accept them only on condition that there be no smoking—we mean, that is, to say no sulphur and saltpetre smoking. In the QUEEN'S name, we protest against her being stunned and stifled every time she goes to pay the French a friendly visit. Not being proud, we don't so much object to the exchange of such civilities, provided that they do not inconvenience HER MAJESTY: but it is on this condition only we consent to them. Our QUEEN is far too valuable and dear to all her subjects for them to take no thought for the welfare of her person: and as her medical no less than her political advisers, we cannot suffer her to go where either aurally or nasally she would be placed in jeopardy. Our noisy neighbours seemed to be impressed with the belief that Peace is best proclaimed through "the brazen throat of War;" and that to show that we are friends there is nothing like our acting as we should if we were foes, and cannonading one another every time we meet. The French notion of a peace-offering is a burnt-offering of gunpowder—burnt in one's friends' faces. As savage tribes eat salt to show they wish for peace, so the French treat their Allies to feasts of sulphur and saltpetre. They think there's nothing half so good as blazing off a broadside, when one wants to show one's friends one wishes to be quiet. If only you make noise enough, every one will know that you intend to keep the Peace. So when they catch the QUEEN at Cherbourg, or any such Peace Congress, they do their best to deafen her with their peaceful demonstrations.

Now, it really is high time that this be put a stop to: and unless our noisy neighbours consent to keep more quiet, they must not expect to get the QUEEN to visit them. The QUEEN has had enough of their gunpowder civilities. Such burning of brimstone can betoken but at best a mere Plutonic affection. It savours more of the infernal than of any other regions. Without cotton, wool, and respirators, there would be no surviving it. If it were deemed needful for the interests of her people, the QUEEN might not so much object to interchange, once a-year or so, a kiss of friendship with the EMPEROR; but it really is presuming on HER MAJESTY'S good nature to expect that, every time she pays Cherbourg a visit, she should have to suffer all the gunners to salute her.

### The Ultramontane Toastmaster.

AT the dinner which the priests gave at Ballynasloe to CARDINAL WISEMAN, the usual disloyal toast was drunk, and the usual loyal toast omitted. As the assembly, with the exception of two persons, consisted entirely of ecclesiastics, the disaffection evidenced by that omission may be despised. The people of Ireland will drink the QUEEN'S health in spite of their priests, who, at least when that toast is proposed, are unable, though they may wish, to deny the cup to the laity.

### The Priests and "The Ladies."

"WHAT do the Priests," asked DENNIS, "mean,
Toasting the POPE and not the QUEEN?"
"Bedad, they mean to drink," said THADY,
"Our Scarlet, not our Sovereign Lady."

### Church-Drawing.

*First Pew-Opener.* Which preacher do you like best, BRIMSTONE, or TREACLE?

*Second Pew-Opener.* Why, you see both on 'em are very good. BRIMSTONE, I think, draws most people, but TREACLE pulls in most money.

COST OF THE TENDER PASSION.—Man's first love is generally the cheapest—his last love the dearest.

## VERY CONSIDERATE.

*Steward.* "WILL EITHER OF YOU, GENTLEMEN, DINE ON BOARD? THERE 'S A CAPITAL HOT DINNER AT THREE O'CLOCK."

## THEM 'S OUR SENTIMENTS.

OWING to the variation of clocks, and the smartness of the citizens of the United States, it is now the middle of next week in New York. The Banquet in honour of the laying of the Atlantic Cable has taken place, and we are enabled, by submarine telegraph, to furnish a list of some of the toasts and sentiments most enthusiastically received on this auspicious occasion:—

"'*Suum cuique.*' To the United States citizens who planned, made, and laid the Atlantic telegraph, and to the British capitalists who subscribed a trifle towards it!"

"To the Memory of the immortal FRANKLIN, as discovered the lightning, and to CYRUS FIELD, as greased it."

"CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, whose discovery rendered possible the two great facts of the day—SHAKSPEARE and the United States."

"The Immortal SHAKSPEARE, raised in the Old country, but appreciated only in the New, and who, had he lived in the present day, would certainly have been a free and enlightened American citizen."

"Success to the Almighty dollar, and its kindred rights of free expectoration, annexation, and wopping your own nigger."

"Hail to the American Eagle! may he poise himself above the broad Atlantic, with a wing apiece on England and Columbia, and his beak and tail pointing to States of the Union yet to be."

"Success to the British Lion, as long as he is couchant. But if ever he becomes rampant, may he be scourged by the star-spangled banner, till he puts his tail between his legs, and howls with anguish."

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RATHER ANOMALOUS.—How do you account for this? The Compass has four points, and yet a Pair of Compasses only has two!

## HER MAJESTY FOR MOGUL.

JOHN COMPANY 's o'erthrown,
His empire we annul,
And the QUEEN alone place on the throne
In the seat of the GREAT MOGUL;
In the state of TAMERLANE,
In AURUNGZEBE's chair,
Let us hope to remain, and long to reign
In mild dominion there.

HER MAJESTY will rule
Supreme o'er Hindostan,
And the greatest fool in BRAHMA's school
Will prefer her to SHAH JEHAN.
Each Sepoy will submit,
As quiet as a lamb,
And her more fit esteem to sit
Where she is, than the old NIZAM.

The people will rejoice,
And lustily hurrah,
And with one voice give her their choice,
Nor regret a MOHAMMED SHAH.
Soon confidence serene
Will all commotion lull,
When the little QUEEN is supposed to be seen
On the throne of the GREAT MOGUL.

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### Why we Never Meet with the Truth.

TRUTH, scandalised at the reception she meets with amongst men, flies from the surface of the earth, and takes refuge at the bottom of a well. It is said, her timidity is such, that she never likes to leave well alone.

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COURT CALLISTHENICS.—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN has commenced a course of exercises with the Indian Sceptre. India anticipates the happiest results.

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STUDY OF PERSPECTIVE.—AFTER NATURE.

## "ILLI ROBUR, ET ÆS TRIPLEX."

WE are told that to commemorate the QUEEN'S visit to Cherbourg, the EMPEROR has ordered a pyramid of granite to be put up as a monument of the "remarkable event." England once upon a time was the favoured means of furnishing his Majesty with bread, and he now returns the compliment by giving her some stone. Well, granite is undoubtedly a durable material, and is therefore not uncommonly selected for a monument.

But we fancy that in this case bronze would have been fitter: although we grant that as the monument is to be erected close to the sea-shore, and as salt air is, we know, injurious to metal, the proposed granite pyramid would doubtless prove a *monumentum ære perennius*: that is to say in English, more lasting than a bronze one.

But, then, the EMPEROR has such a stock of brass on hand, that he might have saved himself the cost of buying fresh material, and have relieved himself in some part of his æral superfluity. Had his Majesty erected a pyramid of brass, we might have looked upon it as a portion of himself, which, of course, would have enormously increased our veneration for it. To the statue of his uncle which has been put up at Cherbourg, the EMPEROR might have added an *effigies* of himself: the truth being typified in the pyramid of bronze, that he is possessed of no small heap of brass.

## AUTUMNAL PARAGRAPHS.

(*Principally for Provincial Papers.*)

MR. WALLACE M'SWEENY, a Provost of Dundee, has in his possession a beautiful grog-blossom, of this year's growth, that measures several inches in circumference, and half as much again in diameter.

The chess match, that has been going on in Abwrrcwyrryd for three and twenty years, was brought to a close last week by one of the parties dying in a lunatic asylum.

Intelligence reached Southend on Sunday evening, of the resignation of LORD PALMERSTON.

A Rochdale Churchwarden has been fined 10*s.* for keeping a squirrel in the church clock.

The gale last week blew away a Crinoline, belonging to MRS. BLACKBURN, of Broadstairs, that was hanging out in the garden to dry, and carried it out to sea, a distance of fifteen miles and a quarter.

Housekeepers should bear in mind, that this is not a bad time of the year for having their chimneys swept.

A large diamond was found in a double tooth that MR. PULLEY HAWLEY, our respected dentist of High Street, extracted from a pauper on Monday afternoon. Science is at a loss to account how the diamond ever got there. The strangest part of the business is, that a law-suit is pending as to whose property this diamond is. The parish, the dentist, and the pauper all severally claim it. Its value is estimated at £79.—*The Stoke Pogis Independent.*

The authorities at Gravesend have decided upon putting a new handle to the pump in honour of COLONEL PHIPPS'S visit.

The gentlemen of the long robe in Holywell Street are likely to have their attention engaged for some time, as the O'MULLIGAN, of Mulligan, has decided upon selling off his wardrobe.

The cat that says "Pa," is being exhibited in Doncaster. It had ten kittens a fortnight ago, and, singular to relate, they all say "Ma." They are engaged for Drury Lane Theatre next season.

Christmas Day falls this year on a Saturday. It hasn't done so for the last seven years.

The Oldest Inhabitant solemnly declares, that he has seen many strange things in his life time, but he has never known the female fashions to be so absurd as they are at present.

A few days since, at Harrington, a young lady of the age of fifteen, when ducking her head under water whilst out bathing, caught her oil-skin cap upon a nail of the wheel of the bathing-machine; and the strings being tied tightly round her neck, the chances are that in another second she would have been drowned, if the bathing-woman had not, with singular presence of mind, instantly rushed to her assistance!

Another instance of a pig dying from eating unripe fruit occurred but last week at Chislehurst. Farmers cannot be too cautious.

A swallow has built its nest this year in the letter-box at Caterham. This proves the wonderful instinct of the bird. It has never been in the least disturbed.

There is a great talk of erecting a monument at Everton to the memory of the genius, who immortalised the town by the invention of Toffy—a blessing that is nearly in every man's mouth. The only difficulty about the matter is, that no one knows the inventor's name.

At a wedding anniversary that was held by Farmer Barrowfield, at his hospitable Grange, near Cherriton, great consternation was produced amongst his guests by the first course of the dinner consisting only of one turnip. Merriment, however, soon succeeded to fear upon a splendid goose, weighing exactly sixteen pounds, being found to be comfortably stowed inside the monster vegetable. Such a turnip was probably never seen before! Potatoes, apple-sauce, gravy, French beans, all found ample accommodation in its roomy interior. The dessert, including a water-melon, was served up in another turnip, scarcely inferior in size to its predecessor. The company separated at a late hour in a state of the greatest hilarity.

Saturn may be seen any clear night with a good opera-glass. He enters the ring with his belt, and goes through his rounds in a style that wins nocturnal eulogium from PROFESSOR AIREY. He generally buckles to about 10h. 10m.—*Record.*

The American Sea Serpent, according to last accounts, is hourly looking out for the Atlantic Telegraph. Its object in discovering where it hangs out, is that it may for the future carefully avoid that line of country, for fear the Telegraph should give early intimation of its wandering whereabouts. The Serpent is afraid of being caught napping; its coil evidently dreads the Telegraph, for fear it should meet with a recoil.

TO PERSONS EMBARRASSED WITH RICH OR TROUBLESOME RELATIONS.—A Medical Student, who has just passed his examination with the greatest *éclat*, and is beyond all doubt a duly qualified practitioner, begs to offer his services in all delicate cases where his signature is wanted to testify to the insanity of anybody, who may be troublesome, or sadly in the way. The advantages of this system must be evident to everybody who nourishes feelings of animosity, or is not insensible to the charms of money, as it is quite unnecessary to state that it requires the signatures of only two medical men to have the most cantankerous customer instantly locked up. No doubt need be entertained of the efficacy of the system, as it has been tried over and over again with the greatest success. An interview with the person accused not in the least required: in fact, the advertiser would infinitely prefer not seeing the supposed lunatic, as it might have the injurious effect of biassing his (the M.D.'s) judgment, and so weakening the strength of his testimony. Fees, varying from 5*s.* to £5 5*s.*, according to the wealth and respectability of the party he is called upon to pronounce insane. An additional signature, fully as good as the Advertiser's, can be procured without the slightest difficulty; in which case the fee must be doubled, or proportionately increased. The utmost secresy can be relied upon, and no questions asked. Apply to VERAX, (if by letter, prepaid), 115, Bleeding Heart Yard, next door to the "Good Samaritan Lunatic Institution," London.—N.B. Lunatics boarded and lodged and never allowed, under any pretext whatever, to leave the house, nor to correspond with their friends; in short, every care shown to them, at a very moderate expense. A reduction made on taking several decayed branches of the same genealogical tree.

## THE HAWTHORN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER III.

Y DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"You must imagine yourself walking round the ground with me, and that I am introducing you to my friends. Here is old TOM ROBINSON, the village patriarch, smoking his pipe. Let us philosophise on pipes for a moment. It is a mournful fact, but the present generation has lost the art of smoking. We have regalia cigars, and Meerschaums and short clays; but we cannot accomplish the high art as practised by our forefathers. We are peripatetic chimneys. Look at OLD TOM sitting at the end of a yard of clay, grunting with pleasure every time that a thin and almost invisible thread of smoke oozes out of his mouth—that is real smoking. Let us listen to what he's saying; 'I mind the time, when I were a very leetle boy, a grand match were played 'ere between the DUKE OF DOORSET'S eleven and SIR HORACE MANN'S, I think it were, and a man were wanted by the Duke; and he says to th' old Squire (this man's grandfather) can you vind us a man to play?'—'Ees, I can,' says the Squire, 'there's JEMMY DEEBLE, the tailor, who is a good 'un,' and JEMMY played. Well, arter they had gone on a bit, JEMMY says to the DUKE OF DOORSET, 'If you putts I on to bowl, I think I could bowl them down, for I knows the ground.'—'Well, go on,' says the Duke, and I'm blessed if he didn't bowl 'em all down as zoon as ever they coom'd in, and arter the match were over, the Duke says, 'How did 'ee do it?'—'That 's my avair,' he says.—'Why, 'ere 's a guinea,' says the Duke, 'now tell I all about it.'—'*All about it*,' he says, 'why there was a mouse heap close agin the wicket, and every ball that pitched on that 'ere heap, run right home.'—'Ah!' said the old man, 'that were cricket, when a man guarded his wicket with his baat, and not wi' two piller cases round his legs.'

"But here comes DICK the poacher followed by a wiry suspicious looking dog. DICK, taking advantage of the amnesty which always exists on a cricket-ground, sits down on the same form as LEATHERS, the Squire's keeper. 'Well, old DICK,' says LEATHERS, 'can ee tell us where there be a hare about 'ere?'—'Oh! MR. LEATHERS,' answers DICK, 'if *you* do'ant know, how should a poor man like I be able to tell 'ee,' and old DICK grins, and looks round knowingly.

"'I'll lay 'ee a pot, DICK, thee hast a wire in thy pocket now, and I'll forgive 'ee if I win.'

"'Done,' says DICK, 'there be my pockets, MR. LEATHERS;' and sure enough the pockets were searched without success. It would have made the fortune of any one of your artists, *Mr. Punch*, if he could have caught old DICK'S expression, when he took his old battered hat off, behind MR. LEATHERS' back, and showed me a wire in the crown of it.

"I am happy to inform your readers, that MR. LEATHERS also has taken me into his confidence, and he tells me that old DICK is no great culprit. 'You see, Sur, DICK is the last of a very old vamily of poorchers, and the breed must soon die out; he only snares a hare now and then, and so does a many more in this place, only they do'ant zell 'em, and ain't vound out.'

"'Well bowled, VULCAN!' There goes the crack wicket down with a trimming ball.

"'Ah!' exclaims an old woman, in a red cloak, 'VULCAN be a main vine veller, be'unt e, MARY? When be you and he going to be axed in Church?'

"'There, doan't 'ee bother me, Granny,' says MARY, (a very pretty girl, whose face had flushed with pleasure at the praises of the Blacksmith, and who now turned a deeper crimson at the old woman's question), 'we shall be married time enough, I'll be bound.'

"'Now, Granny,' kindly asks LAURA HAWTHORN, who has just joined us, 'what are you joking MARY about?'

"'Oh, I were axing she, Miss, when she and VULCAN were going to be axed out in Church—but Lord! Miss HAWTHORN, how beautiful CAPTAIN BLUFFINS be playin', be'unt em?' This old Granny has the name of being a witch, and she is always asking unpleasant questions: she first fired one barrel into MARY, and now brought down LAURA skilfully with the other, by the introduction of BLUFFINS's name.

"'Can you give me any hope, MR. MUFF?' asks LAURA; 'the match is to be decided in one innings, and I cannot understand whether we are winning or losing.'

"'Now, MISS HAWTHORN, if you will sit down here, I will tell you your chance. Five men are out without getting half the runs, and according to calculation they should have got more than half with five wickets down—There! That is against you; the Doctor has got hold of that ball in style—just listen to the officers cheering. They 've run four already, and they will get another for the throw. By Jove!—(I beg your pardon, MISS HAWTHORN)—what a throw right from the corner—Out! The Doctor is run out! I really think CAPTAIN BLUFFINS has won the match by that throw.'

"At this stage there was a break, as all the field rallied round, and applauded BLUFFINS; and VULCAN the Blacksmith insisted on measuring the distance—ninety-seven yards clean without a drop from the corner to the wicket.

"'Do you think, TOM ROBINSON, that JEMMY DEEBLE could have beat that?'

"'Do'ant know about it,' answered TOM, 'if the DUKE OF DOORSET were alive, he 'ud tell 'ee that there never were a better man than JEMMY DEEBLE.'

"'Now, MISS HAWTHORN, it's all against you again: those two men are sticking well in, and getting runs too fast, and the bowling should be changed. Oh, there 's the Carpenter going on with the 'Slows.' There goes a fourer, first ball. Hallo! he 's stumped! Well put down, MR. DAISY. Now, to be explicit again, three more men have to be put out, and they must get eleven runs between them to win. Well played indeed, FLASH; that shows nerve—two off the eleven—Well caught ROWDY—FLASH is out.'

"And now I must be historical, in order to do justice to SPANGLES, who, though not much of a player, stood his ground like a man. Young ROWDY went on with the swinging underhand throw: he was hit on the chest and the head, (which MISS QUIZ declared sent out a hollow sound), and kept his wicket up manfully, whilst the other man, who was well in, got six more runs, and the Captain made his exit with a ball from ROWDY, which FULLER PITCH, at his best, might have bowed to. CAPTAIN TONGS, a six foot two man, comes last for two to tie and three to win. He has got hold of one of the Carpenter's slows, and scores two and makes the tie.

"'MISS HAWTHORN, if the bats-men run again, they win; now look out. No! Yes! It can't be! I don't think the ball fell. Yes it has. The Carpenter has driven TONGS on to his wicket. Hurrah! a tie-match, MISS HAWTHORN.'

"I need hardly say, *Mr. Punch*, that the early termination of the Match induced the old Squire (though he never wanted inducement to hospitality) to invite the whole of the sides to the Hall, where we ate and drank, and those who were not lame like me, danced till ten o'clock, at which hour, with the full concurrence of the Squire, the Officers of the Onety-Oneth, CHARLEY BLUFFINS, and your humble servant, adjourned to give the landlord of the Barleymow (where the players were being entertained) a turn, in exchange for his admirable performance as my substitute for a long-stop. There were some songs and speeches, which you shall have in my next.

"Yours, faithfully,

"CHARLES MUFF."

## A BLUE AND YELLOW REVIEW.

(*Not the Edinburgh.*)

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE has been very properly and sensibly causing the boys of the Bluecoat School, of which institution he is President, to be drilled. The *Times* says:—

"The boys showed great aptitude in their attempt at marching, countermarching, slow and quick step, and other military evolutions, though it was quite evident that they were much retarded in their evolutions by their clumsy formed and heavy shoes, which still bear the uncouth form of the time of EDWARD THE SIXTH, while the yellow petticoat and the blue overcoat of the same period, still worn by them, proved to be so inconvenient that they were obliged to fasten up these out-of-date garments before they could commence their exercises."

How much longer will the Aldermen oblige the poor Bluecoat boys to continue wearing that preposterous garb, which constitutes them objects of ridicule to all other boys except those who wear parochial yellow breeches, from whom they get sympathy, perhaps, rather than derision? Several ladies, according to the *Times*, were present to witness the movements of the boys; and no doubt they must have been amused by an exhibition of petticoats more ridiculous, if possible, than their own.

### LIVES OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

THE Mormons complain of persecution—but they have had no trials. Which of them has as yet been indicted for polygamy?

## PURITANICAL PERSECUTION AT HANLEY.

IT is all very well for us to express our contempt for the oppressive bigotry of Papists and Mahometans, but do we afford them no cause for despising us on account of our own? Whilst we heap scorn on the heads of fanatics, whose credulity is abused by their priests and ulemas, we forget that many among our own population, of a station in which they ought to know better than to believe the fictions of illiterate and prejudiced, or fraudulent, preachers, are the dupes of Sabbatarian zealots and impostors. A law—which chanced not to be repealed together with the statute against witchcraft—renders a man liable to a penalty for following his ordinary occupation on a Sunday, it being neither a work of necessity nor charity. Under this atrocious act, which persecutes every Jew, who derives his creed from the Old Testament, and every Christian who derives his from the New, MR. ENOCH BROWN, farmer, of Bucknall, was summoned before the magistrates at the Hanley police-court, on Monday last week, for reaping a field of wheat on the 22nd of August. The evidence as to the fact was given by a policeman, but the *Manchester Guardian*, which reports the case, omits to mention the name of the base informer at whose instance the accusation was brought. The falsehood of that accusation, which, even if true, nobody but a malevolent bigot or hypocrite would have preferred, will be evident from the following extract from our Manchester contemporary:—

"MR. AMOS, solicitor for the defendant, elicited in cross-examination that the wheat which the defendant was cutting had been beaten down by rain, that clover was growing through it, and that it was beginning to sprout. On those grounds MR. AMOS contended that the defendant was engaged in a work of necessity. MR. ROSS, stipendiary magistrate, admitted the full force of this defence."

And so, you will conclude, the brute who brought the charge was sent about his business to bite his nails for vexation, and tear his straight hair with rage. Not so. The stipendiary magistrate, indeed, judged a righteous and legal judgment. Stipendiary magistrates are generally enlightened and educated men, and not ignorant and vulgar persons whose judicial decisions are biassed by their religious opinions, those opinions being derived from the most illiterate class of the clergy or dissenting ministers. There were civic magistrates as well as a stipendiary one on the bench. MR. ROSS took that view of the case that would of course be taken by a gentleman of any legal knowledge and degree of understanding. "But," says the *Manchester Guardian*,

"But the Mayor of Hanley, and two other gentlemen sitting with him, took a different view of the matter, and fined the defendant 5*s.*, and costs, 12*s.*"

Two labourers, charged by malicious bigotry with the same offence, and convicted thereof by municipal wisdom and justice, submitted to their convictions, but MR. AMOS has appealed to the Court of Quarter Sessions. May he find the majority of the County Bench endowed with a righteousness exceeding that of the Pharisees!

## FINE BIRDS OUT OF THEIR FEATHERS.

WHAT do so many slim, smart, handsome, vacant-looking young men, sporting moustaches, loung*e* on jetties, and idle about the seabeach, to see? Some feeble-minded old gentleman will perhaps consider this question to be satisfactorily answered by one of the foreign correspondents of the *Morning Post*, who, with reference to the bathing at Le Vieux Port, near Biarritz, makes the following statement—having previously mentioned that the port is a place of fashionable resort, attested to be such by the presence of the fair sex in great numbers:—

"As I have said fair sex, allow me to pause here and speak of the queer appearance of the ladies in their bathing dresses. They come down the paths leading to the little bathing huts in all the glory of hat and feathers, crinoline, and huge circumference. They disappear into the huts, and a few moments after one sees issuing a parcel of little shivering, and in many instances very knock-kneed, beings in jackets and trousers, and skull-caps; all the beautiful form has vanished, and the woman of now-a-days is left in the hut in the shape of the different articles just doffed by the persons now so tremblingly entering the water."

"Hey, young bucks!" the weak old gentleman will probably say, "now there—those are the objects, I say the objects—which you go wasting your time all day, in sauntering up and down the pier, and kicking your heels upon the shingle for the pleasure of looking at. All very fine; but what's inside? A splendid shell; but what do you pick out of it? A—what shall I say?—a winkle; a wretched little, shrunken, wry-formed, wriggling winkle! That—eh?—that is the charming creature that you dog, and dodge, and waylay, and peep round corners to catch a glimpse of. A creature of the linendraper's; a thing of skirts and flounces, horsehair-petticoats, India-rubber-pipes and frames—a poor, puny being in the midst of a bale of goods. Well, well—you take a deal of trouble; and all I say is, now you see to what purpose, and I hope you are satisfied."

Poor old gentleman! Don't you see, Sir, that the deformed, meagre, undeveloped, undergrown specimens of female humanity that the *Post* man writes of are all French? Oh, you old muff!—do you suppose that any English girls ever look such scarecrows when they step out of their crinoline? To what purpose do you read your paper? The lesson which you ought to have learned from the revelation of the *Morning Post* is simply that crinoline was invented to conceal the distortions, deficiencies, and ugliness of Frenchwomen's figures. Then, what business have English girls to wear it? Well, there is some sense in that question, you ancient owl, and it shows that your faculties have not yet quite arrived at the last stage of decay.

## SELECT ACADEMY AT BRIGHTON.

WE understand that there is at Brighton an Academy, which one of our readers might patronise by recommending other people to send their children to it. To this school a distinguished actor, sent his little boy a few months ago. The other day the master called on the actor, to say that he could no longer receive the said little boy, as he had just discovered the nature of his father's profession, and it would injure him among his connection, clergymen, and others, were it known that his school contained the son of an actor. He had nothing to say against the boy, who was as good and gentlemanlike a boy as he had ever known.

What a very select Academy! How much more select a seminary than Eton, Winchester, or any of our public schools! We are afraid it is too select for most of our readers to think of sending any boys of their own there. But some of them—perhaps all of them—may know some great snobs, fathers of snobbish families. They may confidently recommend the great snobs to send their little snobs to the select Academy at Brighton, of which the master expelled the son because the father is an actor. There those little snobs will meet with other little snobs and sons of snobs, who will all, doubtless, be carefully educated in the principles of snobbery.

## A SPARK OF GREEK FIRE.

CERTAIN Greek "houses" in London have, it seems, thought it necessary to disclaim any hostility to Turkey, and to deny having thrown every obstacle they could in the way of the Turkish Loan. This is odd, seeing that, if the charge were true, it would be rather to the credit of the Greeks. We may support the Turk, but we don't expect the Greek, whom he oppressed, to favour him. And it would be something in praise of a mercantile house to show that any faint feeling of patriotism, or anything else besides "¼" or "⅛," could influence it. An English man of business would have no such scruple, and would be quite ready with his money when the Moloch and Beelzebub Loan "came out"—if he thought it was safe. The idea of any other question being considered has created quite a sensation in the City.

A COMFORTABLE HOME.—A Medical man, advertising for a lunatic patient, who is to live in the same house as his wife and children, winds up by promising that "he shall be treated as one of the family."

## A VERY PARTICULAR PARTY.

*Mrs.* ——. "OH, HERE YOU ARE AT LAST. NOW, YOU MUST COME AND DANCE THIS WALTZ WITH A FRIEND OF MINE—CHARMING GIRL, I ASSURE YOU."

*Mr.* ——. (*who prides himself upon his dancing.*) "HAW! THANK YOU—YOU'RE VERY GOOD!—BUT I NEVER WALTZ WITH STRANGE GIRLS. I DON'T MIND GIVING HER A QUADRILLE FIRST, JUST TO SEE HOW SHE MOVES!"

## THE FIGHT OF RED LEGS.

SHOWING HOW AN HONORABLE ENGLISH LORD DID CASTIGATE A PRESUMPTUOUS ROMAN PRIEST.

AND ye did well, LORD EGLINTON,
When ye knocked off his perch
The crowing bird called Cardinal,
The red-legged Cock of the Church.

'Twas the Cardinal, and he sat in pride,
Drinking the good red wine,
And a hundred priests and more sat there,
All kicking up a shine.

"What ho, a toast," quo' the Cardinal,
"A toast, my shepherds bold,"
And every priest he filled his glass,
As full as the glass would hold.

(A vulgar trick, but it suiteth well
The snobs of the mass-house steeple;
Rome 's priests, like JEROBOAM'S, "come
From the lowest of the people.")

The Cardinal he looked around
With a sacerdotal wink,
And he cried, "'Tis meet, my shepherds bold,
Our Sovereign's health to drink."

And every priest he raised his glass,
And he stood in act to tope,
And the Cardinal cried, with uplifted voice,
"To the health of our Lord the POPE."

And the priests they straightway emptied down
What a Jew would call the Vynth,
And their wines dispatched, they shouted loud,
"A health to PIUS THE NINTH!"

But though they met upon Irish ground,
And in public guise, I ween,
No glass was raised for a loyal toast,
To the health of Ireland's QUEEN.

"'Tis well, 'tis well," quo' LORD EGLINTON,
"The Popish toby we 'll tickle;
I flatter myself, my boys, I 've got
A very fine rod in pickle."

They 've laid the Cable across the sea,
They 've laid the electric rod;
One end astounds the Irish herring,
And one the Newfoundland cod.

"A feast, a feast," cries the Dublin MAYOR,
"In honour of science and pluck,
We 'll drink success to the Telegraph,
And to its promoters, luck.

"The Lord Lieutenant shall grace the board,
The Chancellor likewise,
And all the hoight of Quality,
Which the Dublin boys do prize."

And we 'll drink success to the Telegraph,
Which at length has gone so right,
And the great L. L. shall lay the sword
On the shoulder of CHARLES S. BRIGHT.

They summoned the Quality, great and small,
They summoned the great L. L.
And the day was fixed, and the punch was mixed,
(And it 's jolly that same did smell.)

Tidings were brought to LORD EGLINTON,
As he sat in his L. L.'s chair,
"You 'll see a neat thing in the red leg line,
The Cardinal will be there."

Then out and laughed LORD EGLINTON,
And his subs looked out for the joke,
"I think," says the Lord of the Tournament,
"My rod has had time to soak.

"Go down, my ilegant aide-de-camp,
I know you 'll enjoy the job;
And say I 'll be jiggered before I dine
Along with that red-legged snob.

"And none of the Lord Lieutenant's court
Shall show any honour or grace
To the bloated priest who dared put the POPE
In our gracious SOVEREIGN'S place."

LAST EGLINTON TOURNAMENT.—THE EARL DOING BATTLE FOR HIS LADY.

Merrily laughed the aide-de-camp,
And off to the MAYOR did hie,
And with infinite glee administered he
This regular slap in the eye.

And the guests were met, and the feast was set,
And there was the Cock of Rome;
But the Lord Lieutenant and Quality
They took and they stopped at home.

Right flustered then was the red-legged bird,
And a feeble cackle he made,
And never so stupid a speech was heard
From one who 's a speaker by trade.

"I didn't believe that the English Lord
Would have had the pluck," he said,
"To give a Prince of our Holy Church,
Such a thundering punch in the head.

"Before my priests and my devotees,
That would lick the dust of my shoe,
I receive the cut direct, as a hint
That my priestly ideas won't do.

"I fancy I've gone a little too far,
These Saxons are obstinate pigs,
I must give my priests a cue to stop
Their ultramontanish rigs."

A feast, a feast, is spread at Dundalk,
The priests are assembled there,
And the red-legged Prince of the Church has come,
And KIERAN fills the chair.

And there 's DR. DIXON and LORD BELLEW,
And the President of Maynooth,
And DR. M'NALLY, and BOWYER, M.P.,
That remarkably sapient youth.

And a couple of hundred Romans more,
With brogue as broad as their shoes,
And some of the priests they carried the whips,
With which they collect their dues.

"A health, a health," quo' DEAN KIERAN,
"To the POPE be *laus et gloria*;
And now a health, which I'm sure you'll drink
With delight, To OUR QUEEN VICTORIA."

"Aha! aha!" quo' LORD EGLINTON,
When he read the story in print;
"It seems to me," says LORD E., says he,
"Old Red-Legs can take a hint."

So here 's to the Lord who would not flinch,
But served out the Cardinal well,
We can quite afford to give Rome an inch,
While we keep such a jolly L.L.

## ROTHERHAM TRAINING SCHOOL FOR CRIMINALS.

Is this true:—

"DREADFUL CASE OF JUVENILE DELINQUENCY.—*George Marshall, Henry Marshall*, and another boy, who was not tall enough to look over the dock, were brought up charged with damaging a quickset hedge, the property of the REV. A. FULLERTON.—Police-constable 421 deposed that he found the three prisoners getting nuts in the REV. A. FULLERTON'S grounds (nuts, about a dozen in number, produced). They had, in getting into the grounds, broken a quickset hedge, doing damage to the amount of 6*d*. The father of the MARSHALLS, said he hoped the Bench would deal leniently with the case, as he earned but very little money and had a family of seven to keep. The mother of the other boy made a similar appeal, stating that she had eight children depending on her for support.—The Bench therefore, taking into consideration the youth of the children and the poverty of their parents, ordered them to pay 5*s*. 3*d*.—6*d*. damages, 6*d*. fine, and 4*s*. 3*d*. expenses.—The mother of the least of the three prisoners said she had not a farthing to pay for him.—MR. OXLEY: Then he will have to go to prison."

The above Police case, stated to have occurred at Rotherham, is extracted from the *Sheffield Times*. It may be a false and malicious libel on the Rotherham Bench. But if it is true, how regardless of public expense the Rotherham Bench must be! How much is the education of a little boy, sent to gaol for damaging a hedge to the value of sixpence likely to cost the county? He will be educated by the thieves to whose company he is consigned. He will learn much in a few days. The county may have to spend many pounds upon him before he comes to be transported or hanged. We trust the REV. A. FULLERTON, with his accustomed benevolence, has interceded for the children who wronged him to the value of sixpence, and has prevented the infant culprits from being sent to prison.

## THE BALLAD OF BOYNE HILL.

BY THE POET OF BELGRAVIA.

COME, listen, gents and ladies, to a tail I will relate,
Which it appened in this year of Gracious 1858:
Tis all about a Curiate, which WEST it is his name,
As fur the Scarlet Lady ave been and showed a flame.

In Boyne Ill parrish, maiden ead, he olds is curiacy,
And a wery nice young party for a curiate is he;
With his flock both male and femayale E makes isselth at ome,
And in Hingland acts exackerly as hif he were in Rome.

E conducte's of isself in a manor wery rude,
Does this REVERING PAUL PRYER, with his 'Ope I don't hintrude!'
Like a Roming hinquisitioner about the town he goes,
And in every ouse and cottage he pokes in his Romink nose.

Vithout so much as waiting for a usbing's hinvitation,
He onners married woming with his private Visitations;
Which he frightens them by sayink as the Church won't give her blessing,
Eksep of their infirmities to him they makes Confesshing.

For instince one fine morning he pops in, this revering gent,
To the ouse of a pore woming as was near her confinyment,
And in her Usbing's absence, which I wish they 'd chanced to meet,
He insults her with such questions as I will not ere repeat.

Which when that Christian lady, MRS. ELLEN, hears the same,
She confronte 's this here Curiate, and on im she cries shame!
Both at im and at his rector, MISTER GRESLEY, she lets fly,
And gev em each a set down, wich it sarved M right ses i.

MRS. ELLEN nex she goes and the ole matter lays afore
A *anti* Pussy clergymin, the REVERING JOHN SHAW;
Which he gets up a Petition unto Hoxford's lord Bishopp,
A askink im these pussyitish practices to stop.

But SAMMY, which I needn't ask if he's well off for soap,
He acte's as defender of these Monyings of the POPE.
And the charges brought agin em he endeavours to elude
By a sayink as PAUL PRY had no intenshink to be rude.

In fack he goes still farther, does this SAMIVEL OXON,
And he wery much applaude's what his priests ave gone and done;
Which he says of their Parishioners they ought to inquizate,
Hif there 's anythink upon their minds as they 've a mind to state.

Says SAM, as i 've a Orror of the Roming church, in course,
I 've a Orror of Confession, if so be it 's got by force:
But, so long as it is Woluntry, I doesn't see no harm,
In that there 's nothink Roming, so there 's nothink to alarm.

MISTER WEST he used no thumbscrew, nor no corpo real pain;
So ses SAM, he didn't *extort* not no confession, it is plain;
But the wery brutal language to which he ad recourse
Seems to me uncommon similar to the usink of brute force.

So instead of is suspendink this here Curiate, in fack
SOAPEY SAMMY he slips out of it, and pats him on the back;
Wich it 's that part of his pus'n I 'd ave touched him up myselth,
Hif with my wife he come meddlink and enquirink for er ealth!

So you Curiates who 're anxious for a comfortable life,
Get permission of the Usbing 'fore you wisite's the Wife:
Don't hintrude your Roming Noses *ha la* REVERING AIBEY SNEAK,
Else peraps your Roaming Noses they may chance to get a tweak.

MR. GRESLEY he a letter to the *Times* ave been and sent,
A sayink as Confession leads a sinner to repent;
Which hif MISTER G. he come a confessin of my wife,
My blief is he 'd repent it—though i aint no wish for strife.

MR. G. says in his Parrish, which its name is Bray, he find
As Usbings the hintrusion of PAUL PRYERS doesn't mind;
Vell—for taste there 's no haccountink. Helse sertingly I 'd say
They must B preshus Hasses these parishioners of *Bray!*

They ses as Pusey hism is a fashanable game,
But for all that hif a Parsing come a tryink on the same,
And A sneakink down our Hairey, I ud make him cry *Peccavi!*
Hi would—as sure as my name is JOHN THOMUS of Belgravy.

## OH YES—OF COURSE!

*Lizzie.* "OH, MR. POFFLES, I FIND I HAVE MADE A MISTAKE—I SEE I WAS ENGAGED FOR THIS DANCE."

## MURPHY ON MODERN MIRACLES.

OCH! hear me, St. Patrick, if you 're within hearin',
Which I 'd be a heretic iver to doubt,
And plase to inform me, great Saint of old Erin,
On a question I 'm mightily bother'd about.
Saint Patrick, I just want to know how the divil,
Forgive me for namin' your names in a breath,
For ye know well enough I meant nothing uncivil,
We have not had one miracle done since your death.

Of pictures and images noddin' and winkin',
The faithful in Italy witness galore;
But we haven't seen any wonders, I 'm thinkin',
Since the time when ye preached out the varmint of yore.
And France, too, the number of marvels is large in,
La Salette some years back, and the other day Lourdes,
Was honoured in visible form by the Vargin,
But Ireland no miracles iver affords.

Och! what is the rason that no apparition,
That sorrow a one winkin image, is seen
In a land that don't want for what 's called superstition
By the haythen—in Erin that calls herself green?
And the Emerald Isle 's just where them things is wanted,
Where Soupers the Pope and the clargy defy,
And the Saints' holy images rails at undaunted,
Wid not one to convert 'em by cockin' its eye!

Ah! sure 'tis the fault of the base unbelievers,
Them reptiles that 's worse than the toads and the frogs.
I wish you would rid us of all them deceivers,
St. Patrick, by drivin 'em into the bogs.
In ivery place, if them blackguards infest it,
The eyes of the pictures and statues is still,
And no apparition, for them thieves to test it,
Makes one blessed fountain spring out of a hill.

### A Little Too Blunt.

*A Scene at a Cheap Inn.*

*Hungry Customer.* Here, waiter, bring me another carving-knife. I can't cut anything with this villanous thing.

*Honest Waiter.* Beg pardon, Sir, but we never sharpen the knives for a Shilling Ordinary.

## THE SCOTCH SIN OF WALKING ON SUNDAY.

*To the Editor of the Caledonian Mercury.*

SIR,

HECH for licentious and drunken Scotland! Allow me to congratulate you on the great quantity of whiskey in proportion to any weaker liquor consumed in your country, and the vast excess of the births over the marriages. And let me also felicitate you on the strictness with which Sabbatarian principles are inculcated, and as far as possible enforced, by those whose teaching has formed the fine morals of your nation.

Why do I address my congratulations to you? On account of an edifying report of some proceedings of the Edinburgh Established Presbytery, which I have had the pleasure to read in your paper. Here is a bit of it:—

"THE CITY MISSION AND SABBATH DESECRATION.—A communication was read from the City Mission, calling attention to the practice of strolling on the thoroughfares in the city and suburbs on Sundays as a very prevalent form of Sabbath desecration. Those residing in the districts, in which the mission operations were carried on, were represented as being injuriously affected by seeing members of Churches conducting themselves in such a manner, and the Presbytery were requested to take some steps for promoting an increased appreciation of the privileges of the Sabbath and the sanctuary."

The idea of preventing people from walking in the streets on Sundays is very happy, and eminently calculated to produce those results which are peculiar to a people that is peculiarly Sabbatarian. It is not easy for those who are walking about to indulge in intemperance and vice. At least I should think not. I don't know how you manage those things in Scotland; but here debauchery sneaks into holes and corners, whither your City Mission wants to drive Sunday pedestrians. That pious body requests your Presbytery to promote an increased appreciation of the privileges of the Sabbath. By these I presume they mean the privileges of undisturbed privacy. The sanctuary which they couple with the Sabbath is a back room, I suppose, where nobody can interfere with anything that may be going on.

Two gentlemen of the Presbytery, DR. SMITH and DR. MACFARLANE, seem to have exhibited peculiar zeal for the stoppage of the "flagrant" evil of "Sabbath desecration" involved in perambulation on Sunday. The former minister of the Gospel, according to KNOX, "thought the best plan would be to apply to the civil magistrate." The latter "had made use of all the means appointed by law, but there were forms of Sabbath desecration which could not be reached by the law." Walking in the streets is considered by DR. MACFARLANE to be one of these. It is an offence against Sabbatarian decorum, which nobody can offend in holes and corners so grossly as he can by going for a walk in a public place. For, according to your report of DR. MACFARLANE'S words—

"The worst form of Sabbath desecration was for a father to take his children to such places as public gardens, where they saw nothing but what was most demoralising in its tendency."

Having referred the question concerning the wickedness of walking on Sundays to the Sabbath Observance Committee, according to your account—

"The Presbytery afterwards proceeded to private business."

I wish your reporter had been behind the scenes. I should like to know how much toddy the reverend gentlemen disposed of, and if they jumped upon the table, or joined hands and danced round it shouting, and yelling, and singing "*Auld Lang Syne*," "*We are na fou*," and so forth. Scotch Sabbatarianism is not incompatible with such jollity except on Sundays, and even then I suspect it only objects to the singing. "Hush mon! dinna ye ken it 's the Sabbath," is said to have been the rebuke of the Scottish rake to his companion for whistling in a disreputable place. Walking in the streets on a Sunday may with special reason be objected to by the Sabbatarians of Scotland for their own parts. Not all of them, perhaps, would be able to walk straight.

I have the honour to be, MR. EDITOR,

Your affectionate contemporary,

PUNCH.

P.S. How absurd to connect Presbyterianism with Geneva! The Sabbatarian spirit of canny Scotland is evidently Farintosh or Glenlivat.

## MARRIAGE TO MUSIC.

THESE marrying people are really a great trouble to us. They topsy-turvify our intellect with their bewildering advertisements. Every day almost they put us into a fresh puzzlement. With however good an appetite we get up for our breakfast, the first half-column of the *Times* is pretty sure to spoil it. Nearly every splice recorded is a more than Gordian knot to us; and the worry we are thrown into quite deranges our digestion. There are so many puzzling details given of the ceremony, that it is quite beyond our mental grasp to master them. By the time we've read the list of all the parsons who "assisted," and the Christian names and pedigrees of the bride and bridegroom, and those of all their titled near or distant relatives, who either were or were not present at the ceremony, we feel in such a maze, and our mind is so bemuddled, that we could not for the life of us say who has married whom, or when or where he married her, or whether he *did* marry her or one of her dead relatives. In short, such is their bewildering complexity of detail, that advertisements of marriages are more than Sphinxian riddles to us; and we feel sure we weekly average a dozen hairs turned grey through our efforts to unravel these connubial conundrums.

As a sample of the statements which thus every day astonish us, we take the following from the *Times* of the 27th ult.

"On the 24th inst., at St. Paul's, Lorrimore Square, Newington Butts, by the REV. T. MITCHELL, B.A., incumbent of the Church, assisted by the REV. J. GOING, M.A., with choral service, PAUL, eldest son of PAUL J——, publisher, of —, Fleet Street, to H—— A——, youngest daughter of THOMAS D——, Esq."

Now, we have no wish to betray a more than manly curiosity; but we must own, that we are dying to hear how a marriage is performed "with choral service." We have heard of "Vocal Unions;" but marriages to choral music are quite new to us. As a bachelor, of course, we nearly know by heart that portion of the prayer-book which begins with "dearly beloved," and endeth with "amazement;" but, with the exception of a psalm, which "the minister or clerks" shall either "say or sing," we remember no direction for a musical performance. With the exception we have named, there is no hint in the rubric which may be taken as a pretext for a "choral demonstration;" and, as the singing of one psalm could scarcely, we should fancy, be esteemed a choral service, we naturally feel curious to know what other vocal bits were introduced. Innovations ought, of course, to be subjects for inquiry; and our wish for full particulars as to how this choral service was actually performed will be echoed, we feel certain, by all orthodox church-goers. Perhaps the happy couple, in the leisure of their honeymoon, will find time to oblige us with a note of explanation, or, if they were too much flustered to notice the proceedings, will any other person who was present at the ceremony kindly say in what the choral part of it consisted?

On second thoughts, however, we think we need not trouble them. We will not run the risk of being deluged by their letters. We prefer to show the independence of our craft, by furnishing ourselves the information we require. Having the clairvoyance of writership to help us, we can see in our mind's eye how the marriage was performed, in the novel way of making it a musical performance. Being gifted with a copious fertility of fancy, it is easy to imagine we were present at the ceremony, and had a voice in the matter of the choral service. With our mental ears we readily can hark back to the morning of the 24th inst., and attend an imaginary hearing of the choir. Indeed, if proof be wanting of our presence at the service, we run all risks of breaking confidence by printing here, the

### PROGRAMME.

OPENING CHORUS, "*Hark! I hear the Sound of Coaches.*" Solo by the Beadle. Chorus by the Applewomen, Small Boys, Acrobats, Musicianers, Chimney Sweeps, Police, and street idlers in general, being that part of the populace which you find at every wedding, assembled as outsiders to witness the proceedings.

CHORALE OF FOOTMEN, attired in Berlin Gloves and Gigantic Wedding Favours, "*Sich a Gettin' down Steps!*"

AIR, with variations, "*Com' e Genteel!*" Sung by all the female bystanders in admiration of the Bridegroom.

COMIC SONGS BY BUTCHER BOYS, "*De Dandy Broadway Swell,*" and "*Oh, don't he Just Look Nice!*"

BRIDESMAIDS' CHORUS, "*Nobody Coming to Marry us!*" Sung in the minor, with piteous expression.

SOLO BY REJECTED SUITOR, "*Hope told a Flattering tale.*"

CHINESE CHORUS, "*Ching a Ring a Ring Ting.*" Sung while the Bridegroom searches for the ring, which in his nervousness he fears he has forgotten.

SENTIMENTAL SONG, "*I Give thee all—Don't ask for more!*" Sung by Heavy Father, with pecuniary meaning.

FAMILY CHORUS, "*Happy, happy, happy Pair.*" Sung in allusion to aforesaid Heavy Father, who is congratulated on the happy event.

TREMOLO CONCERTED MOVEMENT IN THE VESTRY. The Clergyman's kiss, *dolce.* Signing the register, *agitato.* La pluie des perles, *aquoso.* Wail of the Bridegroom, *affettuoso*—when he inks his gloves.

RONDO D'ADIEU, "*We part to meet again.*" Sung by his Mother-in-law, *con molto espressione.*

CHAFFING CHORUS, "*Merry and free from pain and care, Bachelors are we.*" Sung in the distance by his old chamber chums.

DIRGE BY THE SAME, "*A forbidden Plant is Tobacco, I ween!*"

HUSBAND'S APPEAL, "*Cease your funning.*"

SENTIMENTAL BALLAD, "*O give me back my own Latch-key!*" addressed *sotto voce* to the wife of his bosom.

CHORUSSES OF BYSTANDERS, "*Wait for the Waggon!*" and "*Off she Goes!*" With instrumental prelude of tambourines and banjos, by some strolling serenaders who happen to be passing, and who seize the opportunity to pick up a few halfpence.

DUET IN THE CARRIAGE BY THE HONEY-MOONY COUPLE, "*Will you love me now and then?*" With accompaniment of kisses *da capo ad lib.*

CONCERTED FINALE, "*Then you'll Remember me.*" Sung by Sexton, Beadle, Pew Opener, Vestry Clerk, Policeman, Charity Boys and Bell Ringers, Street-sweepers and Linkmen, and everybody else who has ever so remotely been connected with the ceremony, and therefore feels, of course, a deep pecuniary interest in it.

Whether or not this really was the programme of the 24th ult., clearly this is how a marriage might come off "with choral service;" although we own that one or two of the pieces we have mentioned are not such as a church choir is accustomed to perform. Possibly the bride and bridegroom may object to our attempt to get a laugh out of what we have no doubt was to them no laughing matter. Now, we are deeply sensible that marriage is no joke; and we would never treat with levity so serious a subject. To make amends then for our flash of momentary facetiousness, in solemn earnestness we trust that the musically married ones may always act in concert. May they go well together throughout their life's duet, and may no connubial discords ever mar the harmony in which they were united!

## PUBLIC DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

THESE fountains, thanks to MR. MERRY and other liberal-minded benefactors, have been introduced into Liverpool, Manchester, and elsewhere. Magistrates agree in stating that the current in their favour is so strong, that they have already washed away more than one public house, that has not been able to stand up against them. The greatest moral and sanitary benefits have flown from this new source of public purification. We should like to see them introduced into London. Old Father Thames, especially, would give anything, we should say, for a glass of fresh water. It must be years since he has tasted such a thing. Get him in the way of "Drinking Fountains," and he might, supposing he drank a sufficient number, almost get sweet again, and henceforth lead a pure and unpolluted life. Since other remedies have failed, why not try the hydropathic cure? It is clear that it is from the want of water, that he is sinking into such a rapid state of decay. We would pull the dirty sheets of liquid mud from over and under him, and, until his own bed can be remade, let him lie upon one of DR. ARNOTT'S hydraulic couches. We would then give him douche baths, hip baths, and shower-baths, innumerable; wrap him well up in wet sheets, make him swallow plenty of cold water, teach him to avoid his former dirty ways off Lambeth, Limehouse, and other unsavoury places, and the chances are that the old gentleman would come out, from head downwards, so beautifully nice and clean, that we should scarcely know him again. The first thing is to fill him with the virtue of fresh water, and having once instilled that new truth into him, the rest will follow as naturally as a stream down a mountain-side. To secure this beneficial change, however, he must be immersed up to his neck in an immense sitz-bath, and not allowed to leave it for one moment either night or day. But we repeat that the greatest channel of his re-organisation will be gradually to draw him into the track of "Drinking Fountains." We would place them on each side of him, so that he may be able to help himself as often as he feels a turn that way.

### Healthy State of the Highlands.

CONSIDERING that HER MAJESTY—a Sovereign of the House of Hanover—is now sojourning in the Highlands, we hail with peculiar interest the announcement of the *Aberdeen Journal*, that the "Braemar Gathering" is to take place on Friday next. We approve of the gatherings which now take place in the Highlands, and shall never mind how many of such gatherings occur there, so long as we hear nothing of those inveterate eruptions among the clans, which used to be continually breaking out.

*Polite Rustic.* "OH! ARTER YEAOU, MUM."

## THREE CLEAR DAYS AT THE LAKES.

WE have had Three Clear Days at the Lakes. They were clear of sunshine, clear of fine weather, clear of enjoyment, clear of everything but rain. By St. Swithin! How it did pour. We believe you must go to Windermere, if you want to see rain in its full copiousness and perfection. You would almost imagine that the Lake was turned upside down, and was pouring its contents right down upon you. You can hardly see the mountains on the opposite side. A thick veil, or fall rather, of watery gauze hides the entire face of nature; not a single feature is discernible behind its thick folds that are as impenetrable as Niagara. At times, the veil is of a fine white texture, not unlike the tarlatane that ladies' ball-dresses are made of; at others, it gets mixed with steam and a yellowish fog, that wraps every surrounding object, your shivering self included, in a regular wet blanket. It makes one shiver to think of it.

It was thus we passed our Three Clear Days:—

*Monday.* Rain—rain—rain. Read BRADSHAW'S *Guide* through and through.

*Tuesday.* The concentrated essence of rain. Played at billiards all day.

*Wednesday.* The same as on the two previous days; if anything, a few million drops more. Smoked 500 cigars; the pauses filled up with our asking each other the oldest conundrums. Had a black-beetle hunt in the kitchen in the evening.

As on the fourth day there was no lull in the inclemency of the weather, and as the showers promised each day, like a long serial, "to be continued in our next," and yet never "to be concluded," we thought the best plan, since the rain was determined not to leave us, would be for us to leave the rain. Where was the fun of remaining in a place, beautiful as it might be, when one could see nothing of it, and where the glasses, the umbrellas, the mackintoshes, the guests' tempers, the chess-boards and the cards, the well-thumbed *Bell's Life*, everything pointed to rain! Accordingly we called for our bill, and, by the help of corks and bladders, floated by easy swims on to the nearest station.

"Our presence will not be missed," said we, consolingly at parting; "for from the quantity of water that has fallen, the Lakes must at the present moment be extremely full!"

The next time we visit Windermere, it shall be in the winter time. Perhaps it does not rain then? The beauty is, the natives said seriously enough, it was "only a passing shower." It must have been a shower then longer than the Mississippi, and containing not less water, for it took such a plaguy long time in passing, that we never saw the end of it. If that is their notion of a shower, we should like to know how many years a storm lasts?

As it was, we saw nothing of Windermere, or Grassmere, or Buttermere, or any other mere. To us they were all mere shams, mere delusions, mere bubbles spun with the aid of a little soft soap by hotel-keepers to catch the eye of *Gobemouche* travellers.

We afterwards learnt that it rained incessantly for five more consecutive clear days, and that every one in the Hotel quarrelled. Two Irishmen tried to get up a duel, but the diversion failed most ignominiously, owing to there not being sufficient accommodation indoors for the interesting event. The cowards would not fight in the open air, as they were afraid of getting soaked through. They were perfectly willing to stand fire, but for the life of them they could not stand the wet. So they made it up, ordered "whiskey materials" without end for two, and took their soaking like men under cover.

### An Epigram by a Cockney Poet.

UNDER the ROSE to POOLE and WEST
For some time past have girls confessed,
But SAM is more particular;
The flower, he thinks, most apropos,
When women to Confession go,
Is under the "*Auricula*."

### Martyrs to Dress.

MANY shocking accidents have lately occurred in consequence of the profusion of drapery now worn by ladies. Several girls have been burnt; and one was thrown the other day from a horse, owing to her Crinoline petticoat hitching in the crutch of her saddle—according to the verdict of a coroner's jury, Crinoline is undeniably a killing fashion.

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## DISGUSTING FOR AUGUSTUS.

*Augustus (who was rapidly coming to the point).* "THEN, EMILY! OH, MAY I CALL YOU EMILY?—SWEETEST!—BEST!—SAY THAT YOU WILL NOT GO—WITHOUT——"

*Fish-woman (cuts in).* "ANY FEESH TO-DAY, MARM?—ANY MACKEREEL, SOLES, OR WHITING?"

## JOHN BULL'S FOREIGN POLICY.

O LIBERTY, could I but see
The Peoples all enjoying thee,
Such high delight would then be mine,
As Man could owe to love or wine,
Or Woman feel in dressing fine.

Nor give me, though the truth I speak,
The credit which I do not seek.
Could you your tyrannies destroy,
Self would commingle with my joy
A no small portion of alloy.

To hold you down, your despots arm,
And keep me always in alarm.
Confound them!—they mean me no good;
Abolish, well I know they would,
My Constitution, if they could.

I, too, must arm in self-defence;
And armaments involve expense:
Expense taxation means—my curse;
Despotic power alone is worse:
Your masters thus myself amerce.

Oh, how I wish I could retrench!
But I must keep pace with the French,
And for the Russians stand prepared,
The cost whereof I should be spared,
To shake your yokes off if you dared.

Rise, therefore, and your rights assert,
Ye Peoples, trodden in the dirt.
Strike for your freedom, nations brave,
Whom monarchs absolute enslave:
And so enable me to save.

Oh! when shall I pursue Reform
Again, secure from foreign storm,
And cultivate economy?
For that my peaceful aim would be,
My Peoples, if you were but free.

### A POOR TURKEY.

THE SULTAN must be very hard up, for we read that, at the last sitting of thé Divan, he has been sending the HATT round.

## MIRACLES FOR (AND BY) THE MILLION.

MIRACLES in the South of France seem to sprout as thick as truffles. We suspect that young girls are trained, as dogs are, to turn them up. Depend upon it, they are born with a spiritual scent, that lies that way. Most of the girls, so singularly patronised, are shepherdesses, so that they may be skilled in catching a miracle either by hook or by crook. The suspicious part of the miracle is, that they are all visionary—so visionary that not more than one person can see them at a time. The vision is invariably a short-sighted one. There has been a fine theatrical vision of this kind at Lourdes, in the Hautes Pyrénées. It has resulted in a miraculous spring. These visions have this in common with Artesian wells, that if you bore sufficiently long, you are sure to get water out of them. In this manner, the French public will endure any amount of boring.

The knowing Priests speculate largely in these springs. To them it is a fountain of wealth, as well as a spring-tide of popularity. No sooner is a new aquatic miracle tapped, than instantly it is bottled, and sold, at so much the *flacon*, to any one whose stomach and mind are weak enough to swallow it. It has become quite a roaring trade amongst spiritual drunkards. The Romish Church has a cellar-full of such miracles. The Pyrénées alone must have supplied some of the choicest bins. We can imagine a *connoisseur* of an Archbishop saying to one of his black-robed butlers, "Here, good father LOYOLA, please go down to the cellar, and bring me up a bottle of that fine old miraculous *Fontaine* of '52. It must be in first-rate condition now, and would almost save a heretic from perdition. You will know it by its having the Pope's red seal upon it. It is next to last year's vintage of the *Eau Miraculeuse de la Gardeuse de Dindons*, the crystal fluid of which, I need not tell you, is an infallible specific, as testified by our holy church, for curing all warts, pimples, and freckles, as well as grog-blossoms."

Are these sacredly-gushing waters, with the healing properties that are mockingly ascribed to them, sold with printed testimonials, such as usually accompany a bottle of Cod Liver Oil, or one receives wrapped round a box of wonderful Pills? But what surprises us the most is, that these visions are only seen by Roman Catholics! You never hear of a Protestant being favoured with a celestial vision, and we do not think that there is a case on record of a Dissenter being the selected hero of an affidavited apparition. Methodists, too, are slighted in the same invidious way—which is a great shame.

It would seem as though the Roman Catholic religion enjoyed the exclusive monopoly of miracles. And may it long enjoy that monopoly, say we, for we do not think we should rejoice over much, if our countrymen were troubled with visions like the Roman Catholics. It must be confessed, auricularly or not, that the two sects see truths with quite a different vision.

### A Work of Supererogation.

MR. HARRISON, the vocalist, writes a sensible and satisfactory letter to the papers, stating that no accident can ever occur at Drury Lane theatre, in case of a panic, as MISS PYNE and he have ordered so many passages and doors to be opened that the house can be emptied in ten minutes. While crowded houses are drawn by MR. BALFE'S capital music, these precautions are desirable. But we think it was needless for the management further to provide for the emptying the theatre by getting up *Martha*.

DEAN SWIFT'S second daughter by his third wife, MARTHA BLOUNT, was named CAMILLA, and was very ugly. Her father was very fond of joking with her on her ugliness. One day he took up POPE'S *Essay on Criticism*, just published, and said, "MILLY, wench, here 's a line that describes you when you are washing your face." "What 's that, Sir?" replied the girl, laughing. The Dean read,—

"Not so when SWIFT'S Camilla scours the plain."

—*From Punch's Literary Anecdotes.*

## CRIB PIPES.

SOME time last week, we saw, in the window of a tobacconist in Fenchurch Street, a lot of new pipes, described on a card connected with them, as the

"MAGIC CLAY PIPE,

WARRANTED TO COLOUR WITH

ONE PIPE OF TOBACCO."

The man who invented this pipe, if it does what it is warranted to do, is a benefactor to his species. That is, he will doubtless have saved a great many weak young men from making themselves very ill by persisting in the endeavour to smoke foul pipes with the view of colouring them. He will have earned the gratitude of these young men, and the contempt of those who regard the colouring of a pipe, in the regular way, as a laborious exploit, and a triumph of patience, perseverance and nerve. The Magic Clay Pipe is what we should have called at school a crib pipe. It cannot be denied that to exhibit, as a coloured pipe, without explanation, a pipe that has been coloured in one sitting, betrays a great want of truthfulness on the part of a young man; and he that can practise such a deception in the green and genial spring of youth, is likely, when his May of life is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf, to turn out an awful old impostor.

## CATCHING THE SYNAGOGUE ASLEEP.

THE Roman Inquisition, the other day, kidnapped a little Jew boy. The young Israelite had, when an infant, and being dangerously ill, been baptised by a nurse. According to Popery this baptism constituted the Mosaic baby a Christian, and therefore a subject of the POPE. Accordingly, the Holy Office has walked off with Master MOSES—or MORTARA, which is doubtless the same name—in order to educate him in the Roman Catholic persuasion. The outraged parents demand the restoration of their child at the hands of the POPE, and his Holiness has now to choose between violation of justice, and surrender of creed. The Jews have cause to be alarmed as well as irritated. If the baptism of an unconscious Jewish baby is sufficient to convert it, is the conversion of an adult Jew in a state of unconsciousness alike practicable? Popery seems to say yes. According to the Vienna correspondent of the *Times*:—

"Two men were very seriously injured while at work on a railroad, and both of them received extreme unction at the hands of a priest while in a state of insensibility. The one died, but the other, who was a Jew, recovered. The Roman Catholic Bishops assert that the latter is within the pale of the Church, but the graceless son of Israel denies the fact, and visits the synagogue as regularly as he did before the accident."

If extreme unction made this Jew a Christian, much more would baptism have Christianised him. Therefore, a Jew will do well to take care how he goes to sleep in the company of Christians. Suppose DR. ADLER and CARDINAL WISEMAN should be travelling in the same railway carriage, and the former should indulge in a nap, might not the Cardinal, if he holds with the Austrian Bishops, take the opportunity of christening the Rabbi? Won't the REVEREND MISTHER O'SULLIVAN be playing the same trick on MR. SLOMAN? It is true that a Jew is not very often caught napping; but Jews, like other people, are liable to be stunned, and, whilst insensible, to be christened by Papists. A Jew may wake up and find himself a Roman Catholic, without ever having dreamt of becoming one. It may, perhaps, be said, that nobody, in turning Papist, knows very well what he is about; but stupidity is one thing, and stupor another; and the idea of converting anybody in the latter of those conditions seems to imply, on the part of those who entertain it, the former of them. Vaccination also, and baptism, are two different things; and surely Catholicism is not communicable in the same way as cowpox. Forty German Rabbis are about to forward to the POPE an energetic protest against the abduction of the little Jew at Bologna; and they might ask his Holiness whether he thinks it possible to catch little Jews by a process similar to that whereby little birds are popularly said to be capable of being captured—with this difference, that the little Jews cannot stir so as to hinder themselves from being sprinkled with holy water, whereas little birds need not, unless they like, remain to have salt put upon their tails.

ASTRONOMICAL INTELLIGENCE.—The Comet creates a great deal of excitement. The streets are full of people nightly assembled to gaze at it, and the Comet may be said, at least as far as Middlesex is concerned, to call out every evening the *posse Comitatûs*.

## A SABBATARIAN SCREED.

(*Humbly dedicated to the advocates of bitter Sabbath Observance in Scotland*).

BEHAVE yoursels before folk,
Behave yoursels before folk,
Sin if ye will, but keep it still,
And dinna' sin afore folk.

It wadna' gie us mickle pain
Gin Sabbath walks and drams were ta'en,
So folks that like 't, wad do 't their lane,
But, guidsakes, no before folk;
Behave yoursels before folk,
Behave yoursels before folk,
Whate'er ye do when out o' view,
Be Pharisees before folk.

Consider, freens, the scoffers' talk,
Should open sin through Scotia stalk,
And Sabbath dram and Sabbath walk,
Be ventured on before folk;
Behave yoursels before folk,
Behave yoursels before folk,
Lest Southron tongue in cheek be flung,
And Scotland shamed before folk.

It 's no through hate o' walks, or whis-
—Key-toddy that we ask ye this:
But losh, we tak' it sair amiss
To be shown up before folk.
Behave yoursels before folk,
Behave yoursels before folk,
Sin's sin, nae doot, but sin found oot,
Oh, that's the sin to floor folk.

We 'll just agree we 've been as free,
O' Sabbath days our glass to pree,
But nane can say he e'er did see
Us waur for drink, before folk.
Behave yoursels before folk,
Behave yoursels before folk,
And dinna care for caller air
Like sinfu' out-o-door folk.

Ye 'll say Excise returns are there,
To mak' pock-pudding Southrons stare,
At Scottish drouth—and oh it 's sair—
(Though we 'd no own 't before folk).
But haud yoursels before folk,
Respec' yoursels before folk,
If doors ye 'll steek, the gude peat-reek
Will no leak out before folk.

Ye 'll tell us ilk statistic sheet
Proves Scottish purity a cheat,
But siccan proofs it is na meet
To gang and blab before folk.
Behave yoursels before folk,
Behave yoursels before folk,
Keep pious face and look o' grace,
We 'll wad they 'll pass before folk.

We 'll hae nae meddling Papist priest,
Himsel in ha' and hut to twist,
But Presbyters maun just insist
On rule and lordship o'er folk.
Behave yoursels before folk,
Behave yoursels before folk,
When ye 're yer lane, do what ye 'd fain,
But oh! be gude before folk.

### The Thames as it should be.

PUNCH is honoured with instructions by the River Scentral Board to state, that there is really no foundation for the rumour that, having due regard for the fitness of things, it has been at length resolved that the Conservancy of the Thames should be passed into the hands of the Commissioners of Sewers.

SHOULD HER MAJESTY be pleased to bestow a Peerage on the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, would he become *an Upper Benjamin?*

## AN APOLOGY FOR ONE WHO WANTS ONE.

THERE is no intention to applaud MR. TOWNSEND, the M. P. for Greenwich (from his profession, he ought rather to have been Member for Bury), because he has gone upon the stage; but we think some little moral might be drawn from the step he has lately taken with the sock and buskin. His present exhibition should teach us the necessity of judging public men simply by their acts. MR. TOWNSEND passes five acts every night, and acts that are extremely popular. What unit of our collective wisdom can say the same? It is a grave question, too, if his playbills, endorsed as they are by one SHAKSPERE, do not improve the national mind a great deal more than the majority of the parliamentary bills that are brought nightly before the House. Moreover, this much must be said in favour of our parliamentary actor, that he certainly performs as much as he promises, whereas most Members promise a great deal more than they ever perform.

## AMERICA IN HYSTERICS.

MR. PUNCH has great pleasure (at the request of numerous American friends) in devoting a portion of his invaluable space to the immortalising a few of the addresses transmitted from the various States to New York in honour of the Atlantic Cable. He must remark, however, that in magnificence of imagination and affluence of diction, they scarcely equal, and they assuredly do not transcend, the splendid effusions republished in the *Times* newspaper from the American journals, which record the celebration in question.

*From the Governor of Connecticut.*

I salute ye. The deed is done. A new heart-string, forgotten at creation, has been inserted into the world, and henceforth its pulses will keep time to the flapping of the wings of our almighty and inextinguishable eagle. May the blood of freedom course along that giant vein with the rush of Niagara, and sweep away before its mightiness the mouldering cerements of antiquated hallucination.

*From the Governor of Massachusetts.*

The golden harp of civilisation and progress needed one chord of iron to sustain her sterner harmonies, and it has been added by CYRUS W. FIELD. May it sound in glory and vigour until the end of time, and five-and-twenty minutes later.

*From the Governor of Tennessee.*

Noble, O thrice noble men! Nobler than CANUTE, the French tyrant, CYRUS THE GREAT has ordered the sea to obey his behests, and ocean has obeyed him. XERXES, the haughty Roman, caused fetters to be flung into the Archipelagus in sign of his dominion; but CYRUS W. FIELD has thrown one fetter across the waste of waters, not for dominion, but for freedom. O noble men, let us liquor!

*From the Governor of Missouri.*

When the heart would speak in presence of a miracle, the words are feeble; but our souls rush out in song; and we sing to you, brothers, in the strains of our native and inimitable land:—

"London it is very big,
America is bigger;
Do not let us care a fig
Which cuts the better figure.
Send the current to and fro,
The bottle round the table,
Nothing in creation, no,
Licks the Atlantic Cable.

*From the Governor of Alabama.*

Hail Columbia happy land Now fast linked to England's sand Let us jine with heart and hand Ocean is repealed To her coral rocks and shelves Lo the cable dives and delves Let us drink our noble selves Likewise CYRUS FIELD

*From the Governor of Ohio.*

If England has given us no more towards our great American sea triumph, she has given us a thought in the name of her little vessel which waited upon our giant fleet. The *Agamemnon's* name is a corruption of Memnon, the ancient Hebrew warrior, whose statue, on the plains of Thessaly, sounded out one note when the morning sun shone upon it. So, now when the sun of enlightenment dawns from America upon Occidental darkness, the electric ray flashes from us to the Hibernian shore, may the inexpressive slaves of feudalism for the first time raise the music note of liberty.

*From the Governor of Nebraska.*

We salute you. Give old England rope enough, and she will hang herself, but not in despair. No, the aged, and effete island ties herself to the apron-string of vigorous young America, and looks to her for support and succour. Shall England look in vain, my brothers?

*From the Governor of New Hampshire.*

Yankee Doodle used to ride
On a little pony,
Now he talks to t' other side
In twenty minutes on'y.

*From the Governor of Delaware.*

The b'hoys must have their amusements, and so we've tied England to a long string, and we'll fly her like an almighty great kite. When we're tired of the sport, and want to be quit of it, we calculate we'll just wind her in, and hang her up on one of the monster trees of unfathomable forests. Guess we've utilised the tarnation old caution at last; yes, sirree.

*From the Governor of Arkansas.*

This here we look upon as the real creation of the world, the other was but a sort of rehearsal. Now is given to the eastern inarticulate continents a voice of humanity and intelligence, and they can now whisper their hopes and fears to majestic America, and receive from her lessons of wisdom and greatness. The educational work is confided to us, friends, and we will not be slack. Along the awful chasms of the roaring ocean shall fly the teachings of liberty, and FIELD'S wire, like the spear of URANUS, shall touch the squat toad of despotism at the ear of EVE, and the fiend, starting up in all his sulphureous ignominy of ugliness, shall be spiked like a bug-beetle upon the crystal weapon of Columbia.

*From the Governor of Virginia.*

"Ole Virginny never tire,
But dance on dis electric wire.
Clear de kitchen, &c."

*From the Governor of Pennsylvania.*

Friend FIELD, thee have, according to worthy evidence, done a part of thy task, and it is well. When thee hast fastened both ends of thy string, and the fixings, and hast greatly and finally reduced the price of thy messages, we may see cause for further communication with thee. Meantime, friend, we wish thee success, but decline to burn money in fireworks, melt it in strong liquors, or waste it in wasting time upon idle demonstrations. A-men!

*From the Governor of Louisiana.*

"Two nations in two different ages riz,
Stand prominently out of the abyss,
One, England, a respectable old hoss,
And one, America, of giant force.
The power of Nature could no further go,
So made C. W. FIELD to join the two."

This is all the room *Mr. Punch* can this week spare to these remarkable productions, and he will only add, that it does not appear to him wonderful that under such terrific pressure and strain of compliment, the unfortunate cable, being of English make and unused to hyperbole, gave way, and sent down shares from £915 to £250.

### A Pointed Reply.

AN accomplished young lady, who is the MAID MARIAN of one of our largest Toxophilite Clubs in the North, upon hearing some old quotation-monger put the familiar inquiry of "What's in a name?" replied, in the archest manner, "Why, hitting the bull's-eye—that's what's in an aim, to be sure."

HAREM SCAREM INTELLIGENCE.

A STATEMENT appeared the other day in the *Times*, to the effect that the SULTAN had issued an order that none of the Palace ladies were to go out shopping. A Hampshire belle, being told of this, declared that she didn't believe ABDUL MEDJID would have done anything so in-Sultan.

## AN EQUESTRIAN DIFFICULTY.

*Mr. Sprat.* "DON'T YOU THINK, MY LOVE, THAT THE GROOM, WHO UNDERSTANDS THESE THINGS, HAD BETTER PUT YOU UP?"

*Mrs. Sprat (with indignation).* "THE GROOM, MR. S.! THE GROOM PUT ME UP! NO, SIR! PUT ME UP YOURSELF, A PRETTY HUSBAND *YOU* ARE! GROOM, INDEED!"

## I 'M AFLOAT.

(*Mr. Punch in the Ocean on the broad of his back, singeth.*)

I 'M afloat, I'm afloat, what matters it where?
So the devils don't know my address, I don't care.
Of London I 'm sick, I've come down to the sea,
And let who will make up next week's number for me!
At my lodgings, I know, I'm done frightfully brown,
And e'en lobsters and shrimps cost me more than in town;
I've B. flats in my bed, and my landlady stern,
Says from London I've brought 'em to give her a turn.
Yet I 'm happier far in my dear sea-side home,
Than the QUEEN on Dee side, or Art-traveller in Rome;
A Cab-horse at grass would be nothing to me,
On the broad of my back floating free, floating free!
On the broad of my back floating free, floating free!
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! ha!
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! ha!

With the lodging-house-keepers all day on the bite,
And the insects I spoke of as hungry at night,
With the organs "*Dog-traying*" and "*Bobbing Around*,"
And extra-size Crinolines sweeping the ground,
You may think *Mr. Punch* might be apt to complain
That the sea-side 's but Regent Street over again:
But from devils and copy and proof-sheets set free,
I've a week to do nothing but bathe in the sea.
In steamers and yachts I've been rocked on its breast,
And didn't much like it, it must be confessed;
But a cosy machine and shoal water give me,
And there let me float—let me float and be free!
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! ha!
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! ha!

## A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

A LITTLE book has just been issued by the "Committee of the Ladies' National Association for the Diffusion of Hygienic Knowledge," under the interrogative title, *Why do not Women Swim?* A wretch has answered, "Why indeed? Women of all creatures ought to be able to swim. Most of them are light enough, and many are empty enough."

Quoting only to condemn this horrid observation, let us express the delight with which we learn that there exists an association for the diffusion of hygienic knowledge among ladies. We hope to witness the success of this society's labours in the disuse of tight lacing, the increasing practice of walking exercise, the growing fearlessness of sunshine, and fearfulness of gaslight, attested by radiant eyes and rosy cheeks, not destined to fade almost as fast as the leaves do. Having made these remarks, we will propose the health of the Ladies—and may they learn to take care of it.

### Health of the Electric Telegraph.

IT is wrong to imagine that the spark of life is extinct. The most eminent physicians in electricity declare it is only a case of suspended animation that for the moment has taken away the faculty of speech. The last accounts report favourably that the patient is fast mending. In a day or two, strong hopes are entertained at Valentia, that he will be satisfactorily brought to, and enabled better than ever to keep his word to the last word in the solemn compact of civilisation that he has entered into between the Old World and the New.

THE FIRST FRUITS OF TURKISH ECONOMY.—An Irish Gentleman of the Press describes the SULTAN'S startling Seraglio Reform, as "bringing the Sultanas to raison."

# POLITICS NEXT WEEK.

## A SENSIBLE MOVE.

SOME of the French Ministers are going upon the principle of non-centralisation. They are anxious to enlarge France, by extending the limits of it beyond the *barrières* of the metropolis. They fancy there is danger to the country by its boundary being virtually confined to Paris. Therefore, they are labouring to establish a new order of things, by creating a France that is to be something more than its mere capital. The principle is a good one; for it cannot be to the interest of any nation to live on its capital; for, the capital once gone, it is reduced, as bad as any British Bank, to ruin and beggary. The Bourbons suffered from this imprudence, and LOUIS PHILIPPE became a monarchical beggar from his over-fondness in hugging his capital too closely. LOUIS NAPOLEON is wiser in extending his capital, so that he can have, in the event of Paris being snatched from him, a capital elsewhere, beyond what he has invested in our funds, that he can fall back upon. We should like to see our Ministers working a little on this principle of non-centralisation. For instance, how grateful every Londoner would be, if they would begin by uncentralising the Thames. The best way of doing this is to purify it, for it is clear—much clearer than any of its water—that the Thames, once sweetened, would no longer be scentral. Every Londoner's nose would dilate with gratitude—even in spite of the truth of centralisation that is written on every man's countenance; for to all eyes it must be a visible and prominent fact, that the nose is the scenter of the human face.

## TREMENDOUS MYSTERIES.

THE subjoined advertisement will perhaps have puzzled those whom it may concern:—

IMPERIAL BURIAL SOCIETY.—The Officers of the above Society feel great pleasure to inform its members that they are enabled to add to its benefits the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass once a week for the living, and twice a month for the dead, to be offered at the Chapel of the Lady of La Solite of Reconciliation, Blackstock Street, once a fortnight for the living and once a month for the dead, by the REV. RICHARD VANDESITTE. And will also be offered at the Holy Cross Chapel, Great Crosshall Street, once a fortnight for the living, and once a month for the dead, by the REV. P. DUTERTRE.—MR. T. SHAW, Chairman; MR. H. LEA, Secretary; MR. M. HUGHES, Manager.

The "Lady of La Solite" perhaps means the Lady of La Salette. The precise number of times at which the "Holy Sacrifice" is to be offered for the living and the dead, must be about as intelligible to the former as it is to the latter. The object, however, of the advertisement is clear enough—it is that of getting money. We wish the authors thereof may get it. But for that purpose, they should have stated the promised consideration more clearly. Even an Irish devotee would like to know what to expect for his money, and would hardly be willing to purchase a pig in a poke. The Liverpool *Daily Post* should keep a competent person in their office to reduce into a somewhat perspicuous shape the professional announcements of Irish priests, or their flunkeys, composed either in sober ignorance, or in drunken defiance, of sense and grammar.

### Post-Office Arithmetic.

AN official circular informs candidates for the situation of auxiliary letter-carriers, that is to say, persons who want to be postmen, that they must undergo an examination before the Civil Service Commissioners "in reading manuscript, writing from dictation, and in the compound addition and *subtraction* of money." The addition of money is what the higher people of the Post-Office ought to be examined in with a view to find out whether it would be possible or not to increase the auxiliary letter-carriers' scanty salaries, the insufficiency of which tempts them, much too severely, to practise the subtraction of money from letters which contain any.

### "One Down, 'Tother Come On!"

WE are informed that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA is thinking of giving up *his* Circassian war.

By his vigorous attack on the Sultanas' expenses, ABDUL MEDJID seems to be just opening *his* Circassian campaign.

The difference between the two cases is, that the CZAR ends the war to save money, and the Sultan begins it with the same object.

CELESTIAL ANOMALY.—The Comet rejoices in a tail, which, strangely enough, has been denied to the Dog-star.

## A SPORTSMAN'S DREAM IN SEPTEMBER.

*The Dreamer has had a big day among the Partridges, has subsequently assisted at a delightful Dinner-party (yes, she was there), and ultimately concluded with "rather-a-large-one-though-by-Jove-old-fellow," and* KINAHAN'S *LL. in the Smoke-room.*

AH, those peaches, "Royal Georges," how the juice runs down my chin!—
Keeper, keeper, oh confound it, whistle that mad Juno in!—
I "inconstant," I "deceitful,"—nay, then, EDITH, hear me swear,
That, if ever man spake truly—I'm convinced I hit that hare.

"Dance with ALICE," "flirt with JULIA." Well, perhaps, you'll let me know,
Why you couldn't, when I asked you—just let that retriever go—
Will you always misinterpret? will you never, never learn
To assent, when I intreat you—look at Sancho's head and stern!

Yes, that ven'son earned the ben'son, which the good Archdeacon said;
Grand the fat, and hot the French beans—I felt sure that bird was dead,
For I saw the second barrel strike, as o'er the fence he flew—
And my heart, my heart is breaking, EDITH, darling, all for you.

Who's that fogy of a Justice, with the wine-jugs at his side,
Laying down the law of trespass from OKE'S *Magisterial Guide*—
That's right, Keeper, you *must* lick him. Ware hare, Ponto! Ponto, sol
And give me to drink, TITINIUS, for I'm most amazing dry!

"The Ladies!" ay, with all my heart, and may they ever find—
Those runners in the turnips we always leave behind—
May their path lie through deep stubbles, may they ne'er be caught by snares,
Nor led away by larks, but make their cleverest points at Heirs.

"Claret?" No, thank you! just one glass of sherry, and no more,
For I heard "*Ah, che la morte*," when the butler oped the door,
And I love those singing damsels. What a covey! how we'll try
To get round them, if we can, boys, tho' they're very wild and shy.

List, the *Autumn* of BEETHOVEN—(steady, Carlo!) claims a tear,
For it tells of beauty perished, and of gardens dank and sere,
Of summer days departed, of death among the flowers—
Mark him, pray mark him, Keeper, for I'll bet five pounds he towers.

Now, who's that beast, with black moustaches, and what has he to say
To EDITH, I should like to know, in that obnoxious way?
She smiles! Ah, vengeance! I'll play whist all night, and never wed—
This shooting birds is slowish work, *I'll* shoot at men, instead.

No, I won't play whist, I'll flirt with KATE, and let that false one see,
What a most audacious cruel thorn has run into my knee—
And I'll laugh my very loudest, for I do not care a pin—
There, Keeper, send that Juno home; she's always running in.

"*What's the matter?*" Simply, EDITH, that I wish that I was dead!
"*Tipsy!*" I scorn such nonsense: I decline to "go to bed."
And as for that Skye terrier you've made so great a pet—
O, Ponto, when I catch you, what a licking you will get!

What glorious weeds! how sweetly, too, that dear old kettle sings,
"Come brew your Irish punch, lads, a liquor fit for Kings!
Give me a gallon! how I thirst! what can the matter be?"

* * * * *

Here I awoke, and rang my bell, for SCHWEPPE, and *eau de vie*.

### A Lover's Leap.

THEY show you on your travels an unfathomable infinity of "Lovers' Leaps," including, of course, SAPPHO'S. They are all more or less dangerous, and you involuntarily shut your eyes merely in looking at them; and, not being in love, you prudently walk away; and supposing you are in love, the prudence becomes still more necessary. But the longest Lover's Leap is, out and out, the one, that we view from the heights of Fairy Land, of the Sleeping Beauty. Hers was a Lover's Sleep (s)leap) that lasted a hundred years before she got to the end of it!

### "A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE."

WHAT GOVERNOR DOUGLAS, the energetic and knowing head of British Columbia, said to the immigrant Californian diggers, whom he was very naturally anxious to "move on," was not—as some reports put it—"Go on and prosper," but "Go on and prospect." The distinction, though verbally slight, is, in fact, considerable.

*Miss Lajeune is not going to the expense of buying a Crinoline, so manufactures one for herself—and nothing* CAN *sit better.*

## PUNCH PUT DOWN AT DOVER.

IF there is a place in England whose presiding genius one would expect to be a gentleman, that place is Dover.

"Kent, in the Commentaries CÆSAR writ
Is called the civillest place of all this isle."

Now the borough of Dover is regulated by a Mayor—who ought clearly to excel all other Mayors in civility. We know that

"London has a Mayor,
And that Mayor is a Lord,
And so he rules the Citizens
All of his own accord."

The spontaneity of the LORD MAYOR of London has always respected *Punch* and *Judy*. What shall he do that cometh after the LORD MAYOR of London? Oh! —surely not what we are sorry to hear that the Mayor of Dover did the other day. We may be misinformed: we hope we are: but according to our information—

*Punch's* temporary theatre was erected the other day in Dover market-place—then vacant.

An officious policeman ordered *Punch* to move on. *Punch*, with that respect for policemen on which he prides himself, and which is derided by contemners of constituted authorities, instantly obeyed—packed up his traps and baggage, his stick and his *Judy*; cut the former, and appealed to the Mayor.

The Mayor said that *Punch's* performance could not be allowed.

If there is to be an end of *Punch* and *Judy*, there is to be an end of everything—Mayors, and municipal and all other free and glorious institutions inclusive.

Let the Mayor of Dover look to his mace. He has thought proper to brandish it against *Mr. Punch's* cudgel. The quarrel is a mighty pretty quarrel as it stands. Mr. *Punch* can meet the mace with pepper. Does the Mayor of Dover want any more of it?

HOMAGE TO ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND.—OUR Post-Office administration is as near perfection as it can be. Let us in all honesty render it that justice, even though it may be far from being, (what an actor would call when he has several "lengths" to commit to memory) "letter-perfect."

## A CULINARY HOSPITAL.

ON looking through the dining-book of the Wellington, in which the reader, by the way, will find some very nice little bits, we were so astounded by the following absurd mixture of the hospital and the kitchen, that we made a note of it:—

"The establishment is under the superintendence of MR. THYER, to whom all orders for dinners, complaints, &c., &c., are to be addressed."

Does MR. THYER receive many orders for "complaints" in the course of the day, and what kind of "complaints" are they? One must have a morbid appetite indeed to have a craving after a complaint! Does he always keep a good stock of chilblains on hand, and can he recommend his influenza as being particularly good this year? What does he charge for hooping-coughs per doz.; and supposing you take a gross of nettle-rashes, we wish to know if he makes any reduction upon taking a quantity? We should think there were many bad debts connected with such an establishment, unless it is conducted upon a system of ready money; for we should imagine that the recovery of the debt would, in malignant attacks, be more than doubtful if it depended upon that of the patient. We cannot fancy credit being given, for instance, in a case of Asiatic Cholera, or a luxurious customer being allowed to run up a score for chalkstones; nor in fact credit being given in any case excepting perhaps (the joke fits in so easily, we cannot throw it away) tic-douloureux.

The subject is an endless, though not a very inviting, one; at least, we should be sorry to accept a friend's invitation to dinner who put BUCHAN'S *Domestic Medicine* into your hand, and said jovially, "Choose, my boy, whatever you like." We should advise MR. THYER to revise his *carte*, and to bring it a little more cheerfully into the character of a Bill of Health. The "complaints" at present follow somewhat too closely on the "dinners." An establishment, where you can have a complaint, like a mutton-chop, at a minute's notice, repels, rather than provokes, an appetite.

Let MR. THYER aid the Doctors as much as he pleases with his dinners, but it is trespassing with questionable taste, we think, on the province of Saville Row to attempt to compete with them by providing complaints as well.

## OUR COLLECTIVE WISDOM.

IF we were called upon to furnish illustrations of the collective wisdom of England, we should point to our tax-gatherers. Their collective wisdom consists in upholding the Army and Navy, maintaining the Throne, and supporting the nation; and no members can compare with them in the industry with which they keep moving the house (by hammering away at the knocker and ringing the bell) until they get the supplies. They rarely leave the house until the money they ask for is voted. In fact, we do not know what England would do, if it were not for the returns of these gentlemen, that are published quarterly in the balance-sheets of our Revenue, and which returns prove by indisputable figures, that are most satisfactory to the million, how great is their collective wisdom.

### Money Jargon and City Slang.

IN a trade report, the other day, it was stated that—

"The rum market is very dull."

Dulness sometimes reigns in the joke-market; but the rum market might have been expected to be if not always funny, at least not wanting in spirit. Yet it cannot be denied that a market in which no business is done is a rum kind of market, and that transactions often wear a very serious aspect when parties have to deal with rum customers. But we must not extend these observations, which may, or may not be regarded in the right of rum punch.

### Traces of Folly and Superstition.

WE are sorry to see that these traces still linger in Ireland; for they have lately been brought into full play by the mob taking the horses out of the cars of CARDINAL WISEMAN and MADEMOISELLE PICCOLOMINI, and dragging them through the streets. These traces are as degrading as they are disgusting, since here we have humiliating proofs of their lowering men in a noble country to the level of beasts.

## THE HAWTHORN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER IV.

EAR MR. PUNCH,

"AT the Barleymow we found the Carpenter and the Blacksmith, the scorers and umpires, MR. LEATHERS, the keeper, and the three young farmers who had played with us. The latter were invited to the Hall, but one of them told me in confidence that they knew better. 'It 's all very well,' he said, 'when the Squire and MISS HAWTHORN, and a gentleman or two, as you and CAPTAIN BLUFFINS may be, comes to one of our varmhouses and has a syllabub veast, to mix up and be vriendly; but I never goes near the place when any London ladies be up there, — they do'ant understand our ways, nor we theirn.'

"You may easily imagine that the liquid named after you, Sir, was not scarce or bad, as the Onety-Oneth stood the cost, and the Doctor mixed it, and you can also readily believe, that we soon got on to speeches and songs.

"One of the young farmers commenced the speechifying:—'Gen'elmen all, We be met here to-day, and have had a pleasant time ov' it, and it makes it all the more pleasant, that neither ov' us has won or lost. Gen'elmen, we are a happy little village down 'ere, and we have a good Squire and a good Parson, which is two good things. The squire you know vormed the match, and the parson played along wi' us, and we likes MR. DAISY none the less, and respects 'un all the more for joining in our sports, and I gives 'ee SQUIRE HAWTHORN and PARSON DAISY, long life to 'em both.'

"The Doctor, always ready for joviality, struck up the '*Old English Gentleman*' in a deep rich voice, and the song had hardly ceased before SCAMP, a capital little fellow, but the wildest dog in the regiment, took upon himself to return thanks for the absent MR. DAISY, and volunteered a song about a distinguished Clergyman, which he said was dedicated to the BISHOP OF EXETER; and without more preface he rattled off '*The Pope he leads a Happy Life.*'

"BONIFACE, the Landlord, was next called on, but he named a substitute in VULCAN, who smoothed down his hair, and gave us one of the Village Sentimental Ballads, a style of song which one never hears but in remote country districts; it ran as follows:—

### "THE MOOLBERRY TREE.

"'Twere in the merry month of May,
The birds were zingun on the le-e-e-ea,*
When first I zaw the lovely MOLLY
Oonder ne'uth the Moolberry Tree.

"I axed her if she would be trew,
'Oh, 'ees I 'ool,' zays she to me,
A piece of goold we broke in two,
Oonder ne'uth the Moolberry Tree.

"Tw'ere on a dark Dezember night,
When MOLLY went across the Moor,
The znow coom down and hid the light,
And MOLLY missed the cottage door.

"We vound poor MOLLY stiff and dead,
A shockin zight it was to zee!
We putt a stone above er ead
Oonder ne'uth the Moolberry Tree.

"The maids with May-day garlands come,
All out of love for she and me,
And strew with vlowers er last long home
Oonder ne'uth the Moolberry Tree.

"Violent applause followed the Blacksmith's song, when up jumped the Carpenter to propose a toast. 'Gen'elmen and officers of the Onety-Oneth, we be poor humble men down 'ere, but we knows that there must be vightin' men as well as men of peace; and our old Squire knows it too as well as any man, as his only son, poor feller, MISS HAWTHORN'S Vather, come short home years agone under NAPIER in India. (*Here the Carpenter was affected.*) All I 've got to say is, that the Onety-Oneth has behaved like men and gentlemen, and they don't lose nothun by coming friendly among us, and takin a farewell glass, and 'ere's their 'ealth, and my respects to 'em (*Great applause, especially from the Landlord's wife and daughter in the bar*).

"The Major replied in a few manly words, and promised to remember Hawthorn, if the regiment recruited in the county; and concluded by calling on FLASH to give them a song, which he had composed and sung after the Battle of Inkermann. 'No, no!' from FLASH. 'Go on, go on!' from every one else; and after a little pressing, FLASH sang, as nearly as I can remember, as follows:—

"'Twas a black November morning, the camp was calm and still,
And nought was heard except the tramp of sentries on the Hill.
The foe's dread fire was silent long e'er the break of day:
No lights were on the Russian forts, no signals in the Bay.

"That silence soon was broken, the bugle notes rang out,
And we heard the cannons booming, and the distant battle shout
The soldiers sprang from off the ground, and rallied as they ran,
Those who were there will ne'er forget the field of Inkermann.

"'Fix bay'nets, boys!' old CATHCART cried, 'the foes are all around,
The Russians have surprised us, but still we 'll stand our ground;
Be steady, keep your powder dry, their numbers do not mind,
You 're fighting for your country and the girls you 've left behind.'

"The words had scarcely left his lips when down the old man fell,
The rifle's deadly messenger had done its work too well:
'Away with grief,' the soldier shouts, 'revenge must be the cry:
Our chief is down, the watchword now is death or victory.'

"The combat raged on every side, our ranks were thinned apace,
But the battle was not for the strong, nor for the swift the race;
The next man filled his comrade's place, and no one thought of fear,
And for every fallen Englishman, six Russians lay there.

"Hark to the Russian bugles! what strikes upon the ear?
'Tis the 'Retreat!' Stand firm, my boys, our brave allies are near;
The fight is won, the field is ours, and we 'll ne'er forget the day,
When a handful of true English kept the Russian host at bay.

"But now the fight is o'er, my boys, and we are safe and sound,
Peace to the ashes of the brave! Now let the cup go round.
We care not for the tropic sun, nor yet the wintry wind,
Whate'er the clime, we 'll ne'er forget the girls we 've left behind.

"The old rafters rang again with the lusty cheers that followed FLASH'S song. FLASH blushed and stammered, but evidently liked it. And now the rapid approach of the small hours hurried our parting. The drags were ordered up, the Onety-Oneth mounted, and pulled off at a slapping pace through the dark, and the tones of the '*Girls we left behind*,' which FLASH played on the cornopean, died away in the distance. MISS QUIZ told me, with many simpers, that she heard that all the officers kissed the Landlady's daughter before starting. What would you have done, *Mr. Punch*, if you had been in the Onety-Oneth?—imitated those gallant defenders of their country, or walked off soberly, and without a salute, like

"Your faithful Correspondent,

"CHARLES MUFF."

* As pronounced passim at the end of the cadence.

## A PERFECT WRETCH.

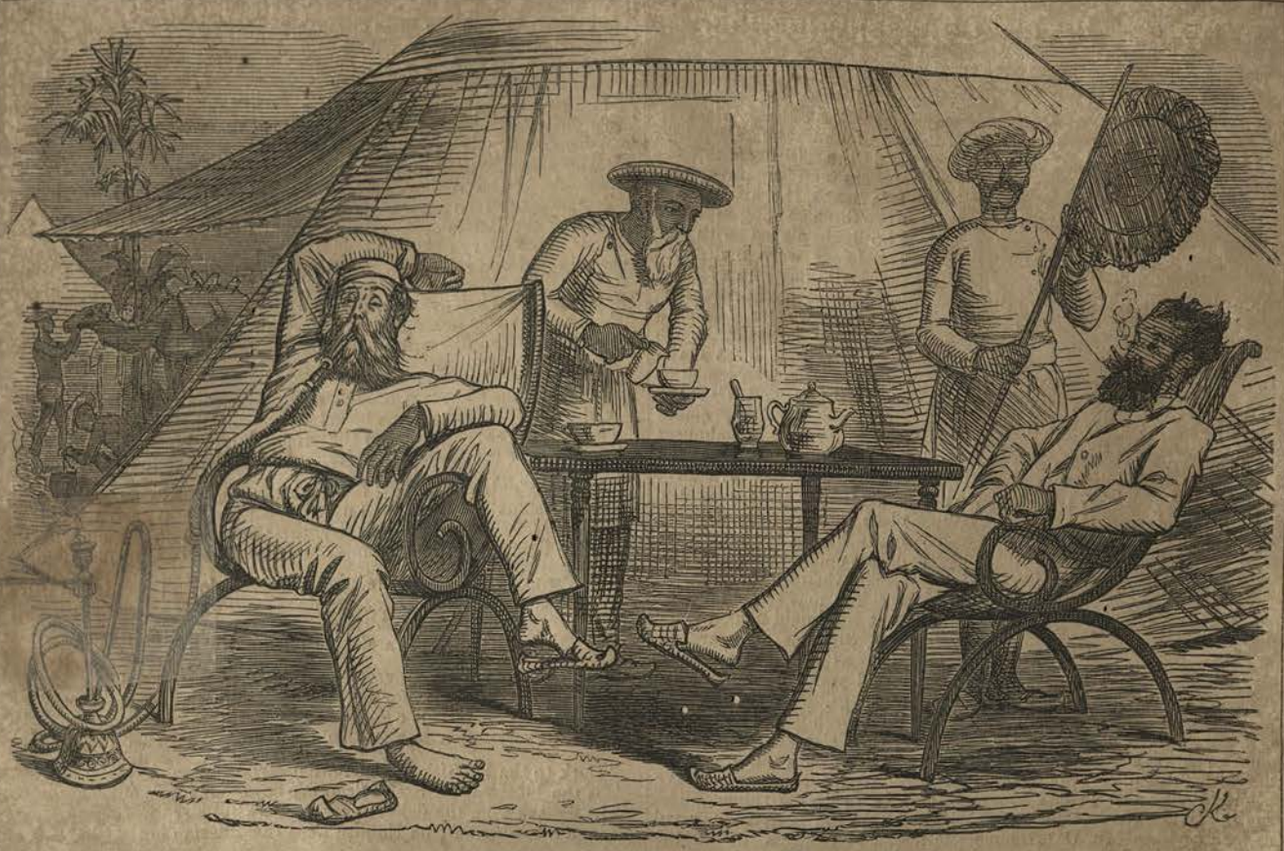
"TALK of bringing Turkey within the *family* of nations," writes an indignant British matron—too savage to begin her letter in the usual way, and much too angry to dot her i's or cross her t's—"A *nice* family man the SULTAN must be! *Have* you seen that abominable order of his—that none of the Palace ladies are to go out shopping?

"Oh, the mean-spirited creature! The wretch! the low—dirty—*heathen!* No—*Mr. Punch*—don't tell *me* about *civilising* them! Turks are barbarians at the bottom—and at the top too, for the matter of that, as this abominable order of the SULTAN'S proves. I see they talk of dethroning him—and serve him right too. They tell me he has fifty wives—and not allowed to go out shopping!

"Well! A nice time *he'll* have of it, and a *nice* time he *deserves* to have of it—the *nasty*, sneaking, *low-minded Mahometan!*"

### "ALL OF A BILING!"

WE see there is a Boiler Association started in the North. We think the authorities of the War Office, who provide our soldiers with nothing but boiled meat from one year's end to another, should be members of this Boiler Association.



**BAREILLY.—NORTH-WEST PROVINCES, JUNE, 1858.**

Heavy Cavalry. *"'Tisn't the Heat I mind, but it's the want o' rest, and having to do so many Things for Yourself on only Two Bottles of Bee—ayo a day, flaws me."*

## GARDEN RAILWAYS.

It is notorious that Railway property is at present at a very high premium. Railway shares, we need hardly inform any fool, are paying cent. per cent. Now is the time for Railway enterprise! For this reason, and for another presently to be mentioned, we propose that a line of rail—the need of which is much felt—should forthwith be laid down between Kensington and Bayswater. A journey that cannot now be performed in less than ten minutes would then be capable of being accomplished in two or three. For the sake of effecting this great saving of time, we recommend that a railway should be made through Kensington Gardens. Let no regard be paid to considerations of such small importance as the disturbance of their quiet and the diminution of their prettiness.

The other reason why we advocate this tasteful and promising speculation is, that if it is not effected, the enterprise of the Metropolis will be distanced and put to shame by provincial progress: unless indeed a set of Cockneys have only forgotten the maxim that enterprise, like charity, should begin at home. For certain adventurous gentlemen, in the expectation of making their fortunes, have revived the splendid project, unfortunately cushioned some years ago, of making a railway across the Isle of Wight. Who but Cockneys would dream of such a thing? At least these projectors are not Isle of Wight people, inhabitants of the Garden of England, who would as soon see a railway cut through that garden of theirs, as any slow individual who cares anything for scenery in comparison with steam, would behold that mark of modern improvement, the iron road, dividing his own private lawn, shrubbery, and flower beds. But what signifies what the Isle of Wight people like or dislike? Theirs are not the interests to be considered. Respectable lodging-house keepers, who do not make half the money they ought to make, notwithstanding all their endeavours to run up the highest bills that visitors will stand, medical men who want to kill more patients flying than they can at present, and impatient travellers desirous of saving a few minutes in getting to and from the back of the Island—these constitute the great public, to whose least convenience the nonsensical prejudices of the little public of the Isle of Wight ought to be sacrificed. And so ought those of the sentimentalists who resort thither to gratify a morbid liking for scenes of beauty and repose. Their antipathy to life and bustle is an offence to all progressive minds. Rout them up in the refuge to which they slink from the lively world. Compel everybody to flare up and go a-head.

So, very properly, the Isle of Wight is to be scored with a Railway. A company of sharp speculators will trample on its natives' feelings, as the navvies, beneath the iron-shod soles of their highlows, will crush its flowers. Hooray! especially for the cent. per cent. dividend which will reward so auspicious an undertaking. But still, before embarking in this precious scheme, Cockney capitalists may as well employ their money in improving their own especial neighbourhood, and invest a few millions of it in the Kensington and Bayswater line, which will probably not pay worse than a railway in the Isle of Wight.

### Two Roads to the Same End.

AUSTRALIA hates JOHN CHINAMAN; China detests JOHN BULL. Each country tries to keep out the obnoxious intruder.

In Sydney, JOHN BULL, as the more civilised of the two, bleeds his Chinese visitor in the pocket. He imposes £10 per head on every Chinese immigrant, and thus, to keep JOHN CHINAMAN in his own waters, trusts to capitation.

In Canton, JOHN CHINAMAN, like a brute as he is, bleeds his British invader in the jugular. He cuts off the head of every Jack Tar or Joe Marine he can get at from behind, and thus, to deter JOHN BULL from the Flowery Land, trusts to *de*capitation.

But, after all, we are both exclusives in our way.

### LITERALLY AN "ENFANT DE LA PATRIE."

THE Imperial Prince already receives the pay of a Corporal. We should not be astonished at this, for hasn't the EMPEROR told us over and over again, that the "*Empire*" means "*Pay?*"

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## NEW OMNIBUS REGULATION.

*"'Werry sorry 'm, but yer'l 'av to leave yer Krinerline outside."*

### WHAT AN EXPRESSION!

STRANGE, oftentimes, is the language of endearment—not always easily to be distinguished from the dialect of derision! Who would like to be addressed by the appellation bestowed on the object of the following appeal, which appeared the other day in the second column of the *Times*?—

DEAR BOOBLES.—Do pray write to THOR, and relieve the anxiety caused by absence.

BOOBLES! What a nickname! What a familiarity to address anybody with such an expression! The word suggests the notion of a party possessed of a generally weak mind with predominating benevolence and love of approbation. That, in fact, was the celebrated DR. SPURZHEIM'S definition of the term Booby, of which there is every reason to fear that BOOBLES is the diminutive.

### A Stop to the Grinding Organ.

THE best way to get rid of the organ-grinding plague would be that of putting down the establishments of the padrones, who grind the wretched grinders. This would be attacking the organ nuisance at its root, and destroying the whole organization.

## ILL-DIRECTED LOVE.

(A RECENT GREENWICH TRAGEDY, BY POLICEMAN X.)

MR. T. BLANK was a party to pleasure much inclined,
He were fond of whitebait dinners, and of taking too much wind:
And who he gallivanted with he didn't mind a bit,
In fact, a bow with many strings, that any miss might hit.

In Greenwich dwelt this THOMAS, and near him fair and coy,
Inhabited a sempstress, which her name it was MOUNTJOY;
(THERESA by her Christian name), and in an 'ouse not far,
There dwelt another sempstress, MISS JULIA LAZARRE.

Now THOMAS, it appears, from the sequel of this case,
To both those lovely sempstresses, with an unblushing face,
Had paid his court—I wonder 'owever it was done—
Till—along of his duplicity—their two young 'earts was won.

This THOMAS wrote a letter, which he meant for MISS MOUNTJOY,
And the height of loving language in it he did employ;
"Dearest THERESA, don't refuse this evening me to meet,
As I should find your company at eight o'clock most sweet.

"We'll meet upon the bridge that atop o' the lane doth lie,
And while the stars are twinkling a walk we will enjoy;
Do not let JULIA know of this, and bring the baby, mind—
Yours dearly and affectionately, THOMAS," so 'twas signed.

Now that same evening MR. T. had made a rendezvous
With JULIA—see what sempstresses will be and go and do!—
And to soothe the disappointment of the injured MISS LAZARRE,
He wrote exactly in the words, that here reported are:

"Dear JULIA,—you must not think your THOMAS is unkind,
But an engagement will prevent my seeing you, I find,
This evening, as I proposed; to-morrow we will meet,
Yours, ever dearly, THOMAS,"—such was his base deceit.

When MR. T. had wrote and seal'd those precious *billets doux*,
(Not thinking there are powers above such treach'ry to confuse)
His hand by Cupid guided—that blind young archer-boy—
MISS MOUNTJOY'S did direct "LAZARRE," and MISS LAZARRE'S "MOUNTJOY."

I would have given a sovran to have been upon the ground,
When the postman did deliver these here letters on his round:
MISS L. she walked to MISS M.'s house, and "MISS MOUNTJOY," says she,
"Here's a letter, Miss, that's meant for you, though it's addressed to me."

Then MISS M. took from her pocket the letter giv'n above,
And in an aggravating way it to MISS L. she guv:
Saying, "If you come to letters, Miss, from MR. T. here's one,
That to your hands and not to mine, did ought for to have gone."

Then MISS L. upon MISS M. made so furious an attack,
That MISS M. she went and locked herself in her parlour, two-pair back;
And MISS L. she tried to smash the door, but too strong the door did find,
So she went and smashed the windey, such was her state of mind!

Of course MISS M. could not stand by, and submit to have her windey
Shivered to bits, so she rushed out, and then there *was* a shindy:
And language passed which never, you would fancy, could employ
A THERESA and a JULIA, not to speak of a MOUNTJOY.

And this led to a summons, which the hearing was last week,
Before JAMES TRAILL, or SECKER, Esquire, the Greenwich beak;
And then on the inquiry came out, plain as A, B, C,
The letters of that artful and 'eartless MR. T.

Now all young men be warn'd by this; if you've two strings to your bow,
See and address your letters the way they ought to go:
And sempstresses, ere MR. T.s your peace of mind destroys,
Look out JULIAS, for THERESAS; LAZARRES beware MOUNTJOYS!

## A PERFECT STICK.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"I HAVE much pleasure in forwarding to you a carefully prepared drawing, *taken from life*, of an oaken cudgel, hanging over my book-case. This acquisition, of which I am justly proud, was obtained by the judicious investment of a solitary sixpence, which I found unexpectedly in my waistcoat pocket. I scarcely need tell you, *Mr. Punch*, that I intend it for the back and shoulders of any Auricular Confessional Gent who may be disposed to favour my wife and family with a visit. Depend upon it, Sir, a summary way of disposing of such customers is most satisfactory to all parties concerned, and saves a world of trouble.

"Yours truly,

"STRAIGHTFORWARD."

### A Tabula Rasa.

THE *Tablet* has left Dublin. It will henceforth be cherished by Hibernian Ultramontanes as only a "Tablet of Memory." We cannot tell whether peace will go with it, but its departure will certainly have the effect of leaving peace behind it. It may be taken as another great proof of the prosperity of Ireland, when a paper like the *Tablet* is obliged to leave Dublin. The Irish are so happy that agitation is lost upon them. Discontent, let it be ever so cleverly growled, will not make them discontented. CULLEN is inconsolable! The next best thing for Ireland is for him to leave the country also.

## TRAVELLING PLACES AND THEIR LONDON COUNTERPARTS.

BY A BIRD OF PASSAGE.

| | |
|---|---|
| Brighton | Regent Street at the Seaside. |
| Broadstairs | Baker Street. |
| Ramsgate | Russell Square. |
| Margate | Cremorne Gardens. |
| Deal | The Commercial Road. |
| Dover | The United Service Club. |
| Southsea | The Rag and Famish. |
| Southend | Clapham. |
| Herne Bay | Exeter Change Arcade. |
| Hastings | The Marine Infirmary. |
| Worthing | Exeter Hall in May. |
| Blackpool | Cheapside. |
| Folkestone | Waiting Room for Travellers to the Continent. |
| Gravesend | The Grecian Saloon by Daylight. |
| Harrogate | The College of Health. |
| Scarborough | Ornamental Water. St. James's Park. |
| Boulogne | The General Omnibus Company. |
| Calais | The Economic Funeral Society. |
| Tréport | Brixton on a Sunday. |
| Hâvre | Leicester Square. |
| Dieppe | Cheap Baths and Washhouses near Ditto. |
| Isle of Wight | St. George's, Hanover Square. |
| Hamburgh | The Stock Exchange. |
| Frankfort | The Old Jewry. |
| Cologne | The River Thames. |
| Ems | Young SWAN & EDGAR. |
| Homburgh | Young HOWELL & JAMES. |
| Wiesbaden | The Travellers'. |
| Spa | St. John's Wood, accompanied by the Albany. |
| Baden-Baden | Belgravia, with a slice of Pall Mall. |
| Brussels | DUBOURG'S, in the Haymarket. |
| Paris | The London Tavern. |

### Singular Mistake.

"Is unsurpassed in Sensitiveness and Density." These words in a newspaper caught MR. ROEBUCK's eye the other day, and he exclaimed, "Hullo, here's a Memoir of SAM WARREN." It was not until a second investigation that he found he had simply lighted on an advertisement of a new Negative Collodion.

## OBITUARY FOR SEPTEMBER.

DIED on the 1st inst., at his House in Leadenhall Street, the HON. JOHN COMPANY, E. I. S., called otherwise or known as Companee Bahadoor, alias "Old Double." The deceased had been in rather a bad way for some time, and however much he struggled to conceal the fact, it had long been patent that his strength was failing. Of the last years of his life, each had found him getting weaker, and although he had survived a number of attacks, it was clear that his powers of resistance were deserting him. He evinced to the last a great tenacity of life, and would never be persuaded that his case was hopeless. When every one could see that he was mortally attacked, he tried his utmost to delude himself by disbelieving their opinion: and his imbecile endeavours to prolong his existence became extremely painful for his friends to witness. Having lived hard, it was evident he determined to die hard; and to the last he did his best to carry out his resolution. Indeed, such was his apparent unwillingness to die, that it cannot be inferred that his release was a happy one.

We concur with the authorities that a post mortem examination is not needed in the case, inasmuch as the demise may very easily be traced to causes purely natural. The deceased having attained his 277th year, his advanced age is enough to account for his release. Moreover it is known he was a most imprudent liver, and by no means took such care as was needful of himself. From the first he had been subject to intestinal attacks, and had more than once been warned that they would prove the death of him. Being violently attacked a year and a half ago, he seemed really almost paralysed by the suddenness of the shock, and had not assistance been immediately sent to him there are many who consider that he could not have survived. But although the outbreak was happily got under, there is no doubt that it proximately caused his dissolution. When the fever had subsided, mortification naturally ensued: and weakened as he was by a long course of bad living, an attack of inflammation (*Inflammatio Populi*) made terribly short work of him.

In writing an obituary it is usual to analyse the character of the deceased, and give an outline of the qualities by which he was distinguished. But in this case we would fain make a departure from the rule, inasmuch as such analysis would be anything but a pleasant one. If the maxim "*De Mortuis*" were literally obeyed, the task which lies before us would be easily accomplished: for all the good which we with truth could say of the deceased we fear would not encroach very largely on our space. That, like many another of our mercantile celebrities, the deceased achieved his greatness from a very small beginning: that he rose from almost nothing in the reign of QUEEN ELIZABETH to a considerable something in the reign of QUEEN VICTORIA, are facts quite undeniable, and which we cannot but admit. There is no disputing that he prospered as a trader, and undoubtedly succeeded in amassing a large property. But his prosperity, we think, was owing more to his position than to his business talents. We have no wish to detract unfairly from his credit; still it cannot be denied that his mercantile successes were mainly due to the monopolies which he so long enjoyed. His ways of doing business were clumsy in the extreme. He kept up two establishments where one would have sufficed, and steadily resisted all suggestions for improvement. Wasteful of labour, he was prodigal of gain; and squandered his resources by his lavishness of living. Large as was his income, he always lived beyond it; and made a constant practice of forestalling what came in to him. His returns were so immense that he had almost boundless credit; and this it was which saved him more than once from bankruptcy. To wipe off old engagements he contracted new ones; and his pecuniary embarrassments increased to such extent, that at his death his debts amounted to above one hundred millions!

Although, then, the commercial was the best side of his character, it cannot be denied it was attended with great drawbacks. Considering the marked advantages he had, we must own to some surprise that he did not make much more of them. Nor were his faults those only of omission. It pains us to accuse him of dishonest trading; but we must say, that by far the greater portion of his property was acquired in a way that will not bear investigation. Although, in common courtesy, he was called the "Honourable," there is no denying that, whatever wealth he made, he was far from being scrupulous in the means he used to make it. It was not only from the fact of his keeping up two shops that he acquired the commercial nickname of "Old Double." His double shop-front typified his double face, and he was notorious for his double-dealing. *Sui profusus*, as we have already shown, we may add that he was no less *alieni appetens*. One of his bad practices was to set a couple of his neighbours by the ears, and then, stepping in as arbitrator, to make a seizure of their properties, and, in the coolest way, appropriate the better part of them himself. There is a complaint known as earth-hunger in certain savage tribes; and with some such a disease he was incurably afflicted. He no sooner cast his eye upon an adjacent piece of land than he was seized with an insatiable craving to possess it. He was in continual hot water through this greediness of ground; and, on more than one occasion, he rather burnt his fingers. His endeavours to appease it

proved always unavailing, and even at the last the earth-hunger never left him.

Still less in his social than his mercantile relations do we find the deceased worthy to be held in good repute. Cringing to superiors, his treatment of dependents was tyrannous and harsh. In the selfishness of a monopolist, he cared for no one else; his own countrymen were prohibited from setting foot on his estates; and he pushed the law of trespass to such rigorous extent, that to come upon his property, without his leave and licence, was made, by Act of Parliament, a crime and misdemeanour, punishable by fine, confiscation, and imprisonment. In spite, however, of his harsh and arbitrary despotism, our doubts if he was ever really feared by his dependents are sanctioned by the fact that they thought him an old woman, and could never be brought to show any feeling of respect for what they held up to derision as a petticoat sort of government.

Nor, while we thus regard him as a thoroughly bad landlord, can we admit that his behaviour was much better as a master. His conduct to his servants was capricious in the extreme. He either bullied them or petted them beyond the limits of endurance. He overpaid his overseers, and let them pilfer as they pleased; and, in fact, he did his best to spoil all in his Service. But, although profusely liberal and careless as a rule, he showed to them at times a niggardly close-fistedness. In proof of this, we need not mention the bequest which he made at the last gasp to a man of his, named Mill, who had served him with great faithfulness, and had grown old in his service. The post which Mill had occupied was that of a night-watcher; and it would be difficult to name a fitter person for the place. Some notion may be formed of the meanness which occasionally distinguished the deceased, when we state that a legacy of £500 was the paltry sum he left in recognition of Mill's service.

It remains but to add, that the deceased died possessed of a considerable property, consisting both of real and of personal estate. In gracious compliance with a national request, Her Majesty has consented to act as sole trustee; and it is, therefore, in the Queen's name the effects will be administered. There is no doubt that the property will be better managed henceforth than it ever yet has been; and we may hope that it will soon be cleared of all encumbrance. There is, we think, great cause for gratulation in the change, although it may be urged that it is merely nominal. Our loyalty, of course, obliges us to own that, whatever were his merits, the deceased, upon the whole, did not bear so good a name as to be compared for one half second with the Royal one. In paying our last tribute to the Honourable John, we must own we think his room far better than his Company; and we trust that it may never come within our province to have to write the word "*Resurgam*" on his tombstone.

## THE GROWTH OF LONDON.

Baron Dupin estimates, "if the population of London keeps on growing at its present ratio, that, in 1901 it will be 5,816,900." Might we ask the Baron if he has taken the Thames into his calculation? Does that "noble river" in 1901 remain as it is? or is it to be sweetened? or is it to be taken away altogether? These different views put quite a different aspect on the Baron's peep into 1901; for it stands to reason that 5,816,900 human beings could not possibly live, with a pestiferous river, such as the Thames now is, running right through them. And allow the Thames to pursue unchecked its present course of pollution, it is doubtful whether there will be any population at all in our savoury Metropolis. All the inhabitants will have died off, or else have run away. However, these speculations are all premature. Better to wait patiently, and see what does occur in 1901. One thing is very certain, if there are then to be upwards of five million inhabitants, that some limit will have to be put to the women's Crinolines.

### Where Miracles Grow Best.

French miracles sprout most prolifically in obscure towns. Like mushrooms, darkness is favourable to their growth. Not a single miracle, we notice, has been gathered in Paris. You can pick them up by dozens in the South, and everywhere but in the so-supposed centre of civilisation. Perhaps, civilisation would expose the trick, and therefore the priests cultivate the provinces and the departments, taking care that the province they select shall be one of imposition on the largest scale, and giving the preference always for their operations to the largest department of ignorance.

A FRIEND TO ONE'S BACK.

*First Traveller.* How quick you have been in packing up?

*Second Ditto.* Why, you see I am helped on wonderfully by the fact of my coats being Alpacas.*

* We suppose the contributor who has had the atrocity to send us the above, means *all-packers!*

## MISSING, A VICE CHANCELLOR.

Oh where, and oh where, is my Johnny Stuart gone?
Oh where, and oh where, is my Johnny Stuart gone?
He's so often in the clouds when there's business to be done,
That it's little we need wonder if off to Skye he's flown.

Oh why, and oh why, is my Johnny Stuart paid?
Oh why, and oh why, is my Johnny Stuart paid?
'Tis for keeping upon tenter-hooks poor clients, I'm afraid,
While the Salmon and the Trout on his artful line are played.

Oh where, and oh where, should my Johnny Stuart be?
Oh where, and oh where, should my Johnny Stuart be?
In Lincoln's Inn at Chambers, in a suit of Chancerie,
Not a suit of heather-mixture, bringing down the grouse so free.

Oh where, and oh where, does my Johnny Stuart shine?
Oh where, and oh where, does my Johnny Stuart shine?
Less in winding up a suit than in running out a line.
"Spare the rod and spoil the client," is his motto, I opine.

Oh what, and oh what, will bring Johnny Stuart back?
Oh what, and oh what, will bring Johnny Stuart back?
A wigging from the Chanc'llor, and if Lord Chelmsford's slack,
A leader in the *Times* will do it in a crack.

## A REAL GHOST COMING.

There is no mistake about it this time. A Ghost is coming, and has been good enough to announce in the pages of the *Athenæum* the time of his apparition:—

COINS, MEDALS, BRONZES, NUMISMATIC BOOKS, &c.—Mr. Short, of London, Coin-dealer since 1833, begs to state that, owing to the decease of Mr. HEALTON, he will RETURN FROM ITALY very early in October.

Why it is inconvenient to the deceased gentleman to remain in Italy, is not stated—perhaps he is a Protestant ghost, and dislikes the religious observances of a Catholic country—but at all events he is coming, and the lovers of the supernatural had best look out.

### Health of the Prime Minister.

There is no truth in the report that the Premier is labouring under an organic disease. That ridiculous rumour originated from an atrocious pun which was made by a ribald jester on hearing a serious person, under the impression that Lord Derby had not left the Turf, express a fear that the heart of the noble Earl was hardened. Whereupon the incorrigible buffoon remarked that, in consequence of having been so long in the stable, no doubt the Earl of Derby's heart had become ossified.

## SCENE—BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

TOMKINS, DISCONSOLATE ON A ROCK, TRACES SOME CHARACTERS UPON THE SAND. TO HIM, MRS. TOMKINS (WHOSE NAME IS MARTHA).

*Mrs. T.* "WELL, MR. TOMKINS, AND PRAY WHO MAY HENRIETTA BE?" [TOMKINS *utters a yell of despair, and falls prostrate.*

## TWIN STARS.

"The people then took the horses from MADEMOISELLE PICCOLOMINI'S carriage, and dragged it," &c. &c.

"On CARDINAL WISEMAN'S arrival the horses were taken from his carriage, and the people drew it," &c.—*Irish Journals, Sept.*, 1858.

*Viva*, SIGNORA! *Saluto te*, DOMINE!
Who shall pronounce your ovation ridiculous?
Twin in the glory of gay PICCOLOMINI,
See the proud Cardinal, excellent NICHOLAS.

Which has the pull it would puzzle us direly;
Don't they ride on like a King and a Queen?
Oh, they 're an elegant couple entirely,
Prince of the Church, and Princess of the Scene.

His stockings are red as the ripest tomata,
Her eyes are as bright as the dew-drops on May-day:
She comes representing the dear Traviata,
And he as her sister, the good Scarlet Lady.

"Oh, isn't it pity, (young ladies are saying)
The portly Archbishop don't wear a moustache,
Then the dear little songstress would think she was playing
A part with her friend, the lamented LABLACHE."

Eh! it 's a glorious procession that passes,
Boys, shall them brutes pull that couple along?
Out with the horses, and harness the asses,
He 'll pay with a Sermon and she with a Song.

Who says the Cardinal's looking but glumly,
Not so well off as is usual for soap;
Does he think the fair preacher, sent hither by LUMLEY,
Is turning more hearts than the pet of the POPE?

He mustn't be jealous, she 's fresh in attraction,
While he 's been well hacked as a popular star,
And if triumph depends upon look, voice, and action,
The actress outshines the old actor by far.

Yes, *Ah non giunge*, in earnest simplicity,
As by our little sonnambula sung,
Is better to hear than the best *Benedicite*,
Growled with full force of monastical lung.

But pull away, pull away, tatterdemalions,
And drag the good Priest and fair Lady for miles.
What luck for old Erin that rival Italians
Together contend for her shouts and her smiles!

## THE COMET, AND ITS TAIL.

THE appearance of the Comet, which is now starring it for a limited series of nights, has given rise to much speculation, which, as usual, has resulted in failure. Nobody has as yet offered a satisfactory conjecture in solution of the question what the Comet is? Some astronomers say that they can see through it, and the stars on the other side of it; but for all that they have not been able to penetrate its mystery. Two theories of the constitution of Comets which have not yet been published, shall now be, and may deserve to be as much as some others. Perhaps, as Comets are both luminous and transparent; and ghosts likewise, according to some observers, both shine themselves and are also diaphanous; Comets are the ghosts of departed planets. Natural as well as supernatural substances, however, both reflect and transmit the rays of light: and your Comet generally has a tail. Analogies subsist throughout nature. May not a Comet be a planet in the first stage of its development, a celestial body corresponding to a terrestrial tadpole?

THE HERO OF CARS.—CARDINAL WISEMAN on his Irish tour.

# TWIN STARS, OR RIVAL ITALIAN ARTISTES.

## PIETY, POUNDS, SHILLINGS, AND PENCE.

I see that the Church, London, and Wesleyan Missionary Societies have been memorializing the Government against the trade in Opium. They say that it is not only a sin and a shame, but also a great mistake to grow opium; because the lands on which it is grown might more profitably be devoted to the growth of other things—indigo, sugar, and cotton. This being the case, why do they trouble Government to do that which they could do themselves, and benefit themselves by doing? Why don't they organize a company to buy up all the land, in Bengal or elsewhere, on which opium is raised; grub up all the poppies, and plant indigo, sugar, and cotton in their stead? They would thus enrich their souls by a proceeding which would also fill their purses, and practise a godliness which, both in a spiritual sense and also in a pecuniary point of view, would be great gain. Practical holiness is often adverse to the interests of the breeches' pocket, but by substituting for the growth of opium a more lucrative husbandry, it would increase instead of diminishing the contents of that receptacle.

## TEACHERS AND PRATERS.

When *Theseus*, Duke of Athens, was considering what amusement he should have on his wedding night, "between our after supper and our bed-time," to quote the words of his Grace, a certain theatrical performance, enumerated among other pastimes in readiness at command, was thus commended, by his *Master of the Revels*, to the patronage of the noble Duke:—

> "A play there is, my lord, some ten words long;
> Which is as brief as I have known a play;
> But by ten words, my lord, it is too long."

*Mutatis mutandis*, these lines apply to the speech delivered the other day at Leeds, in the chair of the British Association, by Professor Owen. That is to say, Professor Owen's discourse, according to report, extended over sixty-three closely-printed octavo pages, and, to judge by its published abridgments, might, to the great delight and advantage of its hearers, have extended over sixty-three more. Speeches, at this autumnal time of year, are "as plenty as blackberries," but mostly nothing like so good—and some judges call blackberries insipid. They for the most part directly answer to the description of *Peter Quince's* tragedy; and it is something to have had, in the orations of Brougham and Owen, two grand exceptions to the general rule of dulness in one week. What a relief is a lecture which conveys knowledge, and suggests thought—a string of words which is also a string of ideas—after the drowsy hum of vacuous Visitation Charges, so narcotic that they might kill by visitation of bishop, conventional accounts of stewardships by Members of Parliament, and puffy after-dinner platitudes addressed to British asses and Bunkum! The discourse of Professor Owen was altogether the cheese—a few words of it would suffice to bait a mouse-trap. Here is the least taste of that intellectual double Glo'ster:—

> "The further man discerns, in a series of conditions, their co-ordination to produce a given result, the nearer does his wisdom approach—though the distance be still immeasurable—to the Divine wisdom. One philanthropist builds a fever-hospital, another drains a town. One crime-preventer trains the boy, another hangs the man. One statesman would raise money by augmenting a duty or by a direct tax; and finds the revenue not increased in the expected ratio. Another diminishes a tax, or abolishes a duty, and through the foreseen consequences the revenue is improved. The latter is the wise statesman."

This is the kind of sense that Owen has learned to speak by having been engaged in the habitual (and wonderfully successful) search after natural truth. How small, in comparison with this talk, sounds the customary gabble about "sanitary improvement," "educational progress," and "elasticity of the revenue!" How little a voluble, mouthing, canting politician looks by the side of a sincere philosopher! In contrast with a man who preaches such doctrine as that of the text above cited, and as the other great truths of which Mr. Owen's whole address was an enunciation, how infinitely minute, notwithstanding corpulence, is the humbug, however solemn, or the bigot, however smoothtongued, who flaunts about the country in scarlet trappings, venting evasive oily sermons, and insidious harangues, tending, chiefly by insinuation and innuendo, to persuade simple persons to believe unspeakable nonsense, listen to sentiment rather than to reason, and submit both will and understanding to a foreign despotism.

## THE CONSERVATIVE PIG AND HIS PARTY.

### A Farmer's Fable.

You have heer'd o' one Aysop, or maybe you 've read,
A chap as could tell what dumb animals said,
Understand conversation of hoss, ox, and ass,
And bastes, birds, and creturs of ache kind and class.

I understands some talk of animals too,
Of which I 'll deliver an instance to you:
I will truly report what I heer 'd a pig zay,
And if so be you disbelieves me, you may.

The Pig was as lean as could possible be,
The wretchedest objick as ever you see,
His tail had been cut off, and likewise his ears,
And his bristles was cropt—you may guess by whose shears.

"I wonders, poor thing, whose pig you be," I cried.
"Whose pig mun? Lord Derby's," he straightways replied;
"The Conservative Hog, as was put up to fat
On Protection and Protestantism, and that."

"What, you the Conservative hog!" answers I;
"Why how canst thee lay there and tell sitch a lie?
The whole hog Lord Derby declared a would goo;
You ain't half a hog, nor a quarter; not you."

"I knows," says the Hog, "what a zight I appears;
'Tis true that he give up my tail and my ears
To his Radical friends, which he dussent refuse,
And he snipt off my bristles, as kept out the Jews."

Says I, "Then Lord Derby is wuss nor a Whig,
Thee'st better by far ha' been Palmerston's pig;
Less flesh thee'd ha' lost, 'odd'st enjoy longer life,
Whereas at thy throat now thou see'st there 's the knife."

"Ah well!" sighs the Pig, "we must all on us die,
I 'd as zoon death come now as be stuck by and by:
I be willun to goo, since I must make an end,
And prefers for to fall by the hand of a friend."

## POLITE DIGS 'AT DERBY.

We are sorry to hear that the Earl of Derby has been exposed to great annoyance in connection with the partial sale of his valuable horses. In society, at clubs, in the public streets, his brother peers, and other members of the aristocracy, whenever they meet the noble Lord, salute him by raising their hands to their shirt fronts, and touching their studs, and then applying their thumbs to their noses and vibrating their fingers. The spokesman of a deputation, when his Lordship said that he would give a certain question his attentive study, cocked his eye. A lady of rank, in a conversation about the Comet, said it looked *so* funny compared to the other stars with which the sky was studded. The noble Premier being present, a facetious baronet instantly poked his forefinger into his Lordship's ribs.

In a select circle, which a distinguished Duke was entertaining, and which included the First Lord of the Treasury, an archery-match being in progress, a gallant General called a young Marchioness, who was one of the competitors, a fair *Toxophilite*. A Bishop among the bystanders exclaimed "Hush!" and the host, convulsed by the joke of the right reverend prelate, burst into a guffaw. Let those laugh who win; and if Lord Derby should sack a few thousands by the animals which he has bought in, he certainly will have made a practical joke as good as any pun, and better in a moral point of view, if we may trust Dr. Johnson. A punster, according to that high authority, is on a par with you know what; thus a play upon words is tantamount to foul play: but though Lord Derby may have played with the feelings of the sporting world, he seems to have played fair enough—for a nob on the Turf.

### Natural Question in Natural History.

We see advertised a *History of the Birds of Europe not Observed in the British Isles*. Will this include accounts of certain varieties of the Hawk and Pigeon tribe that may just now be observed at Boulogne-sur-Mer. If so, the book will be entertaining to their friends.

SO FOND OF ASTRONOMY, THAT THEY ARE ALWAYS ON THE BALCONY, LOOKING FOR THE COMET!

## THE COMET HUNT.

THE poor Comet has been leading a sad life of it of late. People have been fairly hunting him to death. There have been nightly meets in London at the corners of the streets, and in fact the country generally has been a field in chace of him. Packs of people everywhere have joined in the pursuit. He no sooner breaks cover than you hear them lustily giving the "view holloa," and harking for'ard to the spots where they can best get a sight of him. No fox's brush has ever been more hunted than his tail, although nobody of course has any hopes of getting hold of it. So long as he is visible he is chaced like any Reynard, and chevied down until he goes to earth, or rather sinks below it.

To leave this vulpine metaphor, All England has in fact been star-struck for the nonce, and amateur astronomers have been plentiful as partridges. One might almost think oneself in Iceland, one sees so many gazers. No sooner does the Comet show himself in public, than there is a general shout raised of "Here he is again!" and every one turns out and rudely takes a sight at him. Like all great notorieties his goings on are watched with a vast deal of attention, and there is a daily record of them in the paper. An astræal *Court Circular* is published every morning, in which the Comet's movements are continually reported. Wherever he goes he is attended by his suite, consisting of a crowd of followers who stare at him. His tail in short attracts quite a tag-rag and bob-tail. He is like the classic personage, and appears to us *magnâ comet-ante catervâ*.

Comet-hunters who have telescopes, almost take a glass too much in their eagerness to spy at him; and those who are not blest with even spectacles to help them, are nightly in the habit of straining their nude optics (propriety forbids we should say their naked eyes) until, to quote the Irish poet, they "can hardly see for staring." We don't wonder that the Comet looks so red in the face. Any one would blush at being so much stared at. It would really not surprise us if we found some fine evening that the Comet had turned tail, and had in modesty declined any more to favour us with the light of his presence.

*Punch* for one can sympathise sincerely with the Comet. *Punch* having risen as a "bright particular star," of course well knows what it is to be pointed at as such. Since first *Punch* held a place among the shining lights, he has had experience of the nuisances attending it, and can feel for any body—human or sidereal, who is, like himself, exposed to them. *Digito monstari* is all very well, once in a moonshine; but it is no joke to be stared at every night in the way in which the Comet and the planet *Punch* have been. Lesser stars might like it, to bring them into notoriety; but *Punch* is of such magnitude that he has no need to be pointed out as something worth the looking at. Brightest in the constellation of the literary lights, the planet *Punch* is weekly rising higher in position; and while he continues to sparkle as he does, there is no fear of another star getting the ascendency, and taking the shine out of him.

## TOBERMORY,

### OR THE SANCTUARY OF SCOTLAND.

OH! wha's owre head and lugs in debt,
Gin sic a chiel's a southron bodie,
An' just wad like release to get
Frae fear o' creditors and quoddie?
He 'll mak nae noise, but tak' leg bail,
An' loup frae England's territory,
From Scotia's western shore set sail,
And gang awa' to Tobermory.

Six hundred miles frae London toun,
He leaves his victims a' behind him,
The souter an' the tailor loon,
And a' the lave, they canna find him.
He sune acquires a domicile,
And then he 's in the category
Of Scottish bankrupts, who appeal
To native law at Tobermory.

The pawkie chiel kens Scottish law,
He gaes and gets a sequestration,
His debts are proved by cronies a',
And private 's his examination.
There 's nae disclosures there brought out,
In prent to mak' a public story,
Unless it gets too sune about
That he has gane to Tobermory.

Of creditors a chosen few,
Agree to tak' his composition,
An' by their votes he 's carried through
The farce wi' muckle expedition.
'Gainst a' demands he now may plead
Certificate absolutory,
Of ilka obligation freed,
Whitewashit clean at Tobermory.

His siller wad the ithers see,
Just let them whistle for 't sae gaily,
To England sin' he gaes Scot free,
An' need to rin from nae bumbaillie.
They suld hae been mair wide awak',
Then they 'd hae grippit him before he
Could start upon his northern track,
And pay his debts at Tobermory.

Oh! when the spectre of a dun
Haunts ony spenthrif' like auld Bogie,
To canny Scotland let him run,
She 'll shelter and befriend the rogueie,
An' send the prodigal back hame,
To live awa' ance mair in glory,
Auld scores a' cleared aff—mair's the shame
For Scottish law—at Tobermory.

### Rather Remarkable.

DURING the last month, MR. TOBIAS GORDON, of Snigg's End, near Buttermilk, Bampton, late of Thornley, Squashton, and sire of the bellman of the same name, read through the *Morning Advertiser* in less than nine hours and twenty minutes. He is 72 years of age, can read small print without the use of spectacles or stimulants, recollects vividly the statue of GEORGE THE FOURTH at King's Cross, and, with the exception of believing in MR. SPOONER, is still in possession of his mental faculties.—*Provincial Paper.*

### A ROC'S EGG IN A MARE'S NEST.

"SOME years ago," says PROFESSOR SCHLEIDEN, of Jena, "a Professor at Wurzburg wrote a book called the *Northern Greece*, in which he maintained that Ireland was the Cradle of the human race." His theory was fortified by the fact that her king for years was called CAPTAIN ROCK.

BENT ON CONQUEST.—The Douglas Play-bill made the other day the following curious revelation: "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER—HIS LAST LEGS." Who could have thought that Lovely Woman would stoop so low?

## MUSIC AT THE SEA-SIDE.

"Dear Punchey,

"I rush out of town for peace and quietness. I come down to the sea-side, with the feelings of a man, who, having been shut up for hours in the crowd of a bustling fair, is only too glad to get into the stillness of Nature again. After the stilling prose of London, my ears thirst for the refreshing poetry of the Country.

"However, one day was amply sufficient to convince me that Poetry does not lodge at a watering-place. The lodgings, perhaps, are too dear for her; or it may be that, with the noise going on in all directions, she finds it utterly impossible to complete the epic poem, by which she hopes to pay her butcher's bill.

"Even as I write a shower of blacks, in the shape of a pelting band of Ethiopians, keeps flying into the open window. They settle on my thoughts, they blacken my ideas, they cover me with rage, until as I catch a glimpse of my face in the looking-glass (I have done nothing but pace up and down the room for the last hour!) I look like an *Othello* of private life. Unfortunately, I have no *Desdemona*, on whom I can wreak my vengeance.

"I will endeavour to draw you out a musical catalogue of the various bands that infest the pretty watering-place, where I came down for peace and quietness, and where I expected to listen to the pathetic moaning of the sea, and to be troubled with no other music than the music of the spheres—spheres very unlike the kettle-drums that these cursed Ethiopians carry about with them. Instead of drinking in those delicious 'Songs without words,' with which the portfolio of Nature is full, I am condemned to listen to the crazy doggerel of the nigger melodies. The very echoes are full of them, and even in their sleep keep unconsciously repeating '*Hoop-de-dooden-doo.*'

"Here is the *catalogue raisonné*, or, if you like it better, *resin-né* :—

"1. A Band of Ethiopians (considering how they murder melody and kill time by drawing a person's attention off everything but the details of the horrible murders they perpetrate, I am sure their consciences must be as black as their faces). This band is ten strong. Two bones, two tambourines, two accordions. It is the terror of the neighbourhood. The very gulls fly in another direction.

"2. Another Ethiopian Band, consisting of one. This is an Ethiopian Albino, for he carries about with him a face and hands that are not much blacker than most street musicians. Sings '*Hoop-de-do-dem-doo*' in full chorus by himself, and interlards the poems of Ethiopia with a few of the comic ditties of the Seven Dials. Is the pet of the kitchens, and the abomination of the drawing-rooms.

"3. A Blind Bagpiper, evidently of Scotch origin, from his tenacity of English soil and his love of English money. He will not move on, until his interest prompts him to do so. Led about by another Scotchman, who is anything but blind to his master's interests. He has the keenest eye for pence that I ever noticed in a Scotchman out of Scotland.

"4. A German Band. A complete music school of small Germans, from the age of three to ten inclusive. Like many Coburg princes, they seem to have learnt the secret of turning their German brass in this country into English gold, for they are coining money all day long. The Solicitor to the Mint should prosecute them, and we would cordially thank him, if he only would.

"5. An Italian Band. The best of the whole lot, but they play too much. If Mario was singing under our window all day long, we think we should order the Police at last to 'tell him to move on.' Costume, ultramarine blue; dressed, military fashion.

"6. A Tyrolean Band in Tyrolean costume. One half is male, the other half is female; though it would have saved both time and type to have said at once that the entire band consists only of a man and a woman. They sing Italian serenades with an Austrian accent. The effect is such that at Milan, it would infallibly cause an Italian rising. Here it merely sets the dogs howling.

"7. Twenty-three Accordions, Harpists, and Flautists, most accomplished competitors in the art of discord.

"8. Thirty-nine Hurdy-gurdies, mostly as cracked as Big Ben was.

"9. Two-hundred-and-thirty-three Italian boys, principally emissaries of Verdi's, grinding an Englishman (as the old Ogre did) to make their bread out of him.

"10. The Subscription Band, that plays on the Esplanade every evening, and attends quadrille parties. This is not the best, nor is it the worst. The worst is, that one is expected to subscribe to it. Not only have you to submit to the persecution, but you have also to pay for it in a double sense. We have heard of persons paying through the nose. Here, we improve on that nasal method of liquidation, we pay through the ears for a thing we don't want, and would rather not have. —It's an unheard-of extravagance!

"I dare say that other watering-places are as bad. I know that Scarborough last season was scarcely habitable from the noise that filled every street. But the sands were free from clamour. You could walk ten yards without being pulled up by a bad air that forced you to thrust your fingers into your ears, and run away as fast as you could to avoid aural asphyxiation. What is the use of landladies extolling the purity of the air, when you are inhaling nothing but Verdi all day long.

"At this place, however, the sands are the noisiest place in the town. With some such sand must the Tower of Babel have been built! What the Haymarket is at night, these sands are during the day. The only difference is, you have bathing machines instead of cabs. It is the neutral ground, on which the various banditti meet, and plunder the public as best they can. Here, you frequently have ten polyglot bands in full play, like the fountains at the Crystal Palace, all at once. The effect must be heard to be appreciated.

"I thought I had left all street music behind me in London. I find (as headache upon headache can testify) that I have come to a place where it is fifty times worse. It is too bad. I shall go back to my chambers in town, or pass my Long Vacation in the middle of Stonehenge. 'Anywhere, anywhere, out of the world' of tumult, where one could be sure of enjoying five bars' rest from this unceasing noise.

"Oh! Dear Punchey, how I wish that a street-band, like the aloe, would blow only once in a hundred years!

"Yours, with a head split like a shilling's-worth of firewood,

"Young Albany."

*"Pleasant Row, Ramsgate."*

"P.S. A band of bagpipes has just been making a ventose razzia on the East Cliff. I 'm off by the next train."

## THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER'S BUMPKINS.

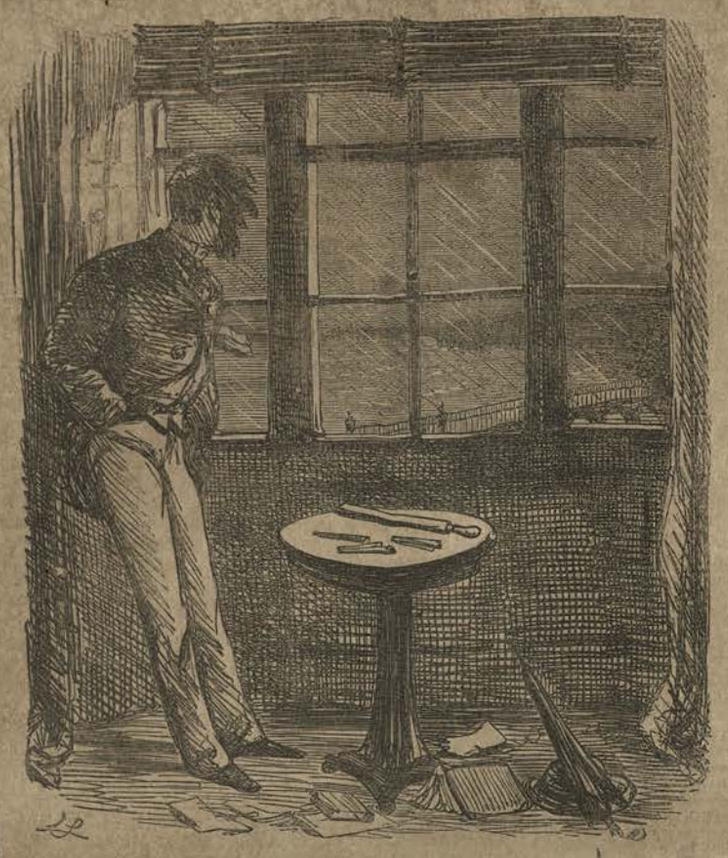
The Bishop of Winchester delivered a Visitation Charge the other day at Guildford in Surrey, and we are happy to say, lodged a portion of his charge in a vile part of the clerical body. His Lordship let fly a good measure of shot against the simious or jackanapes party in the Established Church, who make themselves offensive and ridiculous by imitating Roman Catholic priests, and especially by playing the Father Confessor. One passage occurring in the Bishop's sensible discourse may, however, be liable to misconstruction. The right reverend Prelate observed that—

"In that county he, the Bishop, had for many years seen with regret that it had been impossible to get the hoppers into Church."

People who are not aware of the agricultural speciality of Guildford, Farnham, and all that neighbourhood, may not know that the hoppers in the Bishop's eye—if we may venture to use such a phrase—were the rustics who are engaged in the cultivation of hops. This explanation will prevent them from supposing that the hoppers alluded to by the Lord Bishop of Winchester were mere clodhoppers.

## "The Book of the Thames."

We have already a handsome Suspension Bridge at Battersea, and next year we are to have a new Bridge at Westminster, that has been promised by good judges will be "the handsomest bridge in the whole world." We hope the promise will be carried out, and that we shall not be thrown over at the same time as the bridge. Both bridges are by Mr. Page. With a few more such Pages, the river will present a volume so rich in illustrations, that we shall half suspect it has been tearing a leaf out of Mrs. S. C. Hall's elegant *Book of the Thames*. The latter has this advantage, that not only has it more pages to its back, but the volume, unlike that of the water, can boast of far cleaner sheets.



## A WET DAY AT THE SEA-SIDE.

PARTY IN THE TABLEAU, THINKS, THAT PERHAPS STROPPING HIS RAZORS MIGHT AMUSE HIM!

## LINES WRITTEN IN REPLY TO AN ADVERTISEMENT.

You ask me, "Does your hair fall off?"
I frankly answer, Yes!
Be satisfied with that response,
Nor further question press.
For if you ask the reason why
My pate is getting nude,
'Tis possible that my reply
Might be considered rude.

I would not say that failing health
Has caused my crop's decrease!
Nor is 't cerebral over-work,
Nor lack of bear his grease.
Time has not thinned my flowing hair,
I am but twenty-two:
Yet that my head is getting bare
Is no less sad than true.

'Tis grievous fate at twenty-two
To have to wear a wig;
And yet I see I soon shall be
As bald as any pig.
And why? The cause is clear enough;
Nay, deem not that I scoff:
*You* sold me some confounded stuff—
*That* makes my hair fall off!

## MOTHER CHURCH'S PETTICOATS.

WILL any Lady condescend to wear Crinoline after this? The following is part of a speech by SIR JOHN TRELAWNY, delivered, a few days ago, to his Tavistock constituents. He is speaking of the Church Rate Bill:—

"I am afraid we may have great cause to divide ourselves from the Bishops, for the Bill was smothered by a great avalanche of long-sleeved Bishops. I went to the House of Lords one day, and I saw a row of Crinolines *(laughter)* reaching a long way, and these were the Bishops, all stolid and grave, but exceedingly ignorant of the elements of Church Rate law. It was melancholy to hear them so ignorant of the simplest proportions of the Bill."

So, the Bishops wear Crinoline. Treason hath done its worst.

## MAG AND MAGIC IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

DOUSTERSWIVEL in real life, named WILHELM STEINTHAL, has been sent for six weeks to the House of Correction by MR. YARDLEY, for practising sorcery at the expense of one ANDREAS MAG. The knave and fool were both Germans, and the former had swindled the latter out of £18, on pretence of discovering for him a fortunate lottery-ticket—the lottery itself being also a German swindle. STEINTHAL persuaded MAG to give him a large sum of money in several coins, which he pretended to bury in a hole in the ground, and which, of course, MAG never saw again. He strapped on a red girdle, and said a prayer backwards, in order, as he persuaded his dupe, to raise, if not exactly the devil, at least the wind. The following dialogue between the magistrate and the complainant will suffice to indicate the depth of MAG's intellect:—

"MR. YARDLEY. Why did you give the prisoner the whole of the £18?

"MAG. Because he told me, and I believed it, that if I brought him the different sums of money, and helped him to work the spell, I should be fortunate and become very rich.

"MR. YARDLEY. How, and in what way? By dealing the cards?

"MAG. Yes, and by spells, paying him in different coins, burying the money in the earth, saying the Lord's Prayer, throwing earth on a Bible, and walking up and down a hedge. By doing that I believed I should get a lucky number. *(Laughter.)*"

HERR MAG is a baker. "They say," observes *Ophelia*, "the owl was a baker's daughter;" and certainly, if all bakers were as wise as MAG, there would be singular acuteness in her remark. But there is another view to be taken of MAG's mental constitution than that which supposes it to be defective. How would MAG be estimated by M. VEUILLOT of the *Univers*, and all the reverend persons who are crying up the apparition of Lourdes? Not, perhaps, as being below the mark in intellect, but above it in the disposition to believe. We should like to know how many letters magnanimous MAG has received, recommending him to renounce wizards, red girdles, inverted prayers muttered over buried money, and mysterious walks up and down hedges, and to transfer a faith, which is evidently capable of great things, to mystic rites and ceremonies of real efficacy, and to such genuine marvels as the Lourdes apparition, with some still more astounding wonders of the same stamp, for disbelieving and deriding which Carthage ought to be destroyed, that is to say; England ought to be invaded, ravaged, and enslaved, or depopulated, and abolished from off the face of the earth.

### Candour.

A DISTINGUISHED commercial gent., whose word is his bond—that is to say, it would puzzle any Bankruptcy Commissioner to determine which was the more worthless of the two—thus laid down his travelling chart through life:—"I never believe more than one half of what I see, more than a quarter of what I hear, and not a word of what I say. If others were equally cautious, there would not be so many fools in this world."

THAT eminent scholar and wit, FLESHLY FLASHLY, was dining the other day at his relative HORACE MILDEW'S, when the latter happened to remark to his wife, "By the way, my love, I did what you asked me. I told our friends not to send you that rice." "I suppose," said FLASHLY, "you quoted yourself, my dear HORACE, and said *Risum teneatis, amici.*"—*From Punch's Literary Anecdotes.*

A GRACEFUL CORRECTION.—"The proper study of Mankind is Woman."—*Punch.*

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AN ELEGANT ROW ABOUT A MACHINE.

## A SCOTTISH PATRIOT.

GLASGOW, believe it or not, wants more water to mix with the intolerable quantity of whiskey wherewith she besots herself. Her Water Commissioners require, in the course of their operations, about fourteen acres of land belonging to one JOHN MACGREGOR, ESQ., who, in Scotch fashion, calls himself GLENGYLE, from the name of his estate, and who is stated to be a collateral descendant of ROB ROY MACGREGOR. If disposition could prove pedigree, we think any herald would pass MR. GLENGYLE's; for in the first place he demanded, for his fourteen acres £25,903 11*s.* 8*d.*, and then, remembering his "feelings," increased his price to £93,500. The stunned Commissioners could only gasp out that his whole estate, of 2200 acres, with all its rock, bog, and heather, is not worth more than £7000. A Southron reader is equally astonished that under such circumstances the parties could meet for an arbitration. Such, however, is the case, and the Lord Advocate of Scotland was umpire, or "oversman," and gave GLENGYLE £490. If our friend GLENGYLE did not want to ticket his estate with a prohibitory price, (just as some English idiots marked their hideous Cochin-China cocks at a hundred guineas each, at a show the other day,) what on earth did his monstratious demand mean? All we can say is, that Glasgow will at last have an excuse for her drunkenness, should she be able to say, that she can buy no water except at the most awful and extortionate price ever heard of.

Perhaps this is the solution of the GLENGYLE problem—the owner of the estate is a patriot, and not being able to bear the contempt with which drunken Glasgow is spoken of by moral and civilised folk, resolved, at the chance of losing a good sale, to provide her with a plea in extenuation of her depravity.

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TELEGRAPHIC ALPHABET.—The Lindley-Murrays of electricity are busy laying down a new alphabet for the use of the submarine telegraph. MRS. TRIMMER says, that the foundation of such an alphabet must be principally mutes and liquids.

## THE HAWTHORN CORRESPONDENCE.

### LETTER V.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"POSSIBLY a person of your integrity of character is above the weakness of yielding to temptation; but such was not my case when my kind old host, aided and abetted by CAPTAIN BLUFFINS and his fair intended, pressed me to stay for a day's partridge-shooting. I felt, Sir, as greater men have done before me; and I concocted a rambling letter of instructions to forward letters, so ingeniously worded as to leave any one who might be interested in hurrying my return to town quite in the dark about my movements, smothered the qualms of conscience, and accepted the invitation.

"The 31st of August was passed in that restless state of excitement which is not unusual amongst people who are on the eve of a day's pleasure. Did you ever know a tourist who was bound for Switzerland, or Killarney, or the Cataracts, or even to homely Ramsgate, who could work later than noon on the day preceding his holiday? Is not there always, *Mr. Punch*, a portmanteau to buy, or a knapsack to try on, or a visit to be paid? any one of which occupations would take half-an-hour in reality, but to which a whole afternoon is devoted. So it was with us at Hawthorn on the day preceding the 1st of September. LEATHERS the Keeper came before breakfast was over, to receive instructions about ammunition, and to consult with CAPTAIN BLUFFINS about a loading-rod. Nothing could be more *apropos* than this move of MR. LEATHERS. A committee, composed of old MR. HAWTHORN, LAURA, BLUFFINS, and the Keeper, was instantly formed, and all sorts of topics connected with shooting grew out of the subject. The old squire was great on the question of the old flint-guns which were used in his time, and discoursed learnedly on sporting weapons of all ages. You should have heard BLUFFINS and LAURA conspiring to lead the old gentleman on to his favourite hobby, and how that rogue BLUFFINS, who had heard all the stories twenty times, drew the old veteran out for my amusement. After luncheon the fever broke out worse than ever; and old MR. HAWTHORN conducted us into his *sanctum sanctorum*, and had all the weapons of the chace taken down. 'And now,' said the old gentleman, 'here is a more modern weapon; in fact, I believe it only yesterday left the factory of MESSRS. WESTLEY and RICHARDS; and I wish you joy with it, CHARLEY,' he added, as he put a magnificent new double-barrel into the hands of BLUFFINS. There are pleasant little domestic scenes, *Mr. Punch*, which honest writers should always leave to the reader's imagination, and not describe. What is the meaning of presenting a man with a handsome double-barrelled gun? What is there in such a proceeding to make the old gentleman's hand shake, and LAURA's eyes grow dim? Should I choke in saying, 'Thank you, Sir,' and be able to get no further, on receiving such a gift? There are sermons in guns, *Mr. Punch*, as well as in stones; and the gun, if it could have spoken, would have said: 'CHARLEY BLUFFINS, my boy, I am a neat weapon, and have cost MR. HAWTHORN a good figure; and when you are in possession of Hawthorn and LAURA, and the old gentleman is sleeping under the old yew tree, you will never omit to tell your friends, when I am admired (which I am sure to be), "The poor old gentleman gave me this on the day before the 1st of September, 1858."'

"I need not say that the gun was a fair excuse for carrying out a scheme which had long been brewing in CHARLEY's mind, for taking a gun out with him, 'just to shoot a rabbit or wood-pigeon;' and, acting on the impulse of the moment, we three, LAURA, BLUFFINS, and your humble servant, went for a stroll.

"'What a jolly brick the old boy is, isn't he MUFF?' asked CHARLEY. 'I believe he would have a gold collar for Ponto, if he thought it would make either the dog or me happier, wouldn't he, Ponto, eh! down dog, go to heel, Sir!' but the dog was as mad as we were, and whined with delight at the sight of the gun. *Oh! tempora, oh mores!* must I tell it, after a somewhat lengthened stroll in the park, just as we were reaching the shrubbery on our return, a covey of birds flew past us. CHARLEY BLUFFINS put up his gun, and after covering two birds, took it down again without firing. 'There, LAURA, that's what I call resisting temptation;' the words were scarcely out of his mouth, when two stragglers flew after the covey, bang! bang! went both barrels, and down fell the birds.

"'I couldn't resist *that*,' says CHARLEY; 'but what will MR. HAWTHORN say? Let's have them dressed for dinner, and call them pigeons.' When MR. HAWTHORN tasted his pigeon at dinner, it was as good as a play to see him put down his knife and fork and look CHARLEY BLUFFINS in the face. 'Oh! CHARLEY, you rascal, what *have* you been at?'

"'Variation in clocks, MR. HAWTHORN,' answered the culprit; 'you

may depend upon it, Sir, it's the first of September in the place where that gun was made.'

"'And how did it carry?' said the old gentleman. 'Beautifully, Sir, as you see by the result, the first shot went into the middle of to-morrow morning.'

"The story had evidently got about, as the first remark of LEATHERS the Keeper to MR. HAWTHORN, on the first of September was: 'I suppose, Sir, the Captain doesn't care about shooting, to-day, as he had a turn yesterday.'

"Our shooting-party consisted of BLUFFINS, MAJOR LANGUID, two neighbours, CAUTION and PROSY by name, *Arcades ambo*, (*i. e.*, good old fogies both) and your humble servant, who armed himself with a walking-stick instead of a Manton. Old HAWTHORN and LAURA followed on their ponies, the former riding an antiquated old favourite, which much reminded me of the easy prad on which MR. SPECTATOR went a hunting with SIR ROGER.

"We hadn't gone a hundred yards before CHARLEY BLUFFINS had a snap shot and killed the first bird. 'That makes three, Captain,' remarked LEATHERS, touching his hat, alluding to the brace of yesterday.

"MAJOR LANGUID proved himself a perfect humbug, and bothered everyone. He is, *Mr. Punch*, the heaviest of all heavy dragoons, and it really was a doubt, whether he or his dog Merryboy was the greatest bore. Merryboy, by the bye, is as sad a looking dog as anyone can imagine, and sick enough we were of him before the day was over; it was nothing but 'Mew-wy boy, Mew-wy boy, go to heel, Sir!' and the dog spoilt our sport, and his master missed his birds, till we wished him and his dog chained up together. LEATHERS had his revenge, however, on Mew-wy boy, when he caught him munching a young partridge in a copse. 'There, Mr. Merryboy,' exclaimed LEATHERS, as he laid about the twentieth lash on him with a pretty strong arm, 'I'd zerve your maister the same for tuppence.' The MAJOR took great offence at his dog being beat by the keeper, but LEATHERS proved very obstinate on the subject, and maintained that all strange dogs were under his jurisdiction. The effect of this rich interlude was that the MAJOR, who really does not care for shooting, made an excuse early in the day, and took himself off to our great delight.

"It was pleasant to hear PROSY and CAUTIOUS, two pleasant old fogies, quite of the old school (who call one another 'neighbour'), talk as they go along. They straggled behind and were content with an occasional shot, not following the sport so madly as BLUFFINS.

"'I always make it my custom, neighbour,' says PROSY, 'before opening a gate and going into a piece of turnips as we are doing now, to cock both barrels in case the birds lie in the corner.'

"'Well, neighbour,' says CAUTIOUS, who is a rare fine shot, 'I always cock my gun when the birds get up, and I generally am quick enough.'

"Pending this conversation, on entering the field up got a covey, and CAUTIOUS bags his brace, whereas PROSY does not fire.

"'Holloa! neighbour,' asks CAUTIOUS, picking up his game, 'how about your theory now?'

"'We'll say, neighbour, they took me to surprise.'

"You can imagine, *Mr. Punch*, how good was the bread and cheese and beer, at one of the tenants' farm-houses, and how cordial was the welcome. You can easily imagine too, how the bag was counted out on our arrival in the evening, and it is not hard to picture to yourself our dinner-party that evening, and the long talk upon shooting which was protracted by CHARLEY BLUFFINS over his evening pipe long after the topic had been exhausted in the drawing-room, and the inmates of Hawthorn were sound asleep.

"I believe now, I shall stay on till the Audit and Harvest-home; if so, you shall have all particulars, from your faithful

"CHARLES MUFF."

## WORTHY THE NOTICE OF THE NOBILITY.

IT is not often that the columns of a newspaper contain anything so tempting as the following, which we extracted from the *Liverpool Mercury*:—

BY MESSRS. WINSTANLEY AND SON,

On Wednesday, the 22nd instant will be sold

PEWS Nos. 10 and 11 in ST CATHARINE'S CHURCH, Abercromby Square.

BOX No. 52 in the PHILHARMONIC HALL. Subscription for this season paid up.

Now the above would be invaluable to a Lady of Fashion. It is not often that our Belgravian-minded belles have such a chance offered to them. The very combination of the Pew and the Box pictures to our mind the kind of amusing religion that Puseyism delights now in playing at. It is a pity the one cannot have been thrown into the other; for what with the gay dresses, the flowers, the blaze of finery, the concert-room singing, and the sensuality of the music, the Pew in many a fashionable Church, where piety is made a show, is very little better than an Opera Box. The Pet Parson frequently defrauds the Opera Librarian of his dues, for a seat at St. Barnabas lets for so much less than a stall at Her Majesty's. You get the same amusement, you see the same company, you hear often the same singers, and all for a smaller price!

By the way, why don't they, with our aristocratic temples, as with the Opera during the season, print a list of the fashionables who attend Divine Service? The JENKINS of the happy paragraph might say, "Amongst the *élite* of the *beau monde*, who thronged St. Liddel's *Opératoire* yesterday morning to listen to the mellifluous tones and dulcet exhortations of the REV. SYMPER PRETTIMAN, B.A., we noticed his Excellency the Grand Duke of Diamonds, the Hereditary Queen of the Hartz Mountains, the Right Reverend Bishop the Ace of Clubs, the most illustrious Knave of the Board of Green Cloth, the noble ex-Trésorier of the Golden Fleece, the Princesse Frascati, the spotless Chevalier Bayard D'Industrie, (first Rifleman of the French Black Guards), who was accompanied by his lovely and accomplished wife, Euphrosyne Mogador, (who had just arrived in town from her celebrated *Château de Mille Fleurs*), Lady Canterbury Hall, &c. &c.;" and then to finish the *tableau*, JENKINS, nibbing the finest of ladies' crowquills, might proceed to give us a poetic description of the various dresses and uniforms worn on the auspicious occasion. The *Morning Post* is not the paper we have always taken it to be, if it does not profit by the suggestion we have handsomely thrown out to it. It would put a sale of 5,000 copies on to its Monday's edition. When we have nothing better to do, we will write out a pretty little model for our elegant contemporary to keep by it as a copy.

## THE COMET AND THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

SECTION, &C. SCIENTIFIC BUFFOONERY.—A Lecture on the subject of the Comet was delivered by PROFESSOR MILLER. The learned gentleman said that Comets were so called from *coma*, not a state of insensibility, but a head of hair; though a Comet seemed to partake more of the nature of a fox in regard to its tail, which was a decided brush. The denser portion of a Comet was termed a *nucleus*, or kernel; but here was a kernel without a shell, which reminded him of a colonel in the Army; and association of ideas suggested the remark that the present Comet was situated below Ursa Major, and beneath the Pole Star, a star which, on account of the Pole, must be a convenience to the Great Bear, whose climbing propensities were well known to the members of the Zoological Section of that Association. The orbit of a Comet was an elongated ellipse, which puzzled even American astronomers to calculate. The revolutions of some Comets could be predicted with considerable certainty; and perhaps those Comets might be compared to certain despotic states. HALLEY was the first to foretell the reappearance of a Comet; and has thus achieved a lasting reputation among philosophers, which is preferable to what MR. CARLYLE calls the temporary hallelujah of flunkeys. The present Comet was named DONATI's Comet, as another is called ENCKE's Comet, after the name of its first discoverer; and, though a Comet was of small use to its owner, it gave him a title more illustrious than that of *comes*, or count. The scientific lecturer, whose discourse had been interrupted throughout by indignant murmurs, was greeted at its conclusion with a storm of hisses and groans, which he acknowledged by taking a sight at his audience, who, in return, pelted him with orange-peel.

### ENGLISH MISSES AND FRENCH MADEMOISELLES.

THE difference between them is this:—Your English Miss flirts before she is married; your French Mademoiselle gets married first, and flirts afterwards. Neither plan is safe, and both are objectionable.

## THE ABUSE OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

### An Ode to Apollo.

Phœbus Apollo, brilliant son of Leto
By cloud-compelling thunder-wielding Zeus,
Audacious mortal men are putting thee to
A vile, ignoble, base, unworthy use.
The flaming Sun from East to West thou guidest,
Holding the ribbons of his fiery steeds.
O thou, the blazing orb of day that ridest!
Hear how low slaves profane it for their needs.

Patron of artists, sons of art abuse thee,
Art's graceless sons, discrediting their name;
Some of their impudent pranks may but amuse thee,
Thine indignation others will inflame.
Photographers, on Science basely trading,
The Sun thou rulest to their ends pervert,
And make it do the drawing and the shading
Of pictures cheap and scandalous as dirt.

Oh! monarch of the Muses and the Graces,
Down on this earth a moment cast thy gaze,
And see what foolish, vulgar, snobbish faces
Those fellows to portray compel thy rays.
The silly smirk, the grin of vacant folly,
The sensual mouth, low front and snubby nose,
The leering eye, or maudlin melancholy,
Of pert, affected, Cockney belles and beaux.

And not alone the mean unlovely features
Of suchlike brutes thy Sun do they make paint,
But likewise all the antics of the creatures,
Acts worse than bad enough to shock a Saint.
Their apish revels, by this new invention
The sunbeams pure these knaves oblige to fix,
Perpetuating scenes too gross to mention,
Of human beings playing monkeys' tricks.

Phœbus Apollo! take thy bow and arrows,
And quell these horrid Pythons of the mud;
Transfix them, nail them, as boys shoot cock-sparrows;
Chase them like clouds before thy face that scud.
Let thy sharp shafts, unerring as the rifle,
The foul offensive brood of reptiles smite:
Make them know what it is with thee to trifle:
Teach slaves of darkness not to shame the light.

## ANOTHER MIRACLE IN FRANCE!

It is well known that very few Englishmen have been seen in France this year. It is reported that at a certain village in the neighbourhood of Pau, a curious-looking stranger was seen by a female peasant, who declares that he had a red book in his hand, and was walking in the sun at noon at the rate of five miles an hour. The book was declared to be about the size of one of Murray's *Handbooks*, and other facts,—such as the stranger carrying a red umbrella, and wearing top boots, and his being followed by a big bull-dog—point beyond a doubt to the certainty of Albion being able to claim the undisputed glory of owning this noon-day pedestrian as one of her travelling sons. The whole village turned out in a state of the greatest excitement to witness the strange phenomenon, but nothing further has been seen of it. A lodging-house keeper, who has had five-and-twenty years' knowledge of the English, and their curious ways, was sent in pursuit of the stranger, but even he was unable to hunt him down; and, after lying in ambush for several days, and laying every kind of trap to catch his prey, he was obliged at last to come back empty-handed. For seven days the attraction of the Comet was completely paled by the side of this erratic Englishman, as the eyes of the natives could not search after any other apparition.

The tale that has since followed his flight exceeds in length even that of the Comet, and is growing longer every day. However, the vision has since been added to the numerous other visions with which the Pyrenean district abounds, and is looked upon now as nothing short of a miracle—the greatest miracle of all being how the Englishman managed to escape from the numerous bands of lodging-house keepers that infest the South of France, and make it dangerous for any one to travel.

Full particulars of the miracle, duly attested and sworn to, are to be forwarded shortly to Monsieur Veuillot for publication in the *Univers*, though strong doubts are entertained whether any one will believe it.

## SCIENTIFIC GASTRONOMY.

Those rather numerous persons whose minds are chiefly given to eating and drinking may be seriously interested in certain revelations made at the recent meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Leeds. During a conversation on the subject of the lately discovered metal Aluminium, a Mr. F. Grace Calvert mentioned that the substance in question rapidly decomposes in water at 212°, and indeed at all temperatures, more or less; insomuch that a wire of it which he had left enclosed in a tube of water for twelve months had become converted into gelatinous alumina. This discovery suggests a hopeful method of converting aluminium spoons into jelly, and thus of being enabled to eat jelly out of a mere spoon.

A Dr. George Harley read a paper entitled *Notes of Experiments on Digestion*, calculated to raise the most agreeable and sanguine expectations. He has, he states, discovered that the pancreatic secretion "unites in itself the functions of the salivary, gastric, and biliary secretions." This secretion of the pancreas is, he remarks, "an invaluable substance to those who suffer from indigestion," so that, "in fact, if they could determine the active principle of that secretion, they would gain the power of digesting anything they pleased. He had been labouring some time in the preparation of such a substance, but he had not yet got it in a pure state." When Dr. Harley shall have succeeded in accomplishing the object of his scientific labours, he will have completely eclipsed the discovery of "pepsin," and by enabling everybody to digest anything, have conferred a real blessing on Aldermen. The Corporation of London will perhaps constitute him their officer of health. He will have endowed the *bipes implumis*, man, with the faculty of the all-digesting bird, and achieved a physiological triumph which will be quite an ostrich-feather in his cap.

## AMENITIES OF JOURNALISM.

Has any metropolitan editor been unjust enough to accuse Scottish editors of drinking whiskey? We imagine that it must have been some accusation as gross as that to have elicited the following polite charge from the *North British Daily Mail*:—

"Scottish readers are too sober to like the tipsy dreams inspired by brandy-and-water—the Helicon of the Press of Cockneyland."

The most charitable construction to put on the above is to suppose that the writer had been drinking of the Waters of Oblivion, or he would never have forgotten himself so far. It is a great pity, for the Editor of the *North British Daily Mail* can behave and write like a gentleman when he chooses; but evidently on this occasion the Lethe had got into his clever head, and hence this foolish plunge into Helicon. We are so confident that our northern contemporary regrets this style of midnight invective, such as he must know would not be tolerated even in a Coger's Hall, that we take the liberty of apologising for him.

## CRINOLINE AGAIN!

*Charles.* "CONFOUND THE HOOPS, JUST WHEN I WANT TO MAKE MY NEAT SPEECH ABOUT BEING '*NEARER* AND *DEARER*' TOO!"

## THE LAST OF THE LONG TAILS.

AMONG the many "long tails" which were flushed on the first instant, some good sport was afforded by the long tail of the Comet. This long tail was first found by a keeper named DONATI, who has been a very vigilant night-watcher of the sidereal preserves. DONATI pointed out the long tail some few weeks ago, using the brace of pointers which belong to Major Ursa. Since then the long tail has been watched pretty carefully, and frequent observation has been taken of its whereabouts. Being a bird of passage, which most long tails are not, its flight is an erratic one and cannot easily be followed. Nevertheless its movements now are tolerably well known, and it is seen pretty regularly at the spots where it is looked for. For several weeks past it has been put up every morning between two and three o'clock, and marked down every evening a little after ten. In fact, DONATI'S long tail has so carefully been watched, that of those who have been nightly taking telescopic shots at it, few have missed hitting it at the first go off. Major Ursa's pointers have been found very useful in assisting the pursuit, and sportsmen who have followed them have always found their noses put on the right scent.

The sidereal preserves, it is well known, are well watched, but there nevertheless is always a good deal of night poaching; and when any fresh game, like a long tail, has been flushed, every one of course turns out to have a shot at it. As DONATI found the bird, it is but right that he should claim it, and we have heard of no disputing that it be called his. Nevertheless, there have been nightly numbers of stray shots at it, and we are not surprised to read in a contemporary that—

"The luminous sector, or fantail, proceeding from the nucleus in nearly the opposite direction to the tail, was very bright and decided, and presented a *winged* appearance."

The italics, we beg leave to say, are not our own. But we accept them as supporting the meaning we deduce. Considering how many double barrels, in the shape of opera glasses, have been nightly levelled at it, we really feel no wonder that the long tail has been "winged." The only question in our mind is, whether, being winged, the long tail will be able any more to rise.

## THE PERIODICAL WONDER AT NAPLES.

THE Naples Correspondent of the *Times*, having alluded to the apprehensions of revolution not unnaturally prevalent in the Neapolitan dominions, says:—

"I turn from these melancholy forebodings to report the cheerful and encouraging fact of the successful liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius on Sunday last at a quarter past 9 o'clock; a fact which was announced to the world by the firing of cannon from the forts all round the capital."

There seems to be a propriety in announcing the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius by a succession of bounces, than the biggest of which the alleged phenomenon may be said to be a bigger. But is it we who mistake that matter, and not those who witness it? Is it possible that we are unbelieving fools; and that they see a real miracle? If so, what a chance, your Eminence, for the Conversion of England! Here is a miracle capable of being attested by the evidence of men of science—an advantage which no miracle whatever has as yet had. We know the laws which regulate the fusion of solids. Will St. Januarius's blood melt at 32° Fahrenheit, and will it remain congealed at 212°. What can be more simple and feasible than the trial of an experiment for the satisfactory decision of this point? Either a miracle or an imposture has been going on for centuries almost under the Pope's nose. Is it an imposture, or is it a miracle? A thermometer, a jug of hot water, an ice-pail, and a commission of chemists are all that is needful to settle the question. If Januarius triumphs, we will call you ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER. What can be fairer than that?

### The Confessional at St. Paul's.

THERE is no truth in the report, that the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral have been prevailed upon by the Puseyite party to introduce the practice of Auricular Confession within the walls of that sacred edifice, and to establish their Confessional in the Whispering Gallery.

A SEQUESTERED SPOT.—Tobermory, in Mull, is the place to go to for a rogue who wishes to cheat his creditors by a quiet sequestration.

# SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

Pusey—Pusey—Gander,
Whither would he wander,
Up-stairs, down-stairs,
And to My Lady's Chamber.
But Bull and *Punch* declared they wouldn't
Stand such priestly airs—
So took him by his shoulders,
And kicked him down-stairs.

## REFORM IN A BAD WAY.

POLITICAL as well as other doctors disagree; but if we are to believe what MR. HENLEY tells us, the state in which Reform lies is exceedingly precarious. This is MR. HENLEY'S latest bulletin. It was issued the other day to a company of farmers; who, although they met at Banbury, and took in open-mouthed what MR. HENLEY told them, are not to be confounded with Banbury cakes:—

"With regard to the future, I am sorry that I cannot pretend to say anything at all. You know very well that the Government are in this position. The parties who made the Reform Bill have chosen for the last six or seven years to find fault with their own work. (*Hear, hear.*) Mind you, it was no work of the Conservatives. (*Laughter and cheers.*) It was no child of ours, and, therefore, we have had nothing to say to it; but the parties who constructed it have been themselves the very men who have amused themselves for the last six or seven years in singing out all over the country that it must be altered. (*Hear, hear.*) In fact, they have dirtied their own nest to such a degree that they have felt most uncomfortable in it. (*Laughter and cheers.*) They have never attempted to mend it themselves, but nevertheless they still say that it wants mending. The cry has now gone on for some years. As I said before, the Reform Bill was no child of ours."

Offspring of Whigs firstborn, the fair child Reform is little loved by the Conservatives. As MR. HENLEY says, it is no child of theirs; and being born out of their family, they feel but small affection for it. They stand to it merely *in loco parentis*. They are, in fact, its step-fathers, and they will not go a step farther to attend to it than need be. It is no uncommon thing to see step-children neglected, and we may depend that in this case there will be no exception to the rule. There is no doubt that, Reform being no child of theirs, the Conservatives would like to repudiate the charge of it. Were it not that they 've a fear of public reprobation, they would strangle it at once, or be somehow else the death of it. As it is, we may rely that they will shrink as far as may be from the duty of supporting it; and will turn it out of the House at the earliest opportunity.

From the abuse which MR. HENLEY heaps upon Reform, and on what his rustic hearers would have called its "broughtens up," one might fancy that he wished to throw a doubt on its legitimacy, and that he considers it of questionable birth. He almost seems to intimate that, though the Whigs have fathered it, their treatment of it casts a shade on their paternity. He charges them with taking little care of their own child, and never troubling themselves to see to its improvement; as though he entertained a notion that Reform had been in fact the offspring of the streets, and had been found in its cradle tied to LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S knocker, or to that of some one other of its numerous Whig parents.

Now really, MR. HENLEY, this is much too bad of you to be of any good to you. Among the cakes at Banbury you may possibly find hearers, but you may rely that the public will not listen to it. They will not let you off in this way from the duties of relationship. By defaming as you have done the character of Reform, you endeavour to make out a fit excuse for not maintaining it. But clearly this won't do. As you and yours have stepped into the shoes of the parents of Reform, you of course will be required to take care of their children. Although not the parents, you must for the nonce be the guardians of Reform, and the public will not hear of your snubbing or deserting it.

What we say in this case we mean to say in all. It is high time that a stop be put to this unprofitable game of "No child of mine," which is perpetually being played in Governmental circles. Children, like Reform, get shoved from hand to hand until they eventually get sent to the wall. Now this is not the way to treat our little Bills. There ought to be an Act for the prevention of such cruelty. All the children who are born in the St. Stephen's Workhouse, ought, if they are good, to be supported by the Government, without its asking any questions as to who begot them. This is clearly the first duty of a paternal Government, and wedded as they are to office, the Conservatives of course must be looked to for performing it, or there will be grounds to sue for a divorce.

### Music of Scotch Waterfowl.

THE *Court Circular* informs the civilised world that the QUEEN, the PRINCE OF WALES, and the PRINCESS ALICE, attended by some persons of quality, drove the other day to the Falls of the Quoich. What a curious name—Quoich! Is the river, whose Falls we hope HER MAJESTY found worth seeing, called Quoich because it is remarkable for abounding in, and resounding with the cries of—ducks?

## THE SERVANTS OF THE CHURCH.

WE learn from the *Times* that—

"In order to give the Poor Curates, and the still more unfortunate class of Clergymen who have not even a Curacy, every chance of bettering themselves, the Archbishops have kindly sanctioned a 'Registry for Curates,' where a list of vacant Curacies is always to be found. From time to time the list is published for the benefit of the provincial Clergy, and we thus possess what may be considered our clerical Price Current."

This Registry for Curates seems a parallel institution to the Registry for Servants; and in kindly giving sanction to so useful an establishment, the Archbishops have been doubtless biassed by that fact. Humility is one of the first lessons of the Church, and the servants of the Church, of course, should be the first to learn it. As the wages of a Curate are about upon a par with the wages of a man servant, it is fit that his position should be kept before his eyes, so that he may learn in course of time to know it. By registering our Curates we place them on a footing with our butlers and our footmen, and ensure their learning to behave themselves as such.

The *Times* proceeds to quote from the Price-Current aforesaid the wages at which Curates, on the average, are hired:—

"Let us see, then, what such men are to expect. In the first place, it is evident from this list that if a young Clergyman wishes for 'a large sphere of duty,' if he aspires to be first, second, or third Assistant-Curate in a populous parish, his pay, under ordinary circumstances, is £80 a-year. That is one of the most stereotyped features of the Anglican Church. It is just about the interest of the money spent on his education. Yet it is all. Every shilling of the surplice fees, such as they are, goes to the incumbent. Sometimes in very large parishes, and on the condition of the Curate undertaking an extra share of duty, or all the visiting, he has £100 a-year. There are even cases of £120 or £150, but they are so exceptional as to be out of place here. The incumbent must be very liberal indeed, or the Curate a very distinguished man, or a great favourite, or a private friend, for that. By far the most frequent exceptions to the iron rule of £80 a-year are those in which a title for orders reckons towards the pay, the money part accordingly varying from £50 to *nil*,—no uncommon remuneration in this country for two years' clerical service by an educated man."

Fifty pounds a-year and to be allowed no perquisites, not even a stray shilling of the incumbent's surplus fees! How many a JOHN THOMAS would turn his nose up at the place! The work, moreover, is far harder than a genuine bred footman would like to undertake. We may depend that the cure is anything but a sinecure. Again quoting from the Clerical Price Current, says the *Times*:—

"In the diocese of Worcester £50 a-year, with an allusion to a possible £10 for lodgings, are offered for the charge of 600 people. In Durham a resident incumbent wants assistance in the cure of 4,000 people, and offers £40 a-year. In the diocese of Canterbury £50 a-year are offered for the sole charge of 145, which sounds liberal compared with the rest. Then there comes, in the diocese of York, the offer of £55 for assistance in the cure of 800, £50 for 953, and in the diocese of Exeter the like sum for 4,400. In the diocese of Canterbury a Curate is wanted for a population of 1,600, with an ominous silence as to the stipend. Then there follows the offer of £40 a-year for the cure of 3,750 in the diocese of Exeter, and £30 for 1,600 in that of Worcester. A Curate is wanted for a parish of 7,000 in the diocese of Salisbury—nothing said as to the remuneration. In the diocese of Norwich £50 a-year are offered for assistance in the cure of 3,858 parishioners. Indeed, as £50 seems the regular pay for a Curate where the incumbent resides and a title is given, we need not give more instances."

It would appear from these figures, that Curates are expected to perform the cure of souls about as cheaply as the salters work the cure of herrings. Well. *Floreat Ecclesia!* and Heaven bless the Bishops! Of course, it 's all just as it should be, or the Registry of Church Servants would never have been sanctioned. The Bishops have full knowledge of the present scale of wages at which Curates may be hired, and by sanctioning the registry, they of course approve the scale. So—*Floreat Ecclesia!* and Heaven bless the Bishops! The Curates are the men-of-all-work in the Church, and receive as recompense a maid-of-all-work's wages. Proportionably, their pay is really not much more: for they have to live like gentlemen, which kitchen servants have not. They are allowed no perquisites, and, we may be sure, no followers. They can't maintain their family on their master's bits and scraps; and they have no means of replenishing their purses by a pleasant evening's visit to the Black Doll round the corner. We really wonder our Church servants do not oftener give warning. If they had the least regard for their pecuniary interest, they would seek a situation elsewhere than in the Church. The butler's pantry would afford them a far snugger berth. In the Church there is, we know, abundance of good livings; but as wages go at present, they would find more loaves and fishes in a kitchen than a curacy.

### Jeremy Diddler at the Mint.

"IT is not generally known (says a newspaper paragraph) that the whole of the British coinage is raised by atmospheric pressure." The "pressure" must be very great indeed, when JOHN BULL is driven to make his money by a plan that looks uncommonly like "raising the wind!"

NUTS FOR POOR MEN.—It costs a deal of money to be rich, and it is a question if so much is worth so little? After all, is wealth worth the cost, first in acquiring it, next in supporting it, and lastly, in bearing up under it, when you have lost it?

## REVOLUTIONARY LANGUAGE OF LADIES.

HE subjoined morsel, extracted from *Le Follet*, lets in a gleam of light on a subject which has long been shrouded in profound darkness:—

"There is some talk of returning to the gigot sleeve this winter, which would suppress the prettiest part of our dress, the white sleeve, and leave us only the cuff."

Thinking minds have long inquired with fruitless curiosity, "Who sets the Fashions?" On this point we have now obtained at least some negative information. We know that the powers that ordain the fashions are not represented by *Le Follet*; since that journal expresses apprehensions of an approaching change in female costume, which it thinks will be for the worse and not for the better. Now, what authority is that which will "suppress the prettiest part of our dress and leave us only the cuff," as *Le Follet* says with affecting pathos? And if the Parisian press dares to speak out on that subject, won't it get warning—or perhaps be sent to Cayenne without any?

We seem to hear the mutterings of an approaching storm. The white sleeve—the mere sleeve—described as the prettiest part of dress! An expression of fear, mingled with an evident amount of indignation and disgust, that the mandate of despotism will suppress even that, and leave an empire of spoliated subjects only the cuff! These symptoms portend rebellion. Stronger language could scarcely be used to express the ugliness of the whole dress, than that which calls the sleeve the prettiest part of it, and forebodes that the cuff will soon be the whole of it worth seeing. The most submissive slaves may at length get tired of bearing a mercilessly increased accumulation of burdens; and women, for all their constitutional powers of sufferance, are manifestly growing impatient under the load of clothes invented to equalise deformity with beauty by alike concealing both.

## CHIEFS OF THE CHURCH MILITANT.

ONLY think!

"The ceremony of consecrating the Bishops of NELSON and WELLINGTON in New Zealand was performed yesterday in the ancient Parish Church of St. Mary, Lambeth, according to the form and manner prescribed by the Church of England."

The above interesting but rather odd announcement was made one day last week by the papers. WELLINGTON and NELSON do seem rather queer titles for Bishops; yet they are not altogether unsuitable. WELLINGTON, in a charge against theological antagonists, may exclaim, "Up Curates, and at them;" whilst NELSON may declare, that "New Zealand expects every clergyman to do his duty." The two prelates will write themselves EDMUND NELSON and CHARLES JOHN WELLINGTON; but perhaps among their successors there will be a HORATIO and an ARTHUR. Should New Zealand, however, have no such luck with her clergy, that will not much signify, if Old England shall only find, amongst her laity, another HORATIO NELSON, and another ARTHUR WELLINGTON, or at least WELLESLEY, in the time of need.

The custom, however, of naming places after distinguished personages, may, in case those places ever become bishoprics, produce some absurd consequences. A certain settlement in Australia, for example, bears the nickname of a celebrated pugilist. Suppose it should grow so important as to be erected into a see. What will posterity think of a BISHOP OF BENDIGO? If popular names continue to be assigned to places, and those places in course of time become bishoprics, the episcopacy of the Antipodes one of these days will probably include a BISHOP OF PUNCH.

### Evening Fashions.

*Emily.* Shall you dress much to-night, dear?

*Lilian.* No—as little as possible—I am going to a ball.

## CIVIC SORCERY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

LOOKING with a prophetic eye into the middle of the next hundred years, we see quoted under the above title, from the *Times* of the 1st instant, some proceedings which occurred the day before in the Court of Exchequer. The new LORD MAYOR had been elected on Goose Day, according to seasonable custom, and the Sheriffs for the year ensuing were chosen on the next. They were then taken to the Exchequer Court to be shown and described by the Recorder to the Chief Baron, after which the following invocation was uttered by the Common Crier:—

"Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!—Tenants and occupiers of a piece of waste land called the Moors, in the County of Salop, come forth and do your service upon pain and peril that shall fall thereon."

Future ages will conclude that the above summons was addressed to certain spirits—fays, elves, fairies, pixies, or demons and fiends, supposed to haunt the Shropshire waste, denominated the Moors. The utterance of this magic formula may be imagined to have been followed by the appearance of a number of imps in the Court of Exchequer, rising, so to speak, from the Court below, brandishing torches, and dancing round and about and along with the lawyers.

The narrative, which would fit beautifully into GLANVIL's *Sadducismus Triumphatus*, proceeds to set forth that—

"Then ALDERMAN CARTER, the senior Alderman below the Chair, took two sticks from a bundle lying before him on the table, one of which he cut with a hatchet and the other with a bill-hook."

These mysterious operations are precisely the sort of acts which writers on the occult sciences prescribe as necessary to be performed in order to work spells and raise ghosts and devils.

A second address, apparently directed to the invisible world, was then delivered by the Crier; who cried—

"Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Tenants and occupiers of a certain tenement called the Forge, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex, come forth and do your service."

From the mention of the Forge in the foregoing call, Salamanders would seem to have been the particular spirits whose appearance was commanded, and the species of magic that appears to have been practised may be inferred to have been the Rosicrucian.

Another strange ceremony was then performed:—

"Then the same Alderman counted some horse-shoes lying before him."

In a dialogue between ALDERMAN CARTER and the Queen's Remembrancer there came next, and finally, the following incantation:—

"REMEMBRANCER. How many have you?
"ALDERMAN. Six shoes.
"Then the Alderman counted the nails.
"REMEMBRANCER. How many have you?
"ALDERMAN. Sixty-one.
"REMEMBRANCER. That is a good number."

There is something particularly impressive in the brief oracular declaration of the Remembrancer. If he had said, "Sixty shall achieve; one shall deceive!" his words would have been not more mystic if more ominous. They are equivalent to "*Probatum est!*" They smack of the genuine supernatural; and might have been fitly succeeded by thunder, or the sound of a gong.

The conclusion of these unhallowed proceedings must, it may be thought, have been awful. Did the fiend fly away with the whole party of wizards and necromancers—Aldermen, Sheriffs, Crier, Lawyers, and all? Not so. The scene of civic sorcery ended in quite a natural consummation:—

"The Recorder then invited the Chief Baron to dine with the Sheriffs."

What the warlocks' banquet consisted of; what sort of broth it was that boiled and bubbled for the Recorder in their witches' kitchen and cauldron, may be more than conjectured. It was turtle soup; the Aldermen, whatever may be inferred from the performances above related, are no conjurors.

### THE DIFFERENCE OF RACE.

*Q.* WHAT is the difference between the PRIME MINISTER and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER?

*A.* Why, that DIZZY writes books, and DERBY makes them.

## THE ROMAN CANDLES OF THE CHURCH.

The Puseyites, in their modesty, regard themselves as being the true lights of the Church, but to our eyes they are really nothing more than Roman Candles. Clerical stars shoot up and blaze away for a short time, and then they disappear in not the best of odours, and all their brilliancy ends in little else than smoke. At first go off they make some slight noise in the world; but the world soon shuts its ears and is not much disturbed by them. A fizz and a few sparks, and then they sink into obscurity, and their dazzle is lost sight of. As for any light which they can throw on any subject, their light is far too flickering to be of any service. Their light reminds us rather of the light of the dark ages: and we regard them indeed less as candles than as sticks. In their own eyes they are doubtless dips of the first water, or, as we should rather say, moulds of the first wax. But to our view, we repeat, they burn like Roman Candles: and it is not in their nature to give a steady light. They are candles of a somewhat doubtful composition: but their place of manufacture undoubtedly is Rome. The light which they emit is of a rather reddish glare, being in fact borrowed from the Scarlet Lady.

It would do these candles good if they were trimmed a little oftener: and *Mr. Punch* hereby gives notice that he means to do the trimming. When *Mr. Punch* sees a candle flaring up too much, he in future will not hesitate, but at once will use his snuffers. It might be the means of the prevention of a blaze in the Church, if several of these candles were immediately snuffed out.

## A SERENADE TO THE COMET.

AIR—"*Com' e gentil.*"

Comet genteel!
Pray, how do you feel?
Is 't annoying to bear
The popular stare.
You are spied and pursued
In a manner most rude,
For every night
We at you take a sight.

We watch your movements, Comet, as though you were the Queen,
And stare you out of countenance whene'er you're to be seen.

Comet, ladies genteel
Can bear a good deal
In the way of a stare,
If their faces are fair;
But possibly you
Dislike being on view,
And perhaps our rude gaze
Makes you red in the face.

If you would 'scape our staring, Comet, wear a veil;
Or get your friend the Dog-star to bite off your tail.

## AWFUL TALE OF AN EEL.

FROM OUR SPECIAL PENNY-A-LINER.

Sir,

I received the following paragraph, cut from a provincial paper, your orders to investigate the circumstances, and your cheque for £100. In a quarter of an hour the paragraph was read, the cheque changed, and your correspondent, in his favourite corner of a first class carriage, was smoking like mad to keep out babies and Crinolines:—

"Extraordinary Occurrence.—A Provincial contemporary has the following:—On Tuesday last a son of Mr. Wobbles, of Iggleburgh, near Durbiton, a boy six years of age, became sick after eating a quantity of fruit, and vomited an eel fully 15 feet long and proportionately thick. This took place in his father's house, and in presence of several members of the family. A respectable townsman was present at the time, and while the boy was suffocating, blood oozing from his mouth and nostrils, observed something moving to and fro in the child's mouth, and seizing it, pulled out an eel, which, as stated above, was upwards of 15 feet long. The boy's mother states that about two years ago she can remember the child explaining that it had swallowed a little eel that had been swimming about in its pannikin. The boy enjoyed ordinary health, and complained of no unusual sensation in his stomach. His mother observed that his appetite was rather ravenous, and that he was subject to starting in his sleep, and restless when awake."

It is due to the Directors of the South Northern Railway to state that the journey was performed without many accidents, and that we reached Durbiton within an hour and a quarter after the time appointed by the time-bills. The officials were civil, and the guards and porters evinced no false delicacy in accepting any little pecuniary compliment which a passenger, desirous to smoke, and desirous not to be bothered with fellow-travellers, especially women, might choose to tender.

As I reached Durbiton, I felt that it must be a remarkable place, and so indeed it turned out to be. Durbiton, the Saxon *Dear bun*, and the Roman *Dollimonium*, was founded——

[We have expunged an enormous crib from the County History, and with the less reluctance, inasmuch as he had nothing to do with Durbiton at all, but to go on thence to the scene of his duty.]

The country round Iggleburgh is of a very peculiar character. Its geological structure presents features of no small interest. There is much alluvial soil, with oolitic strata, and blue lias formation, cropping out from cornbrash and Kunch clay. I have no hesitation in stating, that the oolites are basaltic in nature and will be found to contain horneblende slate; and it is evident that the ancient monks, who erected a school near the spot, were aware of this circumstance, and of the facility it afforded for supplying the little boys with slates for the demonstration and solution of arithmetical problems. The agricultural population here is large in number. I subjoin a table of the quantity of corn and other cereals grown in this and the adjoining parishes since 1801.

[There were a lot of figures in a table, but not perceiving their immediate bearing on the boy and the eel, we have eliminated them.]

On reaching Iggleburgh, I demanded to see the Mayor, as I conceived that the official in question might facilitate my investigation into the singular circumstances indicated in the above statement. I regret to state that I was at once made the victim of rustic wit, for I was conducted to a range of low buildings of one story in height, with wooden doors; and, one of these being opened, I was told that the object of my inquiry would be found within. Aware that a country mayor is sometimes a member of the lower classes, I entered unhesitatingly; but, from an aroma which met my olfactory organs, I instantly perceived that I was in a stable, the only other occupant of which was an aged quadruped of the equestrian species, and, on retreating, I was hailed with a shout and the jeering question, "how I liked t' ould mare?" Yielding to circumstances, over which I had no control, and with which it would have been therefore foolish to quarrel, I joined in the merriment, and by a present of refreshment to the party convinced them that I bore no malice. I then learned that Iggleburgh possessed no municipal institutions, and that my researches must be conducted without the aid they would have afforded me.

I therefore apprised my new acquaintance that the story of the boy and the eel had reached London, and inquired whether it were true. They expressed great wonder that it had got into print, and could not conceive by what means this had occurred; but they all agreed that a boy of Iggleburgh had brought up an eel. I then made inquiries as to the family of the boy, and though the details were obtained with some difficulty, I believe that I am pretty nearly correct. Isaac or Isaiah Wobbles was a shoemaker in Ipswich, in Suffolk, in the latter part of the last century; but having embraced the doctrines of Johanna or Joanna Southcote, he alienated himself from his family, and leaving Ipswich he came over to Iggleburgh, and speedily obtained the hand of the handsome daughter of a cobbler in the latter place. She, dying in her twenty-ninth accouchement, gave birth to the father of the subject of our present memoir, Walter Wobbles, who had been brought up as a fishmonger (a point of considerable importance), but who never attended to business, because there are no fish to be got near Iggleburgh, nor anybody likely to purchase them if there were any. He married Miss Mutty, a young person of attractions and accomplishments, and became a preacher in the Methodist Connection, in which he enjoys considerable repute. I extract from the *Pulpit* the following sermon, which he delivered on occasion of the execution of the Mannings.

[Not a bit of it.]

Having obtained these details, I went to the house of the Wobbleses. It is an unpretending structure, its architecture being a combination

of the very earliest English with the very latest builder's contract. It stands in a small garden, in which I did not notice any botanical rarity, and the day being evidently that devoted by the family to the purification of its underclothing, the rural appearance of the inclosure was subordinated to that of domestic assiduity. There was no affectation of concealment that the circumstances of the household were not affluent, and I noticed that the spherical portion of a pair of masculine nether habiliments bore signs of having been patched. Hastily observing these points I entered the house, and had no difficulty in instantly recognising the boy of whom I was in search. He was peeling potatoes and occasionally giving a lesser brother a clout on the head, when the latter presumed to suck the peelings thrown aside by his elder.

"Who swallowed the eel?" I said playfully, wishing to ingratiate myself into the boy's confidence.

I regret to state, that his reply was not of a character which it is usual or desirable to commit to print.

"Is that the way to answer the gentleman?" said his mother, who still retained the rosy cheek and pleasant smile that had adorned MISS MUTTY.

"Don't see as it 's any business of his'n," remarked the lad.

"That may be so," said his mother; "but civility is the business of everybody, CHARLEY."

"You are right, my dearest Mamma," said the boy, springing to his feet and disarming me with a pleasant but respectful smile. "It was I, good gentleman, who swallowed the eel, and it was also I who brought it up. Disregarding the advice of my dear parent, I dipped my little pannikin (it is here, Sir, inscribed *For a Good Boy;* O, Sir, that I might deserve that name!) into a pond in the next field, and drank the water in haste. I instantly felt a wriggling within, and it occupied my beloved mother's cares for five minutes, and several cups of warm water, to induce the animal I had swallowed to return to light."

"It all took place in one day?" I demanded.

"In five minutes, dear Sir, or perhaps seven, as I had to run from yonder corner."

"And where is the eel, my young friend?"

"It is here, Sir; and I have much pleasure in showing it to you, and in testifying my gratitude to Providence for having thus protected me."

He took down a little cup from the mantel-piece. The cup was lettered, *A Present from Henley-on-Thames.* The letters were in gold. There was water in the cup. The eel was in the water. I took it out and measured it. It was exactly an inch and three-eighths in length. I replaced it.

"Have you had any visitors here lately, MRS. WOBBLES?" I said.

"Nobody to speak of, Sir. The only stranger has been MR. GOBB MOOSHE, the Editor of the Durbiton newspaper, who happened to call about a week ago."

"He saw the eel, eh?"

"Yes, Sir; and in his joking way he made a picture of CHARLEY, and of his father with the eel. Here it is, Sir."

"Will you take twenty guineas for it?"

"With pleasure, Sir: thirty, if you prefer it," said she, thinking I was jesting.

"I do prefer it—thirty it shall be." I laid the money on the table, tipped CHARLEY with a crown, and hastened back to town to report myself to you. Here is the picture.

### The Libellers of the Fair Sex.

MEN do not libel women one half as much as women do. Here is a proof of it:—

*Bosom Friend.* Do you mean to tell me that she never fainted?

*Intimate Acquaintance.* No—never tried even! and there never was so good an opportunity!

*Bosom Friend* (*triumphantly*). Then she 's reserving herself. You may be sure she has some other faint in view!

### Real March of Intellect.

MR. PUNCH says, that there can be no doubt of the ultimate success of the American or even Australian Telegraph, when he reflects that by means of a small WIRE, *intelligence* will actually be brought, at no distant date, into the Mansion House.

AFTER the inauguration of the statue of SIR ISAAC NEWTON, at Grantham, an elegant banquet was given. An eminent and epicurean wit was seated opposite to a beautifully glazed ham. Conversation arose upon the almost perfect character of NEWTON, and it was pleasingly remarked, that intellect without virtue could not produce happiness. At this moment LORD BROUGHAM asked for a piece of the glazed ham. The wit, answering with one speech the moraliser and the nobleman, quoted,

If parts allure thee, see how bacon shined."—POPE.

—*From Punch's Literary Anecdotes.*

WOMAN'S CONSTANT TORMENT.—Dust.

MAN'S GREATEST PLAGUE.—A Woman continually brushing the same.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Bombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, October 9, 1858.

## THE COMET.

*Master Tom.* "I SAY, GRAN'MA, THIS IS A BAD JOB ABOUT THE COMET!"

*Gran'ma.* "GOOD GRACIOUS! WHAT 'S THE MATTER?"

*Master Tom.* "WHY, HERE 'S A LETTER IN THE PAPER SAYS:—'The particles of the tail, if thrown out from the head, having only, as before, the same rate of orbital motion as the head, and having larger and larger orbits to describe, the further they are removed from the head, will necessarily fall further and further behind as they recede from the comet, and thus form a curve independently of a resisting medium;' AND THAT 'the panic-allaying doctrine of the tenuity of cometic nuclei cannot be maintained from the mere fact of their translucency.'"

[GRAN'MA *collapses.*

## ODE TO AN OLD HUMBUG.

YOUR sands of life well-nigh run out,
Retired Physician,
Have taken such a time about,
That I have very little doubt
That you are hearty, hale, and stout,
In good condition.

Your grave is not already dug,
Or the presumption
Is, you creep to it like a slug,
And cling to life with tightish hug.
You say that you've found out a drug
To cure consumption.

So soon from earth about to pass,
As you assure us,
The scythe so close upon the glass,
Ready to mow your ripened grass,
Why not divulge it to the mass,
And gratis cure us?

Of doing good then you'll enjoy
The noble pleasure,
And in that bank aloft, old boy,
Which pays in gold without alloy,
Which never panic will destroy,
Invest your treasure.

Oh, you old quack and public bore!
No longer falter,
And fumble at death's latch no more;
Hang yourself up behind the door,
By your East Indian Hemp, before,
Twined for your halter.

THAT celebrated surgical practitioner, the late SIR SCALPEL SLASHER, was accustomed to tell his pupils that he was, in his young days, shamed out of his habit of lying in bed until a late hour, by a happily applied Latin quotation. His then master, observing him coming into the surgery two hours after the proper time, exclaimed, "Ah, my boy, you've forgotten your classics. *Diluculo surgery saluberrimum est.*" — *From Punch's Literary Anecdotes.*

## THE SPIRIT OF HUMBUG.

AMONGST other absurdities, we see that there is a newspaper, called *The Spiritual Telegraph*. The greater number of the contributors dwell in the other world, which must be a very great convenience to the proprietors, as the nature of the residence must absolve them from the necessity of payment. They are all paid, doubtlessly, with drafts on the Bank of Faith. The first number of the above misty production contains an article "from the Spirit of JOHN KNOX," which, from the little we saw of it, did not seem likely to throw any writer of the present day into the shade. The article, too, was decidedly misplaced, as no man likes to receive KNOX on the head of "rapping" with any particular degree of weight!

Though professedly written by a "Spirit," we looked in vain for its *esprit*, for it was about as dead a thing as we have seen in print since the days when horrors stalked as big as four-posters through Paternoster Row, and there was a grand competition of spirits every week as to which skeleton should outdo the other in the horrible for the price of One Penny. It was at that period, we recollect, that the walls (especially all the dead walls) used to be startled with the blood-curdling inquiry of *Housemaids, Have you seen The Ghost this week?* Now, the *Ghost*, and other periodicals of the same black stamp, did not profess to have a staff of writers established in every churchyard of the kingdom, who wrote their copy on sheets of moonshine, and deposited it in the editor's box at midnight. They made no pretence of corresponding with *Zamiel*, or of having agents appointed in the Wolf's Glen, who forwarded to them, right from the centre of the magic circle, the latest particulars of the incantation market, and gave black-letter quotations as to the current price of souls.

There was no attempt at imposition, and the stories were harmless enough—such as would have charmed MRS. BARBAULD, or have won smiles of grim approval from the authoress of the *Night Side of Nature*. They were very honest full-bodied ghosts in their way, and doubtlessly only rattled the cross-bones for the sake of a knife-and-fork, and used the death's-head merely as a means of filling the punch-bowl, with which they made merry afterwards at the *Cheshire Cheese*, where they would remain until such hours as the *Cock* in Fleet Street would give them crowing notice to go home. All was fair and above-ground with them, and they had no need to dig into the past for spiritual disembowellings, and were too modest to play the part of resurrection-men (Literary BURKES) with honoured names. The thing, however monstrous and bad, was at all events free from trick, and you were not expected to believe an evident falsehood by being solemnly told it was a truthful revelation, just imported fresh from the other world. Beelzebub was not quoted as an authority—nor were *Old Bogie*, *Mephistophiles*, or *Mother Shipton* called up from the vasty deep to swear to the truth of lies that had no other foundation probably than an underdone supper of pork-chops. But there is a touch of insolent profanity about the method of this *Spiritual Newspaper* that deserves being checked, we fancy, at some Police Court. It is a degree of folly too painful for laughter, and too dangerous to allow to remain unchecked. If the Editor really has communications with, and from, the other world, nothing can be easier for him, when he is before the magistrate, than to get the Spirit of DEMOSTHENES to plead his cause, and, supposing he is fined, to request the Spirit of CRŒSUS to oblige him by paying the little amount. If DEMOSTHENES can't say a word, and if CRŒSUS isn't worth a rap, the cause of Spiritualism must be a bad one indeed!

Perhaps we have been unduly serious in our remarks over this spiritual nonsense; but when a gypsy is punished for telling fortunes, we do not see why a dead swindle, like this falsehood-telling, in which superstition plays as large and as absurd a part, should be suffered to escape unpunished. It strikes us as being but another form, and rather a profane one, of obtaining money under false pretences. The only difference is, gypsies profess to see into the future—these long-sighted gentlemen claim the power of being able to see into the past. It is nothing more than another way of taking a sight at the public, the real object in both cases being to blind the dupes, so that they may not see the folly by which they are tricked out of their money. If fortune-tellers are punishable, why are not spiritualists? The fortunes told by the first are innocent compared to the lies that are told by the second.

## THE HAWTHORN CORRESPONDENCE.

### LETTER THE LAST.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"FOR the benefit of anxious absentees who, like myself, are or have been enjoying an autumn holiday, I will just record my experience with respect to the necessity of returning to Town during the month of September, under any circumstances. When I saw by a recent number of your periodical that you, Sir, had succumbed to the weakness of human nature, and were splashing about in the sea, whilst the faithful *Toby* was guarding the boat, I plucked up courage, and instead of fretting over a stolen vacation, boldly wrote to head-quarters to know if I was *really* wanted. The answer was, 'Stay where you are—the Clubs are being painted—all the houses are shut up, and so are most of the thoroughfares—there is not a soul in London, except a few country people, and there are not even pickpockets enough left to attend to them. So, *Mr. Punch*, with a quiet conscience, I stayed where I was till the 1st of October, and had an opportunity of being present at the Hawthorn Harvest Home.

"The Harvest Home is a *lucus à non*, inasmuch as it takes place three weeks or a month after the corn is housed; but by a kind of mutual consent, various events are amalgamated into a Michaelmas Feast. The Squire's Audit—the Benefit Society's annual meeting—the Village School-feast—and MISS HAWTHORN'S party to the old people in the Parish, all come off on Michaelmas Day, and as English people always frame some excuse for doing what they feel inclined to, the Harvest Home is made the plea for a Village festival.

"The Squire's Audit was the first event, and by nine o'clock in the morning numerous substantial farmers began to arrive and dropped in one by one, or in couples, and took their places at the breakfast-table, which was laid out in the great hall. It was a pleasant sight to see LAURA HAWTHORN at the head of the table, welcoming each new comer, gossiping over a recent syllabub feast with MR. BROADBEANS, and chatting to MR. WORZELL about the excellence of his wife's cream and butter, and doing what no one but a thorough-bred English Lady can do, viz., putting everybody at his ease. She knew every one's taste and studied it; she encouraged the Butler to keep the old tankards well filled with the home-brewed, and absolutely refused tea and coffee to those who had had a long ride. 'Now, MR. BROADBEANS,' she said, 'I know you were up at five, and breakfasted at six, so don't tell me that you would prefer tea, it's all nonsense.' Of course she was right, *Mr. Punch*, and the effect of this gentle rallying of MR. BROADBEANS, was that the guests paid their attention to the old tankards lustily, and when they put their great red faces into them it reminded one of a partial eclipse of the sun.

"MR. REDTAPE, the lawyer, arrived before breakfast was over, but he wasn't in a hurry for business, and wishing to eat his meal in peace, with a sagacity worthy of his cloth, started a conversation on crops and cattle, on which subject CHARLEY BLUFFINS was quite at home, and a most animated discussion ensued on the advantages and disadvantages of some new American drill, of which I do not even know the name.

"MR. REDTAPE'S retirement into the Squire's sanctum was a notice that business was about to commence, and as I passed under the window I could hear the chink of gold, a sound not disagreeable even amongst green trees; and it was pleasant to think how those sturdy Bucolics were emptying their leathern bags into the Hawthorn strong box, and would be ready to do the same next quarter-day to the mutual satisfaction of landlord and tenant.

"About half-past twelve a most discordant sound burst upon the ear, and we beheld the village band in all its glory followed by MR. DAISY in full canonicals, who headed the procession of the Benefit Society.

"'I forgot to tell you,' said CHARLES BLUFFINS, 'we must go to Church now, everybody goes on Club day.'

"CHARLEY and I walked with MR. DAISY, who told me that the reason for having the service at half-past twelve was a plan of his, as an excuse for reading the Evening instead of the Morning Service. 'You must know,' he added, 'that this going to Church is only a plea for the Village Choir to perform an Anthem, and as it is an old custom it won't do to interfere with it.'

"You know, *Mr. Punch*, that a sensitive ear is offended even by the popular melody of '*Old Dog Tray*' being whistled out of tune; but if you could only have heard '*How Beautiful upon the Mountains*' performed by the Hawthorn Choir, I really think you would without inconvenience have passed the remainder of the day with a man whose occupation is saw-sharpening. The Bassoon was evidently none the better for beer, and the only comfort to the *habitués* of Hawthorn Church must have been that this display only occurs once a year, the regular musical and singing department having been long ago transferred to the School children, led by LAURA'S Harmonium. Little DAISY, like a sensible man, gave us a very short homely sermon, just towards the close of which CHARLEY BLUFFINS put his handkerchief to his nose, and walked out, and no doubt the congregation imagined that it was bleeding. I will tell you in confidence, *Mr. Punch*, that CHARLEY'S nose was *not* bleeding, and I will refer the question to you presently, whether the nose was justified by the object which he had in view in making a sudden exit.

"After service the Band reassembled in front of the Church, and you may be sure that all the villagers were there too, and a procession was formed to a neighbouring farm-yard, where a waggon, supposed to be piled with the last load of corn (though I happen to know it was a dummy and was only straw), was drawn out by the best team, and a ladder having been placed against the side of it, all the boys and girls who could find room scrambled up, with boughs of trees in their hands, and preceded again by the inevitable band, a general move was made by the crowd towards the Park, where the festivities of the day were about to commence.

"I must shorten my letter a little, as if I was to describe all that went on in the Park, there would not be space left for MR. HAWTHORN'S speech,—of which hereafter. I believe most of your readers must be familiar with some of our national pictures of Village festivals, and if they will scrutinise them, and vary the dresses slightly in their own imagination, they will be able to form some idea of our evening's amusements. When I tell you that all the tenants, down to the humblest holder of a garden at forty shillings, have entertainment at the Hall, and that the old people and children were feasted by MISS HAWTHORN, and that the Squire contributed a sheep, a round of beef, and a barrel of ale to the Benefit Club, you can easily imagine that there was no dearth of eating and drinking in the Hall and outside. You can also imagine, Sir, that the cricket, foot-ball, and kiss-in-the-ring were not forgotten, and believe me when I tell you, that human nature is not much different in our primitive village than elsewhere, as I firmly believe there was not a pretty girl there who had not a host of honest young fellows around her; and though their courtship was not quite so refined as it might have been in May Fair, still I much doubt if that mischievous little gentleman who is usually drawn with wings and bows and arrows, without any peg-tops, (*proh! pudor!*) does not like a day's sport in a country village as well as in Belgravia.

"The crowning fun outside the house was to see the old Squire cut the throat of an enormous sackfull of toys, for the very little children who were sprawling all over the lawn, and to hear the shrieks of delight at the display of treasures which it contained. But, after all, CHARLEY BLUFFINS carried the day with rich and poor, old and young, as, just as it was getting too dark for the out-of-door sports, a general summons was issued for all hands to meet in an old barn, and there in all its glory, illuminated by a row of tallow-candles on a hoop, stood the popular Melodramatic Theatre of which you, Sir, are the hero. It would be hard to say whether the infamous treatment of *Judy*, or the murder of the *Baby*, or the assaults on the *Beadle*, amused the audience most.

"This was the cause of CHARLEY BLUFFINS going out of Church—he heard a faint squeak and two or three notes on the pan-pipes during the Sermon, and instantly rushed out, and not only made that *Punch* his own for the day, but artfully contrived to keep the proprietors out of sight till wanted. Was he right, or was he wrong, Sir?

"I must keep my promise, and give you the old Squire's speech, as it contained an announcement of a coming event. After the Tenants' Dinner, when the old gentleman's health was proposed, I could see that something was on his mind; and I was not far wrong, as BLUFFINS looked foolish, and LAURA went away. MR. HAWTHORN spoke as follows:—'My good friends and neighbours, I thank you for your good wishes, and for your punctuality as my Tenants, and I bid you welcome. As I may never meet you again, there are two or three things about other people which I wish to say to you'—(Here an interruption took place owing to TOM ROBINSON taking violent exceptions to the Squire's allusions to his age, who, as he said, 'were vive ear younger nor I')—'Before we meet again, this young man on my right, who is just entering life (pointing to CHARLEY BLUFFINS) and who has proved himself as brave a soldier as I believe he is a good man, will be married to my grand-daughter, MISS HAWTHORN, and when my sand is run out, I hope the only change in our affairs at Hawthorn will be, that you will have a young landlord instead of an old one.'

* * * * * * *

"As we enjoyed our evening chat, CHARLEY said, 'There will be no snobbism about 'Marriage in High Life' in the papers, and six parsons will not be simpering and bowing about in their surplices, pretending to be doing something, and 'assisting at the ceremony'—like six porters round one traveller's carpet bag—when we are turned off, Old Boy. It will be quite a private affair. Old MISS HAWTHORN and my Mother and Sister will come next month, and will form 'the *select and fashionable circle who will 'honour' the interesting ceremony with their presence*,' and the Major of my old regiment will act as my best man, and hand me to the scratch, as old TOM SPRING would have said '*more hymenæo*.' Little DAISY is man enough to tie us up single-handed, *i.e.*, without 'assistance' from any Ecclesiastical coterie of humbugs. We shall go to Paris for a month, and then come back here for good, and all I can say is—and you may believe it or not, as you please—that my fervent wish is, that the Old Boy may live on as long as he has any pleasure in life.' And so, *Mr. Punch*, says

"Your faithful Correspondent,
"CHARLES MUFF."

## AN UNSOPHISTICATED IRISHMAN.

Y the *Shipping and Mercantile Gazette* an indirect but powerful testimony to the Irish mercantile character is borne in the following advertisement:—

ENGLISH AND FRENCH EDUCATION, &c.—A talented BOY, Son of an Irish merchant, past thirteen years of age, would be EXCHANGED for the Son of a French merchant of a similar age, each to be treated as one of the family, and be EDUCATED in the English and French languages respectively; also Music, &c. &c. The family in Ireland speak French fluently, and are practised musicians. A knowledge of business will also be given and expected.

Application to "Merchant," at the European Hotel, Bolton Street, Dublin, will at once be attended to.

The unsuspecting confidence with which the offer of the exchange of a talented Boy is made to a French merchant, as it were, in the abstract, evinces a heart void of guile. "Merchant," the sole title by which the advertiser desires to be addressed, is evidently, in his opinion, an all-sufficient security, not only for the bearer's solvency, but also for his moral respectability; his probity, honour, benevolence, and all the virtues which qualify a man to stand in *loco parentis*. Conscious of his own fitness to occupy that position himself, he gives all other merchants—for he gives French merchants, as merchants, and not particularly as Frenchmen, since he evidently has no connections in France—credit for being fit to hold the same. Few mercantile gentlemen have faith enough in one another to exchange a setter or a horse in the same unconditional manner as that in which this Irish merchant proposes to swap his talented Boy. We trust that this generous and confiding merchant of green Erin will not find out his mistake in supposing that all French merchants are such paragons of goodness as himself, and that all their boys are moral equivalents to his son. We hope that his talented Boy will not be ill-treated and half-starved, and that the French youth for whom he will exchange that intelligent young gentleman will not shortly rob his counting-house and abscond. In these sad times of prevalent commercial immorality, the Irish merchant who puts unlimited faith in his species is an interesting phenomenon.

## CONFIDENCE IN THE CONFESSIONAL.

WHAT excitable fools, what nervous noodles, what a set of anile alarmists are all those stupid and vulgar people who are now maintaining a noisy agitation against the Anglican Confessional! an entirely different thing from the Confessional referred to in the following paragraph from *Galignani's Messenger*, quoted by the *Times*:—

"THE CONFESSIONAL IN FRANCE.—The Court of Assizes of the Haut-Rhin, sitting at Colmar, has just tried by default the ABBÉ BLAUCK, superior of the Convent of St. Marc, near Gueberschwihr, for having, between the years 1853 and 1856, in several cases treated in a most disgraceful manner, young girls under 15 years of age, of whom he was the confessor and spiritual director. The Abbé, who is in flight, was condemned to hard labour for life."

The Anglican Confessional, which commonly takes place in a clerical gent's library or drawing-room, is surrounded by so many safeguards and precautions, which the holy but heedless Church of Rome is not careful enough to take! Hence the slight scandal occasioned now and then by such cases as that of the sacrosanct ABBÉ BLAUCK. A cloud of Roman Catholic witnesses imprudently swore that FATHER ACHILLI, whilst still a Father (Confessor), had done the same kind of thing, though, fortunately for the faith, a heretic jury believed that they all perjured themselves. Such things, however, it seems, do sometimes happen in the best regulated Roman Confessionals, but cannot occur in the corresponding Anglican apartments; and those who imagine that they possibly can, are impious, snobbish, and green.

Let us however lament, dear brothers in St. Paul's and St. Barnabas's, and at Boyne Hill of blessed notoriety, that a salutary Concordat has not as yet in France, withdrawn the sacred persons of clerical offenders from the profane jurisdiction of secular courts, and rendered them amenable only to the Ecclesiastical tribunals; which would have taken precious good care that the world should never hear of the little indiscretions of the ABBÉ BLAUCK.

## THE DAY OF PORTLY DIVINES.

WHEN Rectors drank port wine,
We parsons knew no strife;
We kept a middle line,
And led an easy life.
No parties vexed the Church,
And every sound divine
Could roost upon his perch,
When Rectors drank port wine.

No Puseyites were then,
Promoting Popish schemes,
No Evangelical men,
Because we shunned extremes.
We held, with heads exempt,
From sentiment too fine,
Enthusiasts in contempt,
When Rectors drank port wine.

When no man talked of grace,
What jolly days were those!
Ah! then a parson's face
Displayed a parson's nose,
A parson's nose of red,
Which gloriously did shine,
Supremely strong of head,
When Rectors drank port wine.

Canonicals became
A form of goodly fat,
A dean then looked his name,
Beneath his shovel-hat;
And shorts below the knees
With gaiters did combine,
And dignity with ease,
When Rectors drank port wine.

But now I see the cloth
To shreds and tatters torn,
At one time I wax wroth,
And at another mourn.
That cloth was whole and sound,
When serving to confine
Plump calves and stomachs round:
When Rectors drank port wine.

Ecclesiastic lore
Had not become the rage,
We rather liked to snore
Over the classic page.
We may have been lukewarm,
We may have been supine;
But calm prevailed—not storm—
When Rectors drank port wine.

But now good port is rare;
Shepherds delude their flocks.
Can he who does not care
For port, be orthodox?
Let nobody object
That we caroused like swine;
Our doctrine was correct
When Rectors drank port wine.

### English Occupations.

WHEN a Woman has nothing to do, she talks scandal.*

When a Man has nothing to do, he writes to the *Times*.†

* Libellous.—*Editor.* † Doubly Libellous.—*Ditto.*

GREAT CHESS MATCH (UPON THE MORPHY SYSTEM) BETWEEN MR. AND MRS. CASTLETOP AGAINST THEIR DAUGHTER BLANCHE, AND HER INTENDED, YOUNG CHARLEY ROOKTON.

## CHESS BLINDFOLD.

(*A Letter from a Fiancée to her Confidential Friend.*)

"My dearest Helen,

"The great chess match continues undecided; and I may tell you in the strictest confidence, that neither Charley nor me are at all anxious to bring it to a hasty conclusion. We think, dear, that the game is far too important a thing to be played carelessly. What are you laughing at in that sly manner, Miss Helen? I detest slyness.

"I do think that it was the cleverest thought that ever entered a person's head when Charley came with a description of Mr. Morphy's great feats with the chessmen. I suppose that you have been told about them. This gentleman is a young American lawyer, who, as Charley says, was disgusted that his profession would not allow him 'to play upon the square,' so he took up another that did. He beats almost everybody; but the miraculous thing is, that he plays several games at once, without seeing the boards. He sits with his back to his antagonists, and the agreement is, that he never looks round, but dictates the moves that are to be made on his side. The other day, in Paris, he played eight games at once in this way, and I think he won six of them, and two were drawn, which I suppose you know means that it's nobody's game, the parties being in a situation which gives the victory to neither. Is it not wonderful?

"Charley came one day and told us all about this marvellous Mr. Morphy; and dear Papa, who never much likes to allow that anything is very wonderful, listened in his funny condescending manner, and said that it was ingenious, but 'mere knack.' He said that he had no doubt that with a little thought he could manage the feat himself. Charley very artfully pretended to believe this, and suggested that it should be tried, and that he and I should play against Papa and Mamma, they not being allowed to see the board. Papa having thrown out the challenge could hardly retreat with honour; and Mamma, of course, dear thing, does everything that everybody asks her.

"So the match was arranged, and I send you a little sketch of our positions, that you may quite understand why Charley and I think the amusement the most delightful one in the world. Neither Papa nor Mamma, you see, dare look round, and as it would not do for them to hear the reasons upon which our moves are founded, Charley is obliged to sit very near to me and speak to me in whispers. Do you not agree with me, that blind chess is a most capital invention? Charley says I am to tell you to tell your brother Frederic, that the game might be called Blind *Hookey*, which I repeat without understanding.

"Our enemies have had two nights of it, and have come to the eleventh move. I need not say that Papa has long since plunged the game into inextricable confusion, or that Charley takes care that he shall never know it, and means to arrange the men at the last so as to give him the victory. But, as Charley justly says, the game must not be hurried.

"I advise you, dearest Helen, to introduce chess into your own family. One never knows when anything will turn out useful, but it is always well to be prepared.

"Believe me, ever your affectionate,

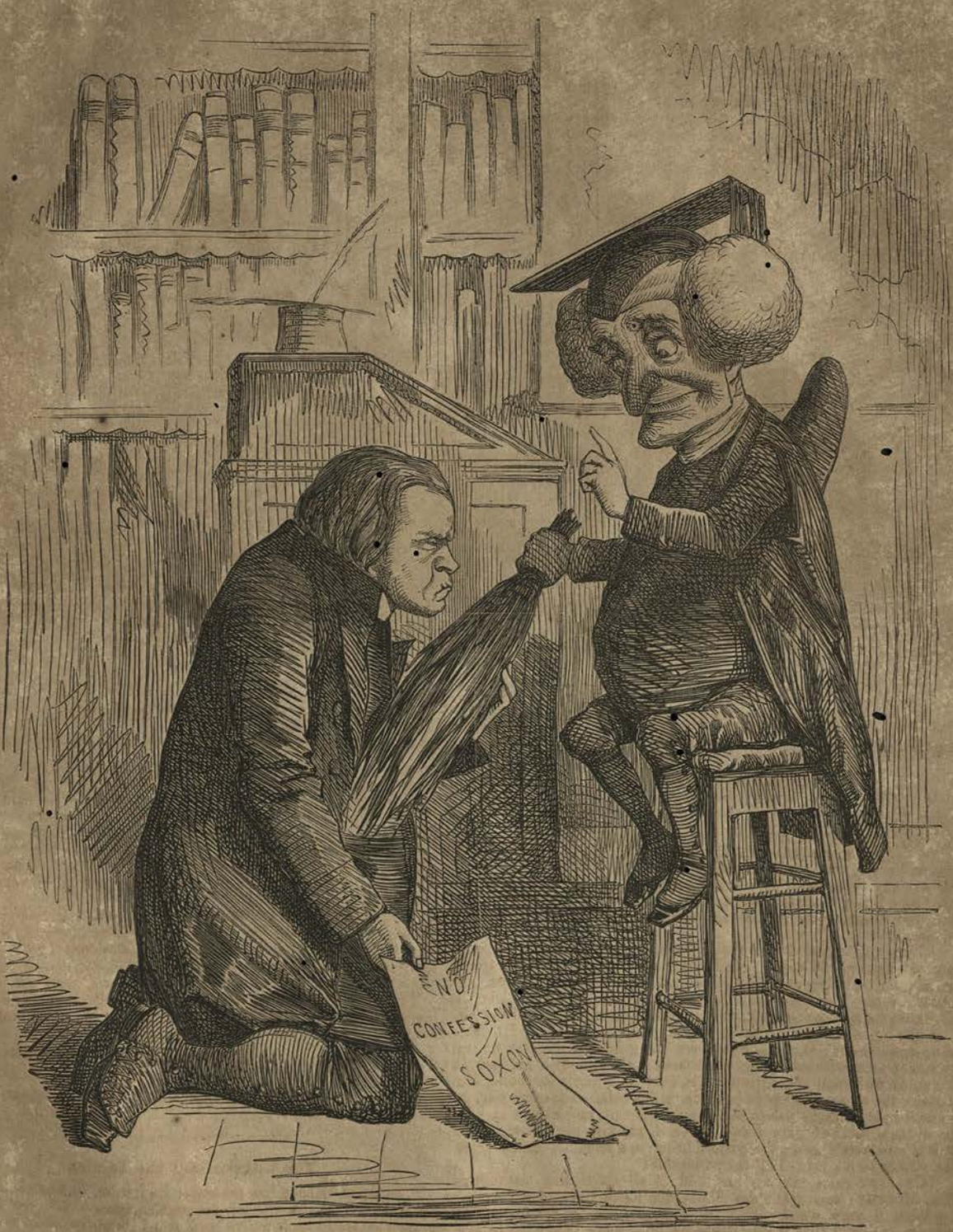
"Blanche Castletop."

"P.S. How does 'Blanche Rookton' look on paper—rather pretty, this child thinks?"

### The Citizen and the Soldier.

The City of London has presented its freedom to Lord Clyde and Sir James Outram. Those gallant Commanders will now be able, on their return to their native land, to set themselves up in business in Cheapside. When the French come to understand the nature of the honour which the Common Council has thus conferred on our Indian heroes, will they not be confirmed in the persuasion that we are a nation of shopkeepers?

Marriage.—An incurable old Bachelor, and who seemingly rejoices in his infirmity, describes Marriage as, "A Female Despotism tempered by puddings."




# SOAPEY SAMUEL KISSES THE ROD.

## THE BENEFIT OF THE MEDICAL ACT.

*(To the Editor of Punch.)*

Dear Sir, Allow us, on behalf of the undiplomatic part of the Medical Profession generally, to express our satisfaction with the new Act relative to that Profession at large. To our own respectable portion thereof, how favourable will be its operation, you will be enabled to judge by the following most illiberal observations, made by Mr. Ross of Farringdon Street, a diplomatic practitioner, at a late meeting of persons of the same inferior grade in our Profession:—

"The homœopaths, the chronothermalists, the Coffinites, and all quacks of every kind who practised throughout the country, and who did infinite harm, might go on much the same as before, so far as the new law would prevent them."

"Mr. Ross also remarked of the Act, that—

"As far as regarded putting penalties on those who practised illegally, it was altogether deficient."

"For this, for us, charming state of things, we cannot too warmly thank Lord Ebury, and the other patrons of undiplomatic medicine in both Houses of Parliament. It is true that, under the existing Act, we shall perhaps be unable to recover professional charges in a Court of Law, and thus be limited as to the amount of those Bills which heretofore we have been enabled to run up to any sum in certain cases by the threat of exposure. But what then? We must charge ready money—like the old diplomatic physicians. We shall do well enough.

"On the other hand, you see, Sir, we shall not be obliged to register. The diplomatic practitioners will—and have to pay at least two guineas for admission so to do. In return they will get the privilege of suing their insolvent patients. Much good may it do them! The registration will not be of the slightest use to them, and will only have the effect of enabling the Public to distinguish them from us, which the Public does not care twopence for doing, but which for enabling the Public to do, every one of them will be charged two pounds two shillings.

"According to the report of the meeting above alluded to,

"A very strong feeling was expressed at existing medical men being compelled, after all their costs of diplomas, to pay two guineas for insertion on the new registration list."

"Exactly. The Medical Act is simply an Act for Fining Medical Men Two Guineas. We hope the diplomatists like it. This is what they have got—and all they have got—by crying out for medical reform. Many of them—who haven't sixpence to spare, the beggars!—will probably not register at all, as registration will be of not the slightest use to them, and will so lose their precious *status*, and the qualifications for which they toiled and paid heavy fees. Thus deprived of an undue advantage, they will have to compete with us on the principle of a fair field and no favour. They certainly have had none from the Legislature, of which Lord Ebury is an ornament. We enclose you a list of our patent medicines, and remain

"Your obedient servants,

"Dr. De Goose and Co."

"P.S. You will observe with pleasure that Lord Campbell's Act has not as yet been directed against any of our advertisements."

## THE EXPERIMENTAL BRANCH OF THE ARMY.

The inquiries of the Army Clothing Commission have elicited the fact, that all the inferior cloth in store (that is not embezzled) is put off on the Militia. That this was the case we have never cast our eyes upon a militiaman in uniform without suspecting. Everybody must be familiar with the coarse texture and dingy colour of that uniform. When Government does not know what to do with indifferent boots, or any other articles of apparel, or accoutrements, it follows the same rule—that of trying them on the Militia. This rule is one which has been happily expressed in a well-known piece of proverbial Latinity—*Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*. For the benefit of some country gentlemen in command of Militia regiments, we may point out, that the official authorities translate this adage—"Let an experiment be tried on a worthless *corps*." Those gentlemen will please to observe that they have, not us, but the Government, to thank for the translation.

Woman's Politics.—Marriage.

## A PRECIOUS RUSSIAN PEERAGE.

The reading public has just been presented with *A Handbook of the Principal Families in Russia*, of which the alleged author is Prince Paul Dolgorouki, and which, having been originally written in French, has been translated into our language by F. Z. Why the translator of this book should have concealed himself under initials one does not see, but the work contains passages which might have rendered it very prudent for the original writer to have taken that precaution. Here, for example, is a statement touching the founder of one noble Russian family:—

"Alexander Menshikoff, a pastry-cook of Moscow, made a butler to Peter the First, was enlisted by this monarch in his guards, and rapidly raised to the rank of General-in-Chief."

The above extract seems to have been not very carefully calculated to please Prince Menschikoff, or Menshikoff. Whether true or false, it is hardly the sort of thing that one Prince would be likely to say about another, unless he wanted to insult him. There is nothing disgraceful to anybody in being descended from a pastrycook, and doubtless the loftiest aristocrat in existence has had many ancestors meaner than pastrycooks intervening between himself and Adam. But this consideration seldom occurs to people who pride themselves on their pedigrees, and it does not prevent other people from making fun of them. If anybody were to trace the lineage of a British Duke to a pastrycook, his Grace would continually have all manner of vulgar taunts addressed to him in allusion to pastry. Insolent wretches would accuse him of being puffed up with family pride, would sneeringly call him a bit of the upper-crust of society, would recommend him to eat humble pie, and make other tart observations at his expense.

The origin of the Zotoff family is thus described by the plainspoken Prince Dolgorouki:—

"Nikita Zotoff, preceptor of Peter the First, and afterwards buffoon to the same prince, at a time when the Czar found himself under the influence of liquor, received of him the title of Count in the year 1710, July 8."

Now, goodness knows, there is no reason why any man should be ashamed of being a buffoon, or the descendant of one; and doubtless the fact above recorded is really and truly highly honourable to the house of Zotoff. We understand it. Nikita Zotoff was first Peter the First's preceptor, and afterwards his buffoon. Doubtless he acquitted himself equally well in either capacity, and by the display of precisely the same abilities in each. Precepts of morality were received by Peter as uncommonly good things, in the sense of being exceedingly droll: in short, high jokes. When, therefore, Peter became a man, his preceptor, who had amused him as a boy so highly, naturally appeared to him the very best person he could choose for a buffoon. Accordingly he promoted him to the rank of that officer. This may be all very true; but aristocracy has a prejudice against the cap and bells, although it rejoices in decorations which may be called baubles. Count Zotoff is very likely to be bantered on the subject of motley by those who have been told that his first ancestor wore it.

In the extract last quoted the translator seems to have made a mistake. He says that the Czar made his buffoon a count at a time when he found himself under the influence of liquor. To ennoble so meritorious a servant was certainly a very wise thing to do, but such an act is sure to be regarded by the thoughtless majority of mankind as a freak of temporary insanity. A correct translation would probably represent the Czar as having made a count of the buffoon at a time when he had *lost* himself under the influence of liquor.

## APPEARANCE OF ANOTHER COMET.

Astronomers will be mystified by the following prediction; which may, however, have been verified by the event:—

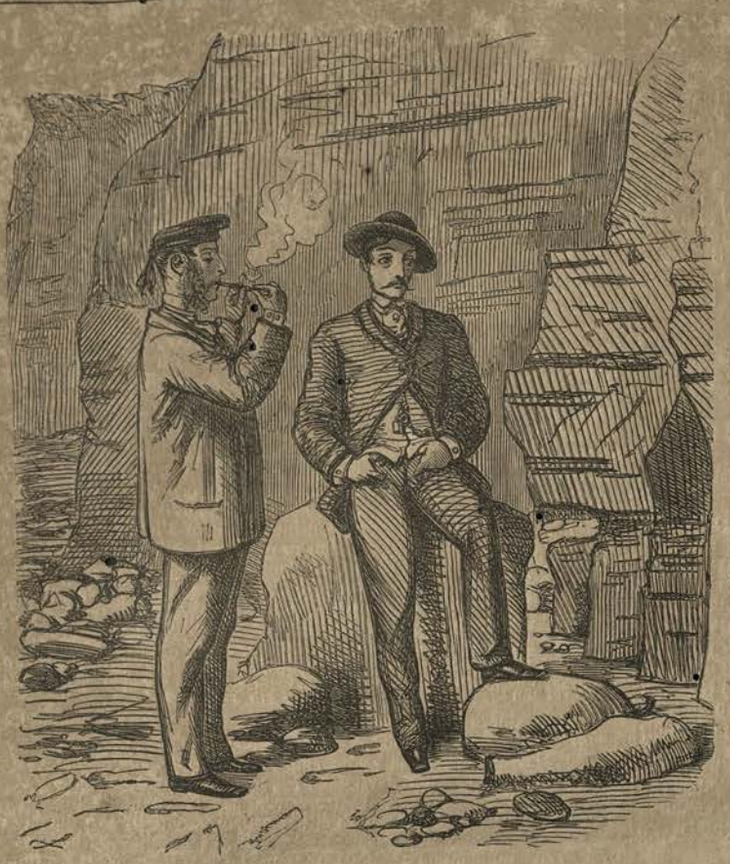
THE COMET.

THE COMET will be visible in the NORTHUMBERLAND CRICKET GROUND ONLY, on Monday Evening next, September 27th, 1858, from 8 til 10 o'clock. Positively the last time this Season.

Tickets of Admission taken before 12 o'clock on the day, Half-price, which can be had of Mr. Donald, Grainger Hotel, Grainger Street; Mr. Manning, Wellington Hotel, Collingwood Street; Mr. G. Shivers, Bookseller, High Street, Gateshead or at the Grounds.

What Comet it was that was to be visible only from the Northumberland Cricket Ground on the 27th ult. the above advertisement does not indicate. Of course it was not Donati's: was it Bill Buggins's; in addition to a tail, had it four legs; and did it kill rats, or sustain a series of single combats with individuals of its own species? If the Comet was not of a canine nature, was it any itinerant star of the theatrical order? But speculation is idle; and we are quite sufficiently puzzled with one Comet at a time.

Derby with a Difference.—An agricultural gentleman remarks, that Lord Derby was once the Farmers' Friend, but is now the Refarmers' friend.



*First Party* (*who is hard hit, and sentimental*). "THIS IS THE VERY SPOT WHERE I LAST SAW THE DARLING CREATURE. I ASSURE YOU, FRANK, SHE IS THE LOVELIEST, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL, THE—THE—TH'—IN FACT——"

*Second Party* (*who has heard the same thing for the last two hours*). "H'M! HA! DESSAY! YES. I SAY, OLD FELLAH, HAVE A WEED?"

## FINE LANGUAGE AT FAULT.

THE *Banff Journal*, in making mention of a remarkable townsman of that ilk, describes his calling in terms which are meant to dignify it, but which, in reality, degrade it. "MR. THOMAS EDWARDS has," says our Northern contemporary, "ever since he was able to work, followed the calling of an operative shoemaker." What is an operative shoemaker? The *Second Roman Citizen* in *Julius Cæsar*, describing the nature of his profession, says, "I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes." He meant to say that he was a cobbler: and "surgeon to old shoes" and "operative shoemaker" may be regarded as convertible phrases. Therefore MR. THOMAS EDWARDS of Banff might be taken to be, according to the statement of the Banff paper, a cobbler. But that journal proceeds to inform us, as touching MR. EDWARDS, that "he may be said to be fully master of all that is known in ornithology and zoology, while in conchology and botany his knowledge is also profound." Now, a master of ornithology and zoology, to say nothing of conchology and botany, though he might not have the capital requisite to enable him to be also a master shoemaker, must surely possess an amount of brains which would raise him at least to the level of a journeyman, and above that of a cobbler: unless, indeed, in the neighbourhood of Banff, shoes are so long worn and so often repaired, that it takes a cleverer artist to mend them than the one who manufactured them. If that is the case, then the *Banff Journal* displays fine meaning rather than fine words in styling MR. EDWARDS an operative shoemaker; but if not, it affords an instructive example of the injudicious use of a redundance, intended for a euphemism, but, in effect, derogatory.

However, be the nature of the operations which MR. EDWARDS performs in connection with shoes what it may, he is to be congratulated on having successfully set at nought the classical but absurd proverb, which forbids all practitioners of his professional art to apply their minds to the consideration of anything higher than highlows.

### A Geographical Point.

IN geographical lore, a *mull* is "a Scotch term that is synonymous (so says WEBSTER) with cape, or headland." We hope this distinction will not be pushed too far, and that Valentia is not destined to figure in our future maps as the "MULL OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH."

## PUFFS FOR PRETTY CREATURES.

WHAT would this world be without the ladies? One answer to this question is, "It would be a world in which there would be no puffing linendrapers." We should not be pestered, as we constantly are, with circulars, externally of the most alarming appearance and full inside of monstrous lies. "In Chancery," "On her MAJESTY'S Service," or some other equally startling form of intimation, is printed on the covers of these missives, and sometimes they come surrounded with a black border. They are brought to the door by a rascal, who raps like a postman, and awakens expectations of a remittance, or a love-letter, or an invitation to a dinner-party. Instead of that, or either of the other things, the envelope which is presently put into your hands contains a great handbill, announcing a "Vast and Unlimited Sale of the Most Urgent Expediency." This is represented as about to take place under pressure of an imminent "Injunction to restrain Process," *in re* RIFF *v.* RAFF, *ex parte* SCAMP, the idea meant to be conveyed being, that RAFF and SCAMP have conspired to cheat their creditors, and that the last-named rogue is going to effect a fraudulent sale of stock, which has been purchased of RIFF and not paid for—that sale being the one announced in the bill.

Then comes a highly-wrought description of the "Immense Losses," and "Tremendous Sacrifice of Property," to which the advertiser "stands committed"—not having as yet been committed to Newgate. After that follows a specification of "the Vast and Costly Stock," replete with the most wonderful examples of "Richness and Genuineness of Manufacture," and "Gorgeousness and Propriety of Taste," and presenting an "Incalculable Variety of Textures and Designs;" but, "above all," attention is invited to "the Alarming and the Ruinous Reductions in Prices" of the goods about to be dishonestly disposed of. Then the articles to be immolated in the tremendous sacrifice are enumerated, with their prices; as "Real Cachmere Long Shawls, of enchanting beauty of design, value 2½ guineas, selling-off price, 12*s.* 6*d.*;" "Superb Real Albanian Scarfs, value £12 10*s.*, selling-off price 2 guineas;" "Real Persian Cachmere Long Shawls, of most sublime designs, and most wonderful and consummate workmanship, treble darned, with a truly enchanting intermixture of hues, value 800 rupees, £80, selling-off price £10 10*s.*" And so on.

Now, if there were no ladies, we should not be pestered with any of these disgusting communications. We do not therefore wish all ladies at the deuce, but many men who are destitute of our enthusiastic gallantry do; they are wrong: the ladies would be perfect angels if they would desist from their encouragement of puffing haberdashers, and from many other follies. Let them only reflect on the impudent rudeness of which these fellows are guilty towards them in telling them falsehoods which nobody could expect that anybody but a fool would believe. What simpletons RAFF and SCAMP must think them in imagining them capable of crediting the assertion, that goods really worth £80 would ever be sold for ten guineas! How innocent they must be considered by SCAMP and RAFF when those impostors imagine that they are going to allow themselves to be swindled under the fond idea of making cheap purchases of virtually stolen goods!

As if the rogues fancied that the ladies, with the characteristic sagacity of their sex, were unable to see that somebody, no doubt, was meant to be defrauded by SCAMP and his confederate, but that the intended victim was very much less likely to be their confiding and injured creditor, than their too credulous customer. The disrespectful blackguards!—to attempt to delude a lady by a puff founded on the supposition that she is goose enough to take their word for the value of the articles which they offer to her, as well as for the fact that they obtained them by cheating somebody else.

### LATEST FROM TATT'S.

THE horse called *Toxophilite's* sold to LORD GLASGOW;
The Earl called a Statesman may on with his farce go.

## OMNIBUSES THAT WANT PULLING UP.

Our Magistrates at present would have very little to do if it were not for the Omnibus-proprietors. It is clear that our omnibuses do not keep pace with the advancing morality of the age. They are regular vehicles of abuse and extortion, and, in point of manners, civility, fair dealing, and other grounds of social progress, are slow coaches that almost lag behind the hackney-coaches of past days. In this animated race for magisterial favours, the General Omnibus Company seems generally to take the lead. Judging from the numerous fines levied on its agents, it has mostly come in first at the winning-post of dishonour. They have been trying all they could to drive the Metropolitan Saloon Company off the road—a Company that provoked their enmity by having omnibuses infinitely more comfortable, than their own.

We wish the Magistrates would get hold of some of the French Directors, and initiate them into what the interior of an English prison was like. Two or three weeks' quiet reflection on a restricted diet, and wholesome exercise combined with it, might teach them not to jeopardise the lives of English travellers by driving on when ladies were standing on the steps of the vehicle, and racing at a most furious pace, such as makes it dangerous for any one, who has not the power of running like a piece at the Adelphi, to cross the road.

We do not like to see the men suffering for complying with orders, which it may be as much as their situations are worth to disobey. If they obey their orders, they are pulled up at Bow Street; if they refuse to obey them, they are thrown out of their situations. It is the masters who should be punished, and not the men.

Any way, this system of "nursing" an omnibus should be put a stop to, for it is largely imbued with the spirit of Godfrey's Cordial, and other sedatives, such as are most effective in keeping a troublesome patient quiet by removing it safely beyond the need of any future nurse. Such nursing is not only a crying evil, but most killing work. At all events this Murder of the four-wheeled Innocents should not be allowed in the crowded streets, where women and children are liable to fall victims to the uncurbed zeal of these licensed *Mrs. Gamps* of the whip. Why can't these conductors nurse their omnibuses at home? Or, supposing a few of them were weaned, just by way of experiment, on prison fare, we might live yet to see a superior race of omnibuses brought up in the public service. With what joy would not the public, old ladies especially, hail them!

### The Last Quotation on the Stock Exchange.

A Waiter at the London Tavern, upon hearing an orator express the wish that the Atlantic Cable would prove a bond of charity, remarked humorously, "A kind of Benjamin Bond Cabbell, I suppose?" The Waiter was instantly dismissed, as it was not considered safe to retain a man with the above tendencies in an establishment where there was so much plate!

## A MISS-USE OF MONEY.

Among the maniacal extravagances of the *mode* now prevailing, which is a *mode* very far removed from mode-ration, there is rampant now, we see, with many fashionable young ladies, a mania for wearing coins in the *coiffure*. In whichever way we look at it, we cannot but regard this as a miss-use of money. Indeed, it seems to indicate a getting up at such regardlessness of cost, that we cannot pass it over as a hairy nothing, in the same way as we do our eldest boy's moustache.

In our position as a father, we have, as we must own, a purse-onal inducement to put a stopper on the growth of this expensive taste. Otherwise we see that we shall have our daughters robbing us of all our lucky sixpences and shillings which have holes in them, for the insanely silly purpose of stringing their back hair through them, and adding, as they think, to their capillary attractions. Now, whether we have any faith or not in the "charms" these coins possess, and wherewith they endow us so long as we possess them, we have no belief at all that they would add a single charm to those with which our daughters have been by nature gifted; and we shall, therefore, take due measures for protection of our property, and prevention of our children from committing petty larceny, under most unfilial and most aggravating circumstances.

So far as we can trace it, the fashion seems to us to be of savage derivation, and bears a clear resemblance to that which is in vogue among those nude barbarians, whose ignorance excuses their want of better taste. Certain of the South Sea cannibals, we know, wear such jewellery as tintacks and little bits of brass among the glass beads and feathers which they sport by way of head-dress. We call attention to this fact, as showing that the fashion now adopted by our countrywomen has not even the charm of novelty, in fact, to recommend it. Being, we see, themselves quite barren of invention, our hairdressers go travelling in search of foreign fashions: and, no matter how outlandish are the hints which they bring home, so long as they are novel they are sure to be adopted. One of the last barber-isms which our barbers have imported is the wearing the hair pulled up, *à la Chinoise*, by the roots. Although its very name proclaims its savage origin, ladies, the most civilised, give their countenance to this fashion, and the Empress of the French has not set her face against it.

"What next and next," it is terrible to contemplate. If these West End importations from the savages continue, we quake to think what frightful fashions are in store for us. No matter what their ugliness, they are certain to find followers if they are but new. We should not wonder if next season we should find that our fair countrywomen have taken further steps back into the dark ages. They may take leaves from the fashion-books of the Ancient Britons, and appear at Almack's in bare skins and in war-paint. Or perhaps they may astonish our debilitated minds by wearing woolly wigs to imitate the Hottentots, or by coming out *à l'Indienne* with shaved heads and a scalp-lock.

Of course if ladies generally take to wearing hair-coins, we must expect to see our maidservants soon copying their mistresses. Woman is a strangely imitative animal, and it will not much surprise us to see our maids-of-all-work appearing upon week days with their hair in coppers, for which a higher coinage may be substituted upon Sundays. Now, we cannot think that this way of carrying their small change will serve the purpose either of utility or ornament. We don't object to see a little silver in the hair, if it be of Nature's currency, and not that of the Bank; but silver which is struck with the Queen's head at the Mint does not strike us as befitting as a head-dress for her subjects. Ladies very clearly do not know the use of money, if all the use they make of it is in doing their back hair up. Small punsters may remark, that the head is a fit place for the deposit of their capital; but the capital they place there is not put out at interest, for there is really nothing interesting in the manner of their using it. As business-men, the fashion can't find favour in our eyes, for of course we can't approve of seeing money lying idle. However high a price we may set upon her head, we have no wish in the world to regard our wife's *coiffure* as though it were spelt *coffer:* and we fancy husbands generally must see "metal more attractive" in the persons of their wives than in any gold or silver wherewith they are bedizened. Although stringing them with coins may add a richness to their tresses, we can't conceal our thought that ladies should be valued, not so much for what we find is *on* their heads as *in* them.

### How to Treble the Post-Office Revenue.

It is easily done, by Gum! or rather, by the absence of Gum. For instance, you take care that the postage-stamp you wish to affix shall have no, or very little, adhesive matter at the back of it. The consequence is, that when the letter arrives at its destination without a Queen's Head, from the fact of its having dropped off in the transit, it is charged double postage, like an unprepaid letter.

By giving in your adhesiveness to the above system, and none to the postage-stamps, you will find that, though there may be a great falling off in the latter, still there will be a compensating increase of two-thirds in the Revenue, as the price of every penny stamp, in the end, will be Threepence.

SPARKLES AND I "MOVE HOUSE," AND HAVE A DIFFERENCE WITH THE CABMAN ABOUT THE LAY-FIGURE.

Cabman (with some temper). "*Figger? That can't make no odds to me, Sir. She's a Extra Person, and my bare Fare's two-and-six; 'tis indeed, which I druv yer slow a purpose, cos I see she was a inwalid!*"

## A USEFUL ROGUE.

THE *Droit* lately contained an interesting account of the industrious achievements of certain *chevaliers d'industrie*. These gentlemen obtain their living by undertaking to procure titles, orders, and diplomas, to decorate and grace those who are desirous of such distinctions, for a pecuniary consideration. Only they fail to procure the titles, or those which they do procure are what the Americans call bogus. It appears that "men of education and of high position in society" are numbered among the sufferers whom they have relieved of money. One of these instructed and eminent asses is a biped donkey of the Russian breed, who got himself eased of 48,000 f., for the Grand Cross of an "Order of Constantine and St. George of Parma," the badge of an imaginary knighthood. Not having been sufficiently fooled in that transaction, he wanted another distinction, which was to have been procured for him for 10,000 f. by a COUNT DE VIALA, who may have been a pretended foreign nobleman, but is just as likely to have been a real one.

The Count, indeed, was to receive 10,000 f. more on the grant of the dignity, in all 20,000 f., but, having been paid half of the sum down on the nail, he forthwith bolted. The Russian followed him to Baden, and was going to follow him to Aix, accompanied, as one would suppose, by a police-officer. Not so; the Muscovite believed in him still, and in a letter which came from him to say that negotiations were in progress, and to recommend patience. The confiding Russ adopted this recommendation, and waited with the patience of the noodle in the story on the bank of the river, and to similar purpose. At length the Count returned to Paris, where the Russian party found him out. That is, he discovered where he lived, and accused him of having deceived him; when the Count laughed in a frantic manner, and danced about the room, pretending to be a maniac, and thereby apparently stifling his visitor's incipient suspicion that he was a rogue. For the verdure of the Russian was so enduring, that he waited for some months longer, at the entreaty of the chamberlain of the Prince, who was to grant the order, sent to talk to him by the COUNT DE VIALA. At last, however, he arrived at a dim perception of the fact that he really had been taken in, and retired to St. Petersburg without a handle to his name, and with much more wisdom (in proportion to wealth) than he had before.

The circumstances above related having become known to the Police of Paris, the operations of the COUNT DE VIALA were arrested together with his person. His little establishment thus broken up, namely his lodging, was found to contain divers inventions in the shape of patents of knighthood and diplomas of learned societies. There was the order of the "Gilded Militia of the Golden Spur," granted to blank by "the DUKE OF SFORZIA, a Roman Prince." The Order of Melton and that of St. Gregory the Great, as yet unassigned, were likewise among the articles of the Count's stock in trade. The Count himself turned out to be a celebrated character in Paris, and (of course) at all the German watering-places, and also to rejoice in an *alias*, having formerly called himself the COUNT DE CASSAN; moreover, he had before got into trouble in consequence of playing at games of chance with skill.

We are afraid that COUNT DE VIALA, *alias* DE CASSAN, will receive hard measure. Such a rogue might be tolerated. Rogues in general, like vermin, are objectionable, but some rogues, like some vermin, are more useful than mischievous.

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## SONGS FROM THE SEA-SIDE. THE HUSBANDS' BOAT, A MARGATE MELODY.

EE! what craft Margate Harbour displays,
There are luggers and cutters and yawls,
They sail upon sunshiny days,
For land-sailors arn't partial to squalls.
There's Paterfamilias takes out the lot
Of the progeny he may own,
But the Saturday Evening boat has got
A freight that is hers alone.
By far the most precious of craft afloat,
Is the Saturday Evening "Husbands' Boat."

There are husbands with luggage, and husbands with none,
There are husbands with parcels in hand,
They bring down to wives whom they lately have won,
Who pretty attentions command.
There are husbands who know whate'er time it may be
Their wives on the jetty will wait
For that Hymeneal argosy,
With its matrimonial freight.
Oh! the most precious of craft afloat
Is the Saturday Evening "Husbands' Boat."

But the Monday Morning is "Monday black,"
That when at school we knew,
For the husbands to business must all go back,
And the wives look monstrous blue;
So loud the bell rings, and the steamer starts
On her way to Thames Haven again,
And amid those who leave are as many sad hearts,
As there are amid those who remain.
Coming or going of craft afloat,
The most prized one is the "Husbands' Boat."

## WEDDING-CARDS FOR THE WISE.

If the world of fashion were subject to an actual sovereign, that monarch might offer a prize, from time to time, to anybody who should invent a new vanity. One of such prizes would very deservedly be awarded to the authors of the subjoined announcement:—

"Photographic Wedding Cards.—Messrs. A. Marion and Co., encouraged by the success which has attended the introduction of the Photographic Visiting Cards, beg to recommend an entirely new mode of embellishing Wedding Cards, which, for elegance and novelty of design, are perfectly unique. Miniature Photographic Portraits of the 'Happy Pair' are mounted in two elaborately ornamented escutcheons, surrounded with orange flowers, blossoms, and love knots, stamped in silver, and the Card forms a graceful and appropriate souvenir of the blissful event, peculiarly adapted for preservation."

We might learn from classical authority, if we did not know from personal experience, that it is pleasant to play the fool on seasonable occasions. A wedding, when, with funny ceremonies, accompanied by the interchange of comic vows, a lady and gentleman enter upon the frivolous estate of matrimony, is one of those occasions which time-honoured custom regards as seasonable for indulgence in light and elegant foolery. Huge bows of white satin, for instance, are pinned to the sober coat-fronts of wedding-guests, as well as to those of the variegated footmen who wait upon them at breakfast, nay, even to the buttony bosoms of pages or knifeboys; and we will not say that they are not sometimes tied round the necks of lapdogs.

Then the wedding cake is decorated with elaborate embellishments, which must be destroyed in order that it may be eaten, and is usually surmounted with the unspeakably ludicrous figure of a fat boy, meant for Cupid. Cards, moreover, lightly bound to one another with silver gimp, whereas they might, with more serious significance, be strongly pasted together, are sent to the various friends of the parties. Now the photographed cards above advertised, are a great improvement on the common fiddle-faddle wedding card. Adorned with photographic portraits of the happy pair, surrounded with love-knots, orange blossoms, and other floral emblems of the blessedness of housekeeping, they are infinitely more spicy and nobby than mere glazed pasteboard, and may safely be pronounced out-and-out, slap-up, the go, the cheese, the correct style of thing; in short, as their advertisers say, "perfectly unique." These photographic wedding-cards will be indispensable adjuncts to every "Marriage in High-life," and no gent will think of leading a lady to the hymeneal altar without a case of them in his pocket.

### Note on Naval Nomenclature.

A "British Householder," in the *Times*, remarks that—

"On the south-east Coast of America the *Cumberland*, 70, drags her slow length along."

The Admiralty should change the name of that vessel, and call her *Cumbersea*.

## A TRUE TALE OF THE COMET.

There has been much scientific speculation lately, as to whether or no persons ever have been known to be affected by a Comet; and, as *Punch* holds first rank as a scientific journal, correspondents have, of course, from all the quarters of the Globe, daily deluged us with notes and queries on the subject. Uncounted "constant readers" write to beg for our opinion as to whether such a strange fact as Lord Derby's keeping office can in our view be assigned to any cometary cause; and numberless "subscribers for more than fifteen years" assert the fact of their subscription for so long a period, to induce us to give answer upon similar moot points. Besides this, stories without end have been enclosed for our perusal, containing fullest details of effects which are supposed to have resulted from the Comet; but which, as far as we can judge from the lame evidence adduced, have had no more connection than Wiscount Villiams's speeches.

As we look upon such stories in another sense as such, our character for truthfulness forbids us to insert them. Regarding such tales generally as tales for the Marines, we have not thought them fit food for our non-seafaring readers. Facts have, however, lately come within our knowledge, which bear a striking contrast to such cometary fictions. We narrate them for the benefit of the scientific world, and the scientific world may make what use of them it pleases.

One evening in last month (as we have no wish to be personal, we will not mention which), the wife of a respectable drysalter in the City was thrown into a state of considerable excitement by the arrival of her husband's 'bus without her husband in it. Now Mr. Sm—th had always been the punctualest of men. His movements were as regular as his eight-day clock's. Since she married she had never known him once come home to her (and dinner) by any other 'bus than that which passed their garden-gate at five minutes to six. How then could she account for the fact of his strange absence?

Mr. Sm—th, since she had known him, had never suffered business to detain him from his dinner: and now that he was daily looking forward to be Alderman, it was not at all likely he would begin to do so. While she revolved this in her mind, the Comet flashed on her: and having heard sad stories of its baleful influence, with the spirit of a woman she determined to sit up in preparation for the worst.

And what *was* the worst? Alas! her fears were too well realised. *O tempora! O mores!* At half-past four, A.M., she heard her husband's step. It was disguised in liquor, yet at once her wife's ear knew it. Stealthily the latch-key was turned in the street-door, and noiselessly the brute (pardon our strong language, ladies; upon similar provocation, you might use the same yourselves)—we say, noiselessly the brute, having taken off his boots, came sneaking up the staircase; when, emerging from the drawing-room, where she had lain in wait like a panthress on her prey, came down on him the avengeress! * * * "Why, good gracious, Mr. Sm—th! where *ever* have you been?"

Captured in the fact, there was no getting out of it. "My dear, itshallshrene!" stuttered out the wretch, speaking in tones thick with something far worse than emotion. "Youshee, SHARLEY SNOOKSH anme has just been shupp—ut—shuppinat Cremorne, and —ut—azhall zhecabsh were gone, you shee we—hic—adtowalk. Zash all!"

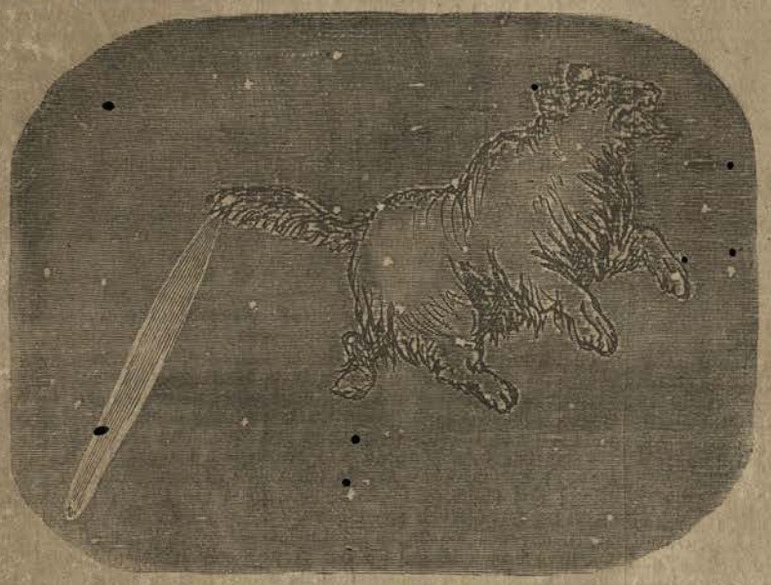
"*Cremorne!* MR. SMITH. Did I hear you say you'd been down to CREMORNE!!" exclaimed, with virtuous indignation, mixed with horror, in her voice, the equally incensed and insulted British Matron. "Why—hic—yesh, m'love, I shaid so. Burrish no fault ominne. Its shat blesshed Comet!".

"Comet! MR. SMITH. Do you say it was the Comet?"

"Why-hic-yesh m'shweet, I shaysho. Factish, as shitoldyou SHARLEY SHNOOKSH an me had mosh-hic-moshicportant businesh to transhack there. Youshee SHARLEY SHNOOKSH ishfellow of—Shroyalshiety, and I shureyou, m'love, shureyou pomy onour, we went solely for shtronom-hic-al and shientifi-hic purpshesh. SHARLEY SHNOOKSH you shee was anxious—take shobshation of zhe Comet, and youshee zey shay Cremorne zhebeshplace-hic-to shee it!"

* * * * * * * * * * *

To tell the sequel were a waste of space. What romance-reader need hear how SM—TH was curtain-lectured, and was sentenced to a penal trip to SWAN AND EDGAR'S the next day, in partial expiation of his miscreantish offence. This was the wife's judgment on the miserable culprit, and we are sure our lady-readers will agree with us in thinking that it served him right!



"EXTREMES MEET," AS EXEMPLIFIED ON THE NIGHT OF SATURDAY OCTOBER 2ND.

## THE STATE OF BRITISH RUINS.

IN a letter to the *Times*, signed C. R. WEILD, relative to the ruined edifices which the writer had inspected during a late ramble through Yorkshire, after the following acknowledgment,—

"Happily some of the grandest relics in England of the feudal and monastic ages are the property of men whose large fortunes enable them to gratify a laudable wish to preserve the ruins which they inherited with their broad acres:"—

—comes a complaint that there are other ruins, the owners of which allow them to perish prematurely; insomuch that—

"It would be easy but invidious to name several ruins in this category, some of which might be rescued from premature decay by a very slight expenditure of money."

If it is easy to name such cases, let them not be concealed because the mention of them would be invidious. It need not be invidious with regard to the proprietors of the ruins, who may not be able to afford to take measures for their preservation. Not every man can put his hand in his pocket, and pull out the wherewithal to rescue the remains of castles and monasteries from destruction. But, in that case, the neglect of such relics is a disgrace to the neighbourhood, if, when it is pointed out to them, they do not bestir themselves to remedy it. Having premised thus little, we will beg to remark, that the last time we saw Netley Abbey, it was in such a state as to be likely to mislead any Cockney into an etymological blunder. It was full of nettles; and, as POPJOY would naturally observe, very well deserving the name of Netley Abbey. We wish we could say that nettles were the worst of the superfluities that abounded in its interior; but will only state that it contained refuse as well as weeds. When last we heard of it, which was very lately, it was in precisely the same state, which our informant described in words intermingled with whiffs. We trust that, in so public spirited a neighbourhood as that which adjoins Netley Abbey, the proprietor of that venerable ruin will not have it to say one moment longer, that he is unable to have it swept and weeded, and obliged to let it crumble to pieces, for want of funds.

A FOGGY REFLECTION.—How does it happen that when a Bill becomes *due*, the Acceptor is often *missed?*

## FINE WORDS FOR FOOLS.

THE subjoined testimonial relates to a drink manufactured and sold at Keighley, of which we suppress the name, because the testimonial is enough to make anybody sick, and we are afraid the drink would actually have that effect:—

"Sir,—I can confidently recommend your Spiced Aërated Waters as gentle stomachic beverages, in all cases where more stimulating drinks are inadmissible.

"Individuals whose enervated constitutions require a potable tonic added to their drinks, will find these hygienic refrigerants unsurpassed. To the dyspeptic and invalid whose abnormal difficulties require the most scrupulous dietetic subversion, these aromatic diluents are indispensable. Having in their composition the gaseous sedative, carbonic acid; the vital stimulant *Zingiber officinal*; and the grateful condiment, *sachuram crystallizatum*, they are eminently calculated to remove all incipient diseases of the chylopoecetic viscera, more especially those collerated morbid phenomena known as cardialgia gastrodynia, borborygmus, and Stridor abdominalis or Flatulentia metastica.

"I have the honour to be yours, &c.

"JNO. MILLIGAN,

"Hon. Cor. Fellow of the Medical Society of London."

Who this MR. MILLIGAN is, the Medical Society of London will perhaps tell us—if it knows any better than we do. There is a certain variety of the vulgar tongue known as Thieves' Latin. MR. MILLIGAN'S or MULLIGAN'S Latinised English is not exactly a sample of that brogue: it is infinitely more snobbish, and would be so if it were good of its kind. It not only, however, bespeaks the quack, but also the something for which the word dunce is immeasurably too honourable a name. "Enervated constitutions" and "hygienic refrigerants," are phrases vile enough; but what words can express the loathing which you are affected with by "abnormal difficulties" of "the dyspeptic invalid?" It is ineffable; and you can only give some faint idea of it by vituperating, in the very strongest language, the folly of those people who can be imposed upon by such pompous nonsense.

Not that anybody deserves to be despised for not being able to discern a misuse of fine words; but what profound fools those must be on whom the bombast tells!—fools equal in fatuity to *Mr. Edmund Curll*, like whom that which they do not understand has great weight with them. It seems almost impossible to believe that there exist idiots so utterly imbecile as seriously to accept the statement that the "abnormal difficulties" of "the dyspeptic" require "the most scrupulous, dietetic subversion." The *zingiber officinal* and the *sachuram crystallizatum* of MR. MILLIGAN'S *Materia Medica* show that his Latin pure and simple is equal in purity and superior in simplicity, to his Latin-English; and the same observation may be applied to his "*Flatulentia Metastica:*" and this last expression, together with his "*chylopocetic viscera*," and his "collerated morbid phenomena" show that his nosology is something out of the common.

The Medical Society of London may be congratulated on their Fellow and Hon. Cor. MISTHER MILLIGAN—if that fellow has any real connection with that society.

### Exploring the Truth.

COLUMBUS, in his peculiar line of discovery, and new way of bringing continents to know each other, must take a higher rank even than the Atlantic Telegraph; and more especially must this larger honour be conceded to him, when we take the darkness of his time into consideration, as compared with the enlightenment of the present period. Never let it be forgotten that COLUMBUS had but one pole to guide him in his search of a new Continent. The Atlantic Telegraph, on the other side, has had the advantage of two poles—a positive and a negative pole. And yet, with this inferiority even, COLUMBUS discovered an America, whereas the Atlantic Telegraph is still at a loss to find an Europe (*a new rope*). [What do you think of that?]

## THE UNIVERSALITY OF ELECTRICITY.

OUR daily reading proves that Electricity is now fairly taking the circuit of the entire globe. No barrister goes so extensive a circuit, or talks so much with so little noise. The beauty of electricity is, that it talks without being heard, an accomplishment which ladies have not yet acquired.

Amongst the recent marvels of electricity, we have to record two, viz.:—pianoforte-playing, and tooth-drawing. We need not say that both performances are at times equally shocking. There are occasions when we would sooner have a tooth drawn, we think, than listen to an excruciating extraction of agonising sounds from the piano. So much depends upon the instrument, and the use that is made of it! According to your manipulation, it becomes either an instrument of pleasure, or an instrument of torture. But if it is occasionally horrible to hear *one* piano (and the horror occurs in every capital, that has any pretensions to be considered a PIANOPOLIS, more than once a day), consider what it must be to listen to five pianos *eodem tempore!* Electricity confers this terrible dexterity on every pianoforte practitioner. This quintuple achievement was actually accomplished by a MR. LÉON HUMAR, at the National Theatre at Brussels. The five pianos were lashed together with electric wires, which were connected with an electric battery in another room, and you had the whole lot of them jingling away at once. No necessity to encore a piece of music at this rate, when you take it in five times over at a single hearing. What a fearful power to vest in any man's hands! If electricity can do it with five pianos, why not with fifty? why not with five hundred? Where is it to stop? If that is all, we do not see what there is to prevent a pianist, who holds this electric accomplishment at his fingers'-ends, from performing in every capital of Europe at precisely the same time. Fancy LISTZ going through his pianoforte-fistic gymnastics on five hundred Broadwoods, and being heard simultaneously, without the interval of scarce a vibration, all over the world! We should not be safe anywhere. He might pursue us into the very centre of the Desert. What exquisite revenge he might take on his detractors! He might maliciously place a piano on each side even of *us*, put one over our heads, and another under our feet, and by playing upon them, unseen by us, and unknown to us, some 2000 miles off, send us raving mad in less than half-an-hour! We hope electricity will never lend itself to such base machinations.

We have heard of men riding on five horses; but we do not think that a pianoforte-player should try to emulate a horse-rider by playing upon five pianos all at once. One piano at a time is quite enough, and frequently too much; but bring the electric battery to play upon an allied army of Collards, and we will not answer for the world being strong enough to stand the shock. Further, we have a presentiment that it would be shivered to little bits by sheer force of melody, as we have seen a magnificent barley-sugar temple on a supper-table totter and fall with a crackling crash, into a chaos of golden ruins, by the violence of the stamping music overhead. So it would be with the world! After one five-hundred pianoforte *séance*, there would be nothing left of it but an immense dust-heap, on the top of which men and women would be lying like so many oyster-shells and lobster's claws.

As for the toothdrawing by electricity, we do not jump to it so easily. It is actually done, however, in far less time than you can think as to what you shall have for to-day's dinner? A single tooth, we suppose, is charged at the rate of a single message; a double tooth doubtlessly counts for two. We wonder if the same shock that pulls out the tooth can convey a message to tell your wife that it is OUT! and "out (as GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S drawing informs us with jumping glee) in less than a minute." The description of this new style of dentition neglects to inform us, whether a new set of teeth can be supplied by the same process.

The anticipated benefit of the one discovery tends greatly to balance the dreaded evil of the other. If pianoforte playing by electricity threatens to increase largely human suffering, at all events dental surgery by the same invisible agency promises to considerably alleviate it. It is all a question of nerves, and in the electric contest between ears and teeth, let us hope the molars will have it.

The question is, what will not electricity do next? We do not despair of the good time coming (and it has been a long time on the road), when we shall be able to sit quietly in our arm-chair and electricity will do everything for us. It will cook our dinner, sew on our buttons, write our letters, make our clothes, whip our children, black our boots, shave our stubbly chins, and even help us to a pinch of snuff, if we only wish it. We almost believe it will in time so far reach mortal perfection as to carry us up to bed, undress us, tuck us up, and blow out the candle, when we are too tired, or indifferent, to do it ourselves. But there is one thing, we are afraid, that it never will do, and that is, help us to pay our Income-Tax.

Alas! there is a limit even to electricity!

## A WORD WITH SALOMONS.

MR. PUNCH has had so much occasion to commend the conduct of ALDERMAN SALOMONS, the eminent Hebrew, that any deterioration in that worthy person's conduct gems *Mr. P.'s* manly eye with the jew-drop of grief. Still, it is *Mr. Punch's* duty to be as stern as BRUTUS, Rhadamanthus, or CARDEN, Baronet, when necessity occurs. *Mr. P.* was not at all pleased with the bearing of SALOMONS upon two occasions last week, in reference to a certain LIEUTENANT HIGGINSON, R.N., who has been a sufferer by the palpable blundering of those upon whom the management of the Atlantic Cable has devolved. The gallant Lieutenant, incensed at the new mull, came into the LORD MAYOR'S Court to evoke its powers against those whom he considered had acted unjustifiably with his property. Instead of hearing him mildly, SALOMONS flew into wrath at hearing the names of "such men" as had invested their cash in the scheme disrespectfully spoken. He, SALOMONS, had himself sunk a great deal of money too at the bottom of the ocean (like the Egyptians when they tried to cross the Red Sea), and another grand Jew, ROTHSCHILD, "and his fellow-Christian, BARING," were in the business, and the Alderman was not going to have rich men treated unceremoniously. The Lieutenant was plucky, and persevered, but was brow-beaten, and finally ejected, with some noise and anger, from Court. Next day the bold sailor charged again, and SALOMONS made a sort of apology for his previous wrath; but, in the course of the hearing, was again wrought up, and the Lieutenant was a second time assailed with severe rebukes for his audacity. The Alderman certainly did not mend matters.

This is not well, O SALOMONS, and now, SALOMONS, perpend. What has the wealth, or respectability of people accused before you to do with your duty? Why be enraged because ROTHSCHILD and BARING are assailed, when, if it were ISAACS and SMITH you would not care. We won't say anything about your naming yourself, because we acquit you of feeling more on your own behalf than you would have felt for other *millionnaires*. But what means this overweening reverence for the *Diva Pecunia*, this traditional adoration of the Golden Calf? SALOMONS, you ought to know better. You ought not to give the enemies of the children of Israel a right to sit in the seat of the scoffer, and say, "Of course, the Jew came out when there was a talk of money." This sort of thing is not worthy of the highly bred and educated Hebrew—it might be all very well in Bevis Marks and the Minories, but you breathe a purer air, O SALOMONS. You have usually been a just judge, sometimes you have been a DANIEL come to judgment, but why forget that there was once a DANIEL who would not worship the Golden Image?

*Bref*, dearly beloved SALOMONS, the fact that a bluff Lieutenant, probably of no great wealth, came to demand redress against men to whom "silver is as stones, nothing counted of," as in the days of your royal namesake, should have gained him even a patienter hearing than perhaps his own *brusquerie* might have merited. Before the eyes of the people, the Lieutenant has the best of you, O SALOMONS, in this matter; for he stood up against the rich, and would not be put down; while you, for once, chose to be "strong upon the stronger side." Perpend, Alderman, and let us have no more Gold-worship.

### April Fools of the Army.

THE *Times* remarks that—

"Regiments serving in India have not at this day received the clothing to which they were entitled on the 1st of April."

The authorities who preside over military arrangements seem to have amused themselves at the expense of the regiments in India, by not giving them the clothes which they led them to expect on the 1st of April. Perhaps they felt themselves bound to observe All Fools' Day.

### ALL A MATTER OF TASTE.

A WOMAN will tolerate tobacco-smoke in a man she likes—and even say she likes it; and yet, curiously enough, how she dislikes it in a man she dislikes!

MR. WOBBLES, WISHING TO ACCUSTOM HIS HORSE TO THE REPORT OF FIRE-ARMS, MAKES HIS LAD FIRE A GUN AT THE CORNER OF A LANE—AT FIRST THE EXPERIMENT IS NOT SATISFACTORY!

## SECOND-HAND MIRACLES.

THE Paris Correspondent of the *Times* has, with an amiable and pardonable love of getting things looked at in a right point of view, reprinted the accounts of the tremendously enthusiastic reception met by CHARLES THE TENTH, (known as CHARLES DICKS, sometime King of France, afterwards resident at Holyrood) when he made his progresses through France, after the manner of the beloved EMPEROR who now fills the throne. Then, as now, priests went into pious, not to say blasphemous ecstacies; mayors crouched to lick the boot (CHARLES'S was veritably a Wellington boot) of the delight of France, young girls strewed flowers before the autocrat, and aged peasants wept, and muttered the *Nunc Dimittis*. France, the journalists, and the archives record it, was *ivre avec joie*. From that intoxication she managed to recover, and to clear her head—and her palaces—with three days of rather violent exercise; but it is perhaps unkind to remember such things, still more so to imagine that they can ever be repeated.

At this time the priests of France are the servile tools of the EMPEROR, and in his laudation their hosannahs go up, and their incense fumes. And they get up miracles in various parts of France to assure the faithful that all is right. Providence smiles on the priest, and the priest smiles on LOUIS. There cannot be a clearer apostolical succession. Where there are attesting miracles, the most sceptical must be dumb.

But history is a bad thing, and kings and priests should discourage it as much as possible. *Mr. Punch* recently came upon the following passage in the History of NAPOLEON THE FIRST, Uncle to the present saviour of France. That eminent soldier (the former) was not, at certain times so affectionately disposed towards the great Italian Head of the Church, the Vicar of our Lord, as the present religious and gracious EMPEROR has ever shown himself. There was a date at which the armies of France were really giving a good deal of trouble to the Holy See. They were in fact advancing upon Italy. The POPE of that day was in a state of desperate terror, and, according to the historian,

"Saw his weakness and tried to check the superstition and the conspiracies got up by his Cardinals. But he was over-ruled and forced to beatify a lay Capuchin who had died, and order him to be adored before the altars. It was expected that the Holy City would be saved through the efficacy of this new Saint, and in most of the churches of the Ecclesiastical States, the *images of the Virgin were seen to move their eyes and promise the destruction of the French*, while the POPE was forced to approve of a new service, which was chanted at all the altars, for the Miraculous Mouth and Eyes of the Virgin. It was printed under this title—

*De apertione oris et oculorum B. M. Virginis.*"

So the Winking Pictures which have delighted France are not only not new, but are a device stolen from her avowed enemies, and originally got up by them in order to defend Rome against the Uncle of My Nephew. Truly France is to be admired and envied. Her loyalty is chronic, and her miracles are second-hand.

## SUPERLATIVE BUTTER.

THE *fête* of that universally famous saint of the Romish Church, St. Napoleon, the patron saint of the first EMPEROR of that name, was celebrated, at St. Helena, this year by various demonstrations and a dinner, after which, according to the Paris Correspondent of the *Times*:—

"M. DE ROUGEMONT having proposed the health of the Chief Justice, as the second authority in the island, SIR H. WILDE rose, and, with his eyes fixed on the Portrait of the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH, said,—

"Gentlemen, I propose the health of the most virtuous, the most beautiful, the most amiable, the most religious, and the most charming lady who exists on the earth,—Her Majesty the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH."

A very proper Speech for the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH to address to his assembled domestics. A very suitable Speech for a domestic of his Imperial Majesty's, being a single man, and not having any sweetheart, or any sister or mother living, to make in the company of his single, unattached, sisterless and motherless fellow-men-servants. But was it a speech quite fit to be made by a gentleman who had a QUEEN, if not a wife, of his own?

Of course SIR H. WILDE did not mean precisely what he said. He was merely using French English superlatives. He intended no offence to the QUEEN, but just took a slight liberty with the QUEEN'S English.

# TO THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

Mr. Punch (with the Greatest Respect).. "AFTER YOU, MY LORD!"

## A STAIRCASE FULL OF LAWYERS.

### OUR THIRD FLOOR.

AS natural historians have not deemed it beneath their notice, *Mr. Punch*, to describe the construction of a wasp's nest and a bee-hive, and the manners and customs of its inmates, why should not I, who live at No. 100, Lower Temple, give you an account of the little world which inhabits the Chambers on both sides of our Staircase. We all know that the law is one of the driest and most abstruse of studies, and it may be interesting to consider the different routes which the aspirants to success in that profession take in ascending the legal ladder.

"My chambers, as you know, are the wedge-shaped rooms on the third floor between MR. PHELIM O'BRIEN'S and a set supposed to be occupied by three Barristers, as the names of MR. CYCLOPS, MR. CAUTHORN, and MR. THORNTON appear on the door.

"My neighbour, MR. PHELIM O'BRIEN, who styles himself 'The O'BRIEN,' is a gentleman who is more anxious for my friendship than I am for his; in fact, I may mention, in confidence, that I was obliged to terminate our acquaintance by lending him a couple of sovereigns, which in the end turned out to be money well spent, as beyond bowing on the Staircase when we meet, I have seen no more of him since the loan.

"The O'BRIEN, although in that state of impecuniosity known as the 'non possums,' still continues to keep up the game in a manner peculiar to his countrymen. His legal career was a short one, as he held but one brief in his life, when he defended an Irish hodman for breaking the head of a landlord with a pewter pot; and taking advantage of his client's nationality, the O'BRIEN'S Speech to the Jury was so full of the wrongs of Erin, and so damaging to the prisoner's cause, that the learned judge warned the jury that the unfortunate man at the Bar ought not, in common justice, to have his case prejudiced by his Counsel, and urged them not to take into consideration the intemperate harangue which had just been delivered.

"I don't believe that the O'BRIEN has a single respectable acquaintance; at any rate, on the only occasion of my being inside his rooms, three of the company to whom I was introduced were little Moss of the Silver Nick, JEMMY the Black, and the Comic Singer from the Apollo Hall, and from the tenor of the conversation I gleaned, that these three and my host had been dining in the Queen's Bench with TOM SNAFFLE and BILLY HOCUS. You will commend my prudence, I am sure, *Mr. Punch*, in refusing to take a hand at 'spoil five,' or to toss for sixpences 'odd man out' with the assembled worthies, and I am afraid the evening was lost to my entertainers, as the Black, with the candour of drunkenness, injudiciously remarked, 'Well, if this gent won't play, it arn't no use *our* going in for it, as it is only dog eat dog.' This confirms the report which I have frequently heard, that the O'BRIEN has turned professional blackleg, particularly as his habits rather induce the belief. He usually comes home about 4 A.M., and not unfrequently, after his oak is closed, a bombardment is commenced at the door by an angry old cabman, with a sore throat generally, who maintains 'that sixpence from Leicester Square won't do;' but his fare never pays the slightest attention to the importunities of Jehu, but commences a drunken struggle with his boots, and from the sound of a falling body occasionally, I augur that the O'BRIEN sometimes sleeps on the floor. When the 'del: tre:' (by which familiar name gentlemen of this order style *delirium tremens*) claims its victim, I don't think society will experience any great loss.

"How different is the life of my three next-door neighbours on the left. JACK CYCLOPS is LORD VULCAN'S eldest son, and DICK CAUTHORN is heir to a considerable property, so that they have yielded their chance of the Woolsack to HARRY THORNTON, who lives in the Chambers, and who alone of the three has to earn his bread. The two were inseparable chums at Oxford, went to the same College, and took their degrees in the same term, read together at the same special Pleader's and Conveyancer's Chambers, when, like honest fellows who think that all things should be done well, if at all, they thoroughly grounded themselves in the rudiments of their profession. After their call JACK CYCLOPS declared for the Marylebone Club, and CAUTHORN for the Leander, and letters addressed to them would receive a readier answer if sent to the Pavilion at Lords, or the Bells at Putney, than to 100, Lower Temple.

"HARRY THORNTON is a rising man, and his rooms are well furnished with books, and his table is pleasantly decorated with papers bearing interesting memoranda, such as 'STUBBS *v.* the Parish of Squashy Moorland. MR. THORNTON, with you SERJEANT BUMPTIOUS 10 guineas,' &c. &c., whereas the room supposed to be occupied by the other two, who have rooms in Jermyn Street also, is hung round with old Oxford prints, guns, fishing-rods, cricket-bats, and racks of pipes, and beyond the writings of MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH and other wholesome modern authors (including of course all the Volumes of *Punch*), no books, excepting BLACKSTONE'S *Commentaries*, and a few text books, are visible.

"Their room door is open now, and I hear the following conversation:—

"'THORNTON, old fellow, are you going to be in all day?'

"'Yes, I am—why?'

"'Oh! let PARCHMENT come and steer us to Richmond, JACK is not going to Lords, and we are going to have a header at Teddington Lock.'

"I see two figures in flannels and straw hats go by, followed by PARCHMENT in a great state of glee, for he prefers the air of Richmond to the Lower Temple; and I sigh at my table as I think of the difference in fortune between myself and the happy aquatics, until HARRY THORNTON'S honest example of industry and self-denial comes across my mind, and like him I forget pleasure, and busy myself in papers.

"I had a 'dummy' case sent to me the other day with a heavy fee marked upon it (which I strongly suspect was concocted by CAUTHORN and CYCLOPS), and after wading through two brief sheets of very abstruse and intricate writing, I came to the end, and found the following conclusion, 'Counsel is requested to advise whether A. B. is or is not 'Tenant in tail after possibility of issue extinct,' and if he is, whether Tenant in tail after possibility of issue extinct is the kind of party to wear jack-boots and cords or mahogany tops and leathers.'

"In the long vacation my three neighbours turn out with knapsacks and climbing poles, and may be found in Norway or Switzerland; and on their return in November, I gladly answer the telegram of three knocks against my wainscoat, which, as JACK CYCLOPS remarks, is Greek for 'pipes for four and three penny points,' and many is the tale of flood and field which I listen to in their Chambers.

"Our Laundress delights in my friends. She says it does her good to hear MR. CAUTHORN laugh, and she doesn't mind the three pair of stairs to bring up the beer to MR. CYCLOPS, who assures her with much gravity that he will make her LADY VULCAN, if she always has it drawn with a good head on; and she adds, 'there, MR. THORNTON, I do wish you would go out and take your pleasure a little more, for you do look cruel pale alongside of MR. CYCLOPS and MR. CAUTHORN.'

"Our Second Floor must be reserved for another opportunity."

## A BARK AND A CUTTER.

A YOUNG fellow, named CHARLES COLLETT, was brought up the other day before the LORD MAYOR, charged with cutting his, CHARLES'S, initials on the bark of one of the trees in Kensington Gardens. He pleaded that he had got a situation abroad, and was going to emigrate. He was advised to transmit his name in some other way to posterity, slightly fined, and discharged. *Mr. Punch*, ever ready to help the unlucky, thus does the transmission for him:—

"COLLETT, take this advice from me,
Never hack timber in the park;
For though your bark is on the sea,
Your C must not be on the bark."

## MORPHY OUTDONE.

THE chess world has lately been astonished by the celebrated performance of MR. MORPHY, the American, who played eight games of chess at the same time without seeing the board. Don't let Brother JONATHAN crow, as JOHN BULL has "eternally whipped him into smash." During the last sitting of Parliament a celebrated Railway Counsel was leader in fourteen cases, without seeing the rooms in which the Committees were sitting. It was managed thus:—He was retained in fifteen Committees, and was engaged the whole day in opening the JOHN O' GROAT'S *v.* Land's End Railway case in room B. At one o'clock he partook with a good appetite of a paper of sandwiches and a glass of sherry; and, at the rising of the Committees, he sacked ten guineas a-piece for imaginary attendances on each of the other fourteen Committees; and at five o' clock drove round the park in his carriage, apparently not much exhausted by his day's work.

## A FACT.

Three Gentlemen Smoking in a Railway Carriage—Guard puts in his head, and loquitur: "*There are two things not allowed on this Line, Gentlemen; Smoking, and the Servants of the Company receiving Money.*" The result, a metallic pass from Gentlemen to Guard.

## CHOWLER UPON MECHI.

THE toast of "The Stewards" having been drunk at the late Meeting of the Waltham Agricultural Society, the immortal CHOWLER, of Protectionist memory, made a speech as good in its way as that delivered by LORD JOHN MANNERS, to which it bore the same relation as that which may be supposed to exist between the sturdy yeoman and the chivalrous lord. The oration was bluff and brief, like the bark of a mastiff. Subjoined is a specimen of MR. CHOWLER'S bow-wow:—

"According to MR. MECHI, the agriculture of this county is a disgrace to us. He did not know MR. MECHI'S farm; but a friend used that identical epithet to describe the condition in which he found MR. MECHI'S farm, and particularly MR. MECHI'S pigs."

MR. MECHI had better take care what he says. The proprietor of Tiptree *Hall* lives, when he lives there, in a glass farm-house; and he forgets the proverb which he ought accordingly to observe. He has flung a stone and hit CHOWLER, who not only retorts the missile, but carries the war into the adversary's sty. In shaking the hogs of MR. MECHI, we hope that CHOWLER will not find out that he has taken the wrong pig by the ear. But never mind. MECHI is a chap that keeps disturbing the agricultural mind with all sorts of new-fangled ideas. What does he, a London Sheriff, a Cockney, know about farming, and how dares he to find fault with the agriculture of Leicestershire? Let him not give you any more of his sauce: if he does, at him again, CHOWLER.

A RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—A Dividend now-a-days.

## DOUBTFUL REFORMERS.

To differ with a LORD MAYOR always is distressing to us. We question our own judgment when we ever have a doubt of any one of his. Still, every now and then, we own to feeling some misgiving that the *dicta* of the Mansion House will not bear adverse criticism. We cite the following case as being one in point:—

"THOMAS MASH, 19, was charged upon the clearest evidence with having stolen a handkerchief from a gentleman named CUNNINGHAM.

"The LORD MAYOR inquired what was known about the prisoner?

"PARTRIDGE (gaoler). He has been here no end of times, my Lord; I can't say how many.

"BRETT (detective). And he has been twice convicted at the Old Bailey.

"The LORD MAYOR. Then leniency would be wasted on him. I shall commit him for trial, and he will go to the Old Bailey again.

"PRISONER. My Lord, I have no father, no mother, and no friend in the world, and what can I do? If you send me to prison again, I must steal again when I come out. I can't help it.

"The LORD MAYOR. You have had plenty of opportunities of reformation, but you have never availed yourself of them.

"PRISONER. Then send me somewhere where I can reform. Send me to sea, if you please.

"The LORD MAYOR said it would be useless to extend leniency to so incorrigible an offender, and the Prisoner was committed for trial."

Although printed in the *Times*, it is a matter of some doubt with us if this report be accurate: and of this doubt we would gladly let the LORD MAYOR have the benefit. To us there seems to be a gap in the evidence as given; over which we have to jump to the conclusion which his Lordship is reported to have reached. In our ignorance of all that actually passed, we are startled by the mention of those "opportunities of reformation" which his Lordship, in his wisdom, said the prisoner had had. As far as we are told, no witness had deposed to them; and, but that we can't question the omniscience of a Mayor, we should wonder where his Lordship gained the knowledge he paraded.

All that we find told of the prisoner's antecedents, is, that he had been "no end of times" in gaol. Can it be to these occasions that his Lordship would allude? Are these the "opportunities of reformation" which the prisoner had enjoyed, and had, as it is said, failed utterly to profit by? If the Mayoral mind so fancied, we think the Mayoral mind was possessed by a delusion. Its weakness may be owing to the nearness of the Ninth. Lasting only for a twelvemonth, its course is well-nigh run; and, in charity, we therefore should excuse these painful symptoms of declining strength.

Nevertheless, although we pardon them, we cannot cede so far as to pass them without comment. The dictum we have cited needs special refutation. Our gaols, we don't dispute, are much reformed from what they were, but we cannot yet regard them as in any way reforming. Lads, nineteen years of age, are said to be "incorrigible," because our Houses of Correction do not properly correct them. THOMAS MASH has been "no end of times" in prison, and all that he has learnt there is, that he "must steal." If we would have him get by heart a better lesson, our only way to do so is to give him better teaching. It is a question mainly for the rate-payers to settle, because, good or bad, they have to pay the schooling. Pupils, like THOMAS MASH, are apt scholars enough, but they learn bad habits quite as quickly as good ones. It is rather costly teaching them that lesson "*I must steal.*" So occupied, their schooltime lasts in general all their life. For your pockets' sake then, rate-payers, had you not best keep a better sort of teachers? While entrusted with the care of boarders like young MASH, a PARTRIDGE does his best to keep them safe beneath his wing: but this is all we can expect from birds of such a feather. Our gaolers are exemplary officials in their way: but like the DERBYITES, they certainly are doubtful as Reformers.

### A Wonder on the Turf.

SINCE LORD DERBY'S retirement, there has been nothing so wonderful on the Turf as the following ornithological fact, which was solemnly recorded in the *Newmarket Intelligence* of last week:—

"Bird-in-the-Hand (taken freely)."

To say a word after that would be to convict oneself as guilty of the crime of "indulging in a superfluity of comment."

A WIT, recently calling at the house of a friend, found the lady of the mansion engaged in fomenting a couple of black eyes, which had been received in a fight by her youngest son, a Charterhouse schoolboy. "A bigger boy tried to take away CHARLEY'S marbles," said Mamma, "and struck him in the face." "But I kept my marbles, Ma," cried the young hero. "Exactly," said the wit,—

"Whacks to receive, and marble to retain."

—*From Punch's Literary Anecdotes.*

FATHER NEPTUNE USES THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH AS A CLOTHES LINE.

## A COMFORTABLE REFLECTION.

It is as well to know the feelings of deep love and charity that exist in our favour on the other side of the Channel. Here is an elegant proof of it. We take the amiable extract from a very clever book, called *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre*. What makes the compliment all the more flattering is, that its author, Mons. Octave Feuillet, is one of the most respected names in French literature, some of his graceful *Proverbes* having met with a success only second to that of Alfred de Musset's. The reader having been duly introduced to our worthy friend, we will now let the latter speak for himself as follows:—

"Il y aura tôt ou tard une guerre finale entre la France et sa voisine d'en face; nous nous haïssons trop; on aura beau faire, il faudra que nous les mangions, ou qu'ils nous mangent!"

How does the reader enjoy the pleasant alternative? Let us hope that England and France will never be driven to such a terrible cannibalish extremity. Of the two dainties, we hardly know which we should like the least. We must say, that we should care as little about eating a Frenchman, as being eaten by one. It would be a kind of epicurean repast at which it would be equally offensive to us to officiate, whether in the character of host—or guest. We have a squeamish fear that we should not be able to survive the effects of it. Perhaps the reader is not over and above well pleased with us for having informed him of the horrible fate that is in store for him; but it is as well he should be warned as to the danger he is doomed some day to run in entering a French restaurateur's. Now that we are let into the secret of a Frenchman's extraordinary appetite, we doubt, supposing Louis Napoleon were to send us an invitation to dine at the Tuileries, whether we should have the courage to accept it. The form of "*Pour Manger, ou être Mangé*," though most politely meant, would not be altogether to our taste, which has been spoilt, probably, by a long course of roast beef and plum pudding, and other national luxuries, that we are weak enough to prefer to the best-dressed Frenchman that you could offer to us.

### Pleasing Anecdote.

There is a new theological book called *Lectures on the Early Fathers*. It was being read by a young student in a family in Gower Street, the other morning, while the breakfast bacon and other advantages were getting cold by reason of the mistress of the family not coming down until long after the regular hour. "There should be a supplement to this book," said the saucy lad, as his Mamma bustled into the room. "We must have *Lectures on the Late Mothers*." Maternal affection, charmed with his wit, gave him an extra lump of sugar in his tea.

## DITTIES FOR DONKEY-EATERS.

Among things which are not known so generally as they should be, is the fact that there not long ago was set on foot in Paris a sort of Cannibal Society for Eating Ass-flesh. Of the rules of this Society we have not as yet learnt much; nor have we an idea of what amount of ass-eating the fact of one's subscribing to it yearly would entail. It is also a moot point with us, whether the members rise in the ranks of the Society in proportion to the number of the donkey dinners they attend; and if this be so, we cannot help confessing to ourselves that the Presidentship certainly would be a cut or two above us, if our only way to reach it was by eating our way up to it. We hear, the Ass-eaters maintain that a donkey's flesh is just as short and sweet as is his gallop; and they kindly invite sceptics to test of that opinion; but so long as we can get a mutton-chop at home, we shall not be lured to Paris by the prospect of an ass-steak. Still further to prove the correctness of their taste, they hunt up Classic literature for precedents for donkey dining; and assert, with no small triumph, that with ancient Roman epicures a dish of donkey cutlets was especially a weakness. But really this no more inclines our appetite for ass-meat, than we should expect to get a liking for boiled negro, from being told that the gourmands of the Cannibal Islands were partial above all things to a nicely-cooked black pudding.

If the Society gains ground, and becomes really popular, (which we about as much expect to hear as that the Comet's tail has been deposited in the British Museum, or that a fleet of Chinese junks have stormed and taken Gibraltar), of course its popularity will exercise an influence on literature, and the delights of Donkey-eating will be found a theme inspiring both to poets and essayists. We shall have a second Goldsmith acknowledging the present of some asinine tit-bit, in lines as eulogistic of its merits as those which were indited for Lord Clare's *Haunch of Venison*. It is easy to foresee how the paraphrase might commence:—

"Thanks, my friend, for your assling; sure, fatter than it
Ne'er browsed on a thistle, or hissed on a spit."

So the *Lotos-Eaters* of Tennyson will be followed by the *Donkey-Eaters* of some bard of lesser note; while no doubt the younger members of the ass-eating ass-ociation will be issuing invitations to *Come and eat Donkey, Maud!* and beseeching her, if ass-meat be the food of love, to show it by the playing of a good knife and fork with them.

As specimens of the way in which the subject might be treated, we give the ass-eaters a song or two for their next "merry-meeting:" a meeting which, although we may not be invited, we still shall very probably feel called on to make merry at;—

### SONG I.—THE DONKEY-LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

Air—"*A Bumper of Burgundy fill, fill for me.*"

A juicy young assling go kill, kill for me,
E'en with horsemeat you tempt me in vain;
I care not for colt, though a dainty it be,
To many who venison disdain.
Let the epicure boast, if his taste be equine,
That horsetail soup beats turtle hollow;
Stewed ass-head to me is a dish more divine,
With a nice donkey cutlet to follow!
So a juicy young assling, &c.

### SONG II.—THE INVITATION.

Air—"*Come, let us all a Maying go!*"

Come, let us all a Braying go!
So pass the ass-meat to and fro,
To and fro
Let it go!
And its effects we soon may show.
If daily we on donkey dine,
No doubt we shall grow quite asinine:
Our ears get long, and our tongues shall bray,
And we'll grow more ass-like every day!

### SONG III.—THE PLEASURES OF ANOPHAGY.

Air—*Sufficiently Obvious.*

There's not in the wide world a pleasure so sweet
As to sit down when hungry, and dine off ass-meat;
Of a nice donkey steak cut the juiciest part,
And for *entremet* taste a stuffed asinine heart.

Let hippophagists boast of their equine cuisine,
And their nag's head and shoulders with gusto pick clean;
The rich flavour of horse they may praise as they will,
There's a something in donkey more exquisite still!

## HINT TO GENTLEMEN RIDING HOME AFTER DINNER.

NEVER CARRY "PATENT VESUVIENNES," 2*d.* A BOX, IN YOUR COAT-TAIL POCKET.

## ALL ABOUT NOTHING.

AN apostate is a human windmill, who makes his bread by turning.

We should not care so much about growing old, if others didn't see it.

Impudence frequently arises from a desire to please and the fear of not succeeding.

You may compare Imagination to a pretty young girl who cheats at cards. The cheating is so agreeable, and withal so playful, that, far from stopping the game, you rather encourage the young lady in her tricks.

A Frenchman carries France about with him everywhere. In Leicester Square, or America,—at sea, or outside an omnibus—you can always tell that he is a Frenchman. When travelling, his great idea is, in thinking about how to get back again to France. He never should travel out of his own country. He would give the grandest view in the world to catch a glimpse of his beloved Paris. To him, the Universe is comprised in the four corners of the Boulevards. Elsewhere are only so many realms of *ennui*.

### UPPER-CLASS EXAMINATIONS.

*Q.* GIVE an example of the degrees of comparison.

*A.* Positive, Teach. Comparative, Teacher. Superlative, Tea-chest.

## RECRUITING AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

WELL, MY DEAR LORD MAYOR,—I cannot tell you how much instruction blended with amusement you afford me, by the beautiful moral reflections and didactic remarks which you are accustomed to make in the administration of justice. Established truths come mended from your tongue; and the weight of your general observations is paralleled by the wisdom of the advice which you are in the habit of giving to the offenders who are brought before you. I was particularly struck with the excellence of the counsel which your Lordship is represented in the police reports to have given, the other day, to a penitent perhaps, but certainly an habitual, thief. The following dialogue is described as having taken place between your Lordship and the prisoner:—

"The LORD MAYOR. How have you got your living of late?

"PRISONER. To tell the truth, I've lived for years by thieving. I am very ill at the present time, and don't know what to do with myself.

"The LORD MAYOR. I have received information that you are ill. I shall commit you to Holloway Gaol for three months, and I have no doubt when you are taken there you will be placed in the infirmary. When you come out of prison I hope you will enlist in the army. Have you ever tried to enlist?

"PRISONER. No, my Lord.

"The LORD MAYOR. Then I advise you to try that."

But, my dear LORD MAYOR, this advice of yours to the pickpocket (whom you committed for three months for stealing a watch) is, I will not say remarkable for benevolence rather than judgment; but, indicative of a somewhat slight acquaintance with the feelings of military gentlemen, and a rather dim idea of the dignity of the British soldier. Although the manner of those gentlemen is generally marked by courtesy and politeness, and by a respectful bearing towards personages of exalted station, I should not be surprised to hear, if you have come into contact with any officers lately, that they have questioned you about the advice which you gave the pickpocket in a tone of something like rudeness. If a Colonel, a Captain, or indeed any officer, has recently had the honour of meeting your Lordship, I dare say he has, no doubt to your indignant astonishment, asked you what the deuce you were thinking about when you advised a thief, who had lived for years by thieving, to enlist in the army? That you might as well give that question some consideration, is the humble suggestion of even your Lordship's reverential admirer,

PUNCH.

P.S. Compare HER MAJESTY'S Service with that of a Haberdasher. Do you think an ex-thief eligible for the latter. Would you advise him to try that? It is too practical a civic joke to recommend a rogue to leave the Knavy and enter the Army.

## LAUDABLE INTENTION.

AMONG the announcements in our friend and contemporary, *Bell's Life*, last week, we noticed this:—

"Two Brothers who have never gained a £1, are ready to walk."

It would certainly seem that the sooner the lazy useless lads walk, the better. Australia is open to them, so is Canada, where they may learn to improve their thriftless lives. But we don't see why *Bell's Life* should devote its valuable space to such news.

THE *Rose of Castille* is, as at present performed, the sweetest Opera yet known; for in it, besides the Rose itself, we have two PYNES, one MELLON, and a little HONEY.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—Saturday, October 23, 1858.

## BISHOPS AND NUGGETS.

THAT generous lady, MISS BURDETT COUTTS, has offered £15,000 for the endowment of a Bishopric in British Columbia. The site for the proposed see is a gold region, newly discovered, and promising to be the resort of a great many roughs and blackguards, likely to brutalise the rest of the immigrants. There is, according to the *Morning Post*, but one thing that can be expected to avert that deplorable result:—

"Only the presence of a strong moral equipoise will save that community from all the pestiferous consequences of an unconscionable lust of gold. The presence of a Bishop will secure this."

So a Bishop is the moral equipoise of a lust of gold. This may, perhaps, be truly said of some of our Colonial Bishops, but can hardly be predicated of every prelate with perfect safety. We know that a good many Bishops cannot exercise their apostolical functions on less than £5,000 a-year. Whether a Bishop shall act, in British Columbia, as a moral equipoise to the lust of gold, or otherwise, will depend altogether on the sort of Bishop sent out there. Many a Bishop of Diggings, that might be named, would, if he could, appropriate all the gold in his diocese.

## LUGGAGE TRAINS FOR LADIES.

*Eheu, dominæ! quò nos rapitis? Quousque tandem abutere, patientiâ pecuniâque nostrâ? Quem ad finem sese effrænata jactabit crinolinomania? Quamdiu—*

We really beg your pardon, ladies. We hope you will forgive our letting off our Latin at you. It is extremely brutal of us, we are well aware. The man who can discharge his Latin at a lady deserves kicking with boots made in the reign of EDWARD THE THIRD. But, ladies, in our present state of mind we will not hold ourselves responsible for anything we say. Our agitation is too great for us to pick and choose our language as we usually take care to do. What we want to ask you is, Where is it to end? To what climax are you hurrying us? Is it, pray, to Bedlam or to Bankruptcy that you mean to drag us? To what lengths (and widths) do you intend indulging in your fashionable frenzy? Crinolinomaniacs! ask ye why this outburst? Listen, and perpend:

"The great development of ladies' dresses has necessitated the construction of trunks of extra size to convey them on Railways; and as such trunks not only take up room, but cost much trouble, the Railway Companies contemplate henceforth charging for them by size instead of weight."

This we learn from *Galignani*, and probably the paragraph must be taken as applying to foreign Railways only. But we sincerely trust the English ones will follow the example. Let them at once institute luggage trains for ladies, and charge most exorbitantly for the crinoline they carry. A guinea a square yard should be the very lowest tariff. Ladies having more than fifty yards about them should be charged five pounds per mile for every inch of the excess. To prevent its being smuggled, every lady should be measured when she takes her ticket, and the yards found on her person should be added to the yards discovered in her trunks. If the aggregate exceed the figure we have named, the crinolinomaniac should, as we have stated, pay for the excess. Any such offender convicted of such surplusage twice within a twelvemonth should be fined one hundred pounds, and have to advertise in *Punch* her name and her address.

You say these are harsh measures, ladies. Well, and so they are. *Mais que voulez-vous?* If you *will* be maniacs, we must deal with you as such. You then say, that your husbands, and not you, will chiefly be the sufferers by the plan we have proposed. Well, and so they will—if they are fools enough to pay for you. But do you dream that any man of them, not being an idiot, would travel twice with any wife who cost (say) fifty pounds for crinoline the first journey she took with him? No, no, ladies. Husbands sometimes are great fools, and will submit on such occasions to do anything you ask of them. In the honeymoon perhaps they might consent to travel, just for once, upon such terms: just as in the honeymoon they submit to be kept waiting while you "set your bonnet straight," and to be the guardian of your eleven bandboxes. But, you know, this fervour of affection soon cools down. Next trip, the eleven are cut down to six, and so they gradually dwindle as the husband's sway assumes more sensible proportions. In the like manner dear FREDERICK might consent for once to pay the fifty pounds for crinoline: but we question if a second time you'd catch him *quite* so amiable. Next autumn you would hear—"My love, I really can't afford it. I'll pay for *you* with pleasure, but I can't pay for your luggage. Choose then, my sweetest pet; will you go uncrinolined, or will you stay at home?"

We repeat then: start by all means luggage trains for ladies; and charge, Railways, charge your highest for all carried by them—crinoline must be paid for—that's the only way to check it. It is no use trying to laugh or reason women out of it. In all matters of dress, and in that of crinoline especially, the mind female is impervious to ridicule and reason. The only argument to use with them is the *argumentum ad pocketum*. Upon husbands who are fools enough to let their wife's dress ruin them, we have no intention to waste advice or pity. But to the sensible majority* we say, petition Parliament to make it penal for a Railway to carry crinoline unpaid for. You will then have the cure for it quite in your own hands—or at least in your own pockets. By refusing to defray the cost of its conveyance, you may with justice force your wives to leave their crinoline at home, and thus prevent their taking room up and annoying other people with it. You will thus be spared the pain of seeing your wives laughed at whenever they go out with you: as must clearly be the case so long as ladies travelling persist in making such broad farces of themselves as they at present do.

* Query, minority?—*Judy.*

Youth (suddenly). "*'Orrid murder—on'y Penny!*"

## NOTIONS, BOTH RUDE AND CRUDE.

LOVE is a Radical, Friendship a Conservative.

A little property brings as much trouble with it as a large one.

Those, who never admire others, are rarely admired themselves.

The worst form of ingratitude is to refuse to accept a favour from the hands of a person to whom you have had the pleasure of rendering one.

The reason why justice is so often denied is, because it is demanded as a right. We have a notion, that if it were solicited as a favour it would be much more frequently conceded.

Many a fool goes into society to run away from himself; but if others run away from him, instantly he gets offended; and yet it strikes us, that the latter are only following the good example that had been set to them in the first instance by the fool himself.

Flattery to a French fashionable woman becomes, after a time, almost as indispensable as Rouge—but then with the one as with the other, it all depends upon the delicacy of the application!

Fame is a Temple one can only mount a step at a time. As a Frenchman would say:—"*On n'y arrive que par degrés.*"

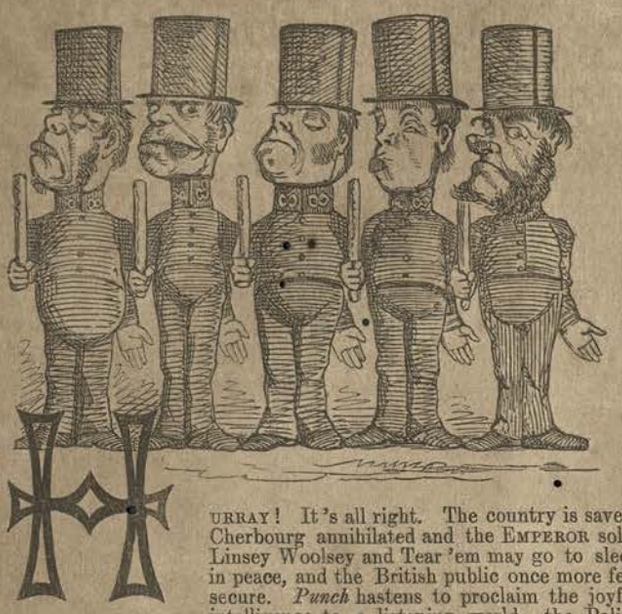
Instantly another is attacked, how eagerly we all cry out, "Send for the Doctor:" and yet we rarely think of calling in his services till the very last moment ourselves! Isn't it pretty much the same with Philosophy?

### Politeness between Old Friends.

JUST as the Comet was wagging its tail for the last time in the presence of this earth, JOHN COOPER respectfully took off his hat, and, with the greatest solemnity, said, salutingly, "*Au Revoir!*"

A MESSAGE TO BE WHISPERED IN THE EAR OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—"*It's Never too late to Mend.*"

## MIGHT AND MAYNE.



HURRAY! It's all right. The country is saved, Cherbourg annihilated and the EMPEROR sold. Linsey Woolsey and Tear 'em may go to sleep in peace, and the British public once more feel secure. *Punch* hastens to proclaim the joyful intelligence to a listening world; the Police are being drilled! We hope that the full importance of this (no doubt Conservative) measure will be duly appreciated. Imagine, gentle reader, the effect of the A Division on an invading regiment of Zouaves. Consider with what effect would the command "Move on!" be attended; fancy the general (perhaps LEWIS NEPOLEUM himself) being conveyed in the custody of Pleaceman X to Cold Bath Fields, amidst the jeers of the small boys of the neighbourhood. Or, to take another view of the question; picture to yourself the effect of letting loose the stalwart "Bobby," the delight of Coram Street, the cynosure of neighbouring squares, amongst the areas of Boulogne (that is, if there were areas in Boulogne, which unfortunately there are not). We exult with martial ardour at the thought.

We have been favoured by a distinguished member of the Force with the manual (or rather Maynual) of the drill which it is now the proud privilege of the municipal force to master, and which, it appears to us, contains a vast amount of information, not unmingled with a certain magisterial jocularity. A charming and exceedingly pleasant vagueness may perhaps be occasionally observed in a few of the instructions; but this, we have no doubt, renders the duty less irksome to the intelligent constable, as, it is well known, that no study is worth entering upon unless it offers some little difficulties to the beginner.

For instance:—

"When it is necessary to perform the diagonal march to the rear, the recruit will receive the word *Right* (or *Left*) *about three-quarters face*, upon which he brings the ball of the right foot (not the ball of the toe) to the left heel, or the right heel to the ball of the left foot, and makes a three-quarters face in the given direction."

What in the name of wonder is a diagonal march to the rear? Is it a sort of crab-like, and at the same time "slantendicular" motion, or what is it? Why the confusion of feet and heels, and above all, why, oh why, should the unfortunate recruit be instructed to make faces? Three-quarter faces, too, the difficulty of which must be appalling. We are then told that—

"The greatest precision must be observed in these facings, for if they are not exactly executed, a body of men, after being properly dressed, will lose their dressing on every small movement of facing."

Is a policeman a lobster, or a tailor's dummy, that he is to be dressed so very carefully? and are the consequences of making faces such, that a man is to lose his elaborate dressing from indulging in that somewhat childish amusement? It would appear by the way, that a policeman is to be treated as a species of calves-head, as we are further told that "the faces of the men, and not their breasts or feet, are the line of dressing."

The last curiosity we have discovered in this most interesting volume is this, "the man on the left of the rank, who *looks inwards*, and during the wheel becomes a kind of base line." Are we to take this literally, and are we to suppose that the unhappy man on the left is to pass his time in performing curious and hitherto unheard-of squints? Or are we to take the position to be a sort of moral blackhole, invented expressly for recalcitrant lictors, who are placed on (or over) the left, for the purpose of examining their consciences, and of looking into their minds (with the mind's eye, we suppose) until they display fit and proper penitence? The latter theory would appear to be favoured by the fact that the man is to form a base line, whatever that may be.

We could go on picking choice morsels from the Maynual, but we think it hardly fair to the author, who we hope, now he has been properly brought before the public, will receive that attention which is so eminently his due. We can recommend the book to our readers as a nice thing in puzzles, which will afford them much amusement during the long evenings, and we shall be happy to receive any solutions of the various startling enigmas it contains from such of our readers as may feel inclined to attempt to decipher them.

We observe several rather curious omissions in this work, however, which we think ought to have been avoided. We are not told in the first place, the proper manner of approaching a cook, or of making a successful attack on the cold meat, nor are we informed of the principles which govern the fact of a policeman never being, by any chance, to be found when he is wanted. We hope that these interesting points will be fully enlarged upon in the next edition of the *Manual of Drill, prepared for the use of the County and District Constables, in the several Counties throughout England and Wales.*

## SIMONIACAL SNOBBERY.

UNDER the heading of "Gross Outrage on a Clergyman," appeared the other day a letter in the *Times*, complaining of the subjoined advertisement:—

FOR SALE, the next presentation to a living, in a beautiful part of the country, on the borders of Oxfordshire and Bucks. There is a superior parsonage-house and grounds, and the income amounts to about £170 per annum. Population small. Incumbent seventy years of age and a bad life. Apply to Mr. W. H. HEWITT, Auctioneer, &c., 23, Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square.

"Trusting that," he "might survive MR. HEWITT," the writer of the letter signed himself "A SEPTUAGENARIAN CLERGYMAN." The advertisement had fallen under the notice of the Incumbent who, in auctioneering slang, had been coolly described as "a bad life." It appears that this extremely equivocal expression, particularly queer in application to a Clergyman, was false as well as brutal. Next presentation advertisers, with a view to correctness, if regardless of decency, should drop such vague phrases as a "bad life," and state distinctly, on medical authority, the disease of the heart, or other vital organ, on the ground whereof the speedy death of the Incumbent may be expected by the reverend purchaser.

## KING STEPHEN OF CARLISLE.

THE noble EARL OF CARLISLE, in the Chair of the Manchester Mechanics' Institute, made the other evening, in the course of one of his graceful and kindly speeches, a slight joke at the expense of his Order. His Lordship said:—

"The aristocracy of genius is still more limited than all the other aristocracies, whether of birth, or wealth, or personal strength, or beauty. But the aristocracy of virtue, which may not, I fear to say, contain a really larger actual number of persons, yet has this peculiarity in it, differing from all other aristocracies—that it may be co-extensive with all mankind; and it is our own fault if we do not each of us make one of that peerless aristocracy."

No, no; the aristocracy of virtue is not peer*less*. KING STEPHEN was a worthy Peer. So is the illustrious HOWARD himself, who invited the Manchester Mechanics to walk up into the aristocracy of virtue.

### Shop in High Life.

WHAT does our fashionable contemporary mean by this?—

"The bridesmaids were very prettily attired, and in compliment to the bridegroom they appropriately wore wreaths of hop-flowers and red roses."

The above is the final paragraph of an account of a "Marriage in High Life," which took place the other day in the Temple of Hymen, Hanover Square. In compliment to the bridegroom? Eh? What? Is SIR WHAT-D'YE-CALL-HIM, Bart., a florist and big brewer?

### Astronomical Discovery.

AN amateur astronomer, residing in Belgravia, in the interests of (g)astronomy ascended Richmond Hill, for the purpose of observing the Comet from that eminence. Having partaken of refreshment at the Star and Garter, he discovered the existence of a second Comet, of precisely equal magnitude with that discovered by DONATI. The second Comet was not visible to the unaided eye, but could easily be seen by the help of a champagne-glass.

SOCIAL QUESTION.—If Social Science is independent of Parties, what becomes of scientific *soirées?*

## THE BACKSLIDERS OF THE CHURCH.

The Correspondents of the *Times* have been bitterly complaining of the "monkish practices" which the Puseyites are introducing in the Church. Now, we regard these monkish practices as clerical backslidings: and it is easy to assign sufficient reasons for our doing so.

In reverting to the practices in vogue among the monks, their copyists slide back a century or two, and may in this sense clearly be regarded as backsliders. We however look on them as such, not more in a temporal than in a moral point of view. The monkish practices, to which they strain their utmost to slide back, were worthy the dark ages in which they first saw light. Such mummeries were tolerated in the bad old times, for the reason that their badness was suited to that epoch. Blind with superstition, people could not then see through them: but we have our eyes opened, and have no excuse for permitting their revival: in whatever light we look on them, they are an outrage on the sense of this enlightened era. It is an act of moral retrogression to revert to them. The clergy who slide back to them can but be regarded as clerical backsliders. Buried by our forefathers, such practices should now be kept within their graves. They are as completely out of place in this, the nineteenth, century as would be the ghosts of the old monks who first gave birth to them.

As tending then to obvious backsliding in the Church, it behoves us to put a stop to all these "monkish practices." What suited the sixteenth is far behind the morals of the nineteenth century. This is an age of progress, not of retrogression: and Church as well as State must keep pace with the time. "Onward!" is, or ought to be, the motto with them both. Backward life is seldom of much profit to the liver: indeed a step back may be taken as a symptom of decay. Growth ceases, when its action is no longer pointed forward. If we would have our Church preserve its powers of vitality, it behoves us to remove whatever stays its progress. Whatever steps be taken to alter its position, they must be to its advancement not to its reverse. Our new monks would revive what the monks of old invented. But this in no way can advance the interests of the Church: and there must be a stop put to such clerical backsliding. If the bishops will not help us, we must somehow help ourselves. Let vestrymen say how, and we will do it. *Floreat Ecclesia!* We stand up for the Church, and cry, "Down with monkish practices!" Let the right kick in the right place be the pay of such practitioners. As soon as any one of them has "read himself in" anywhere, the best thing to be done would be to let him be read out again: and we would recommend for such a ceremony an extra stout-soled boot, with the reading of the fit phrase—*Monk, dimitteris!*

## SOMETHING REVOLTING.

There has nearly been a revolution in Florence lighted by the spark of a cigar. The people have been most indignant because a trifling additional tax has been laid on their tobacco. Revolutions spring, apparently, from small causes. Here, apparently, in Florence, it was smouldering at the bottom of a cigar-case. In Bavaria, it ferments in a beer-vat. Let the exciseman touch a Bavarian's beer with his finger, and the whole town of Munich would pour out with their beer-jugs, and knock the Government on the head. Fortunately, in England, we are seated on such a solid rock of safety that nothing seems to shake us. We wonder if anything would move us, happy English, to revolt. We can imagine only two terrible contingencies,—the suppression of the Pantomimes, or the abolition of Exeter Hall. Let us hope that the day may be far distant before England sees the accomplishment of either calamity!

### Physiology of Public Oratory.

In public oratory words would seem to take a far higher rank than ideas. You hear many a mute inglorious Demosthenes, stuttering to express himself, say that, "he was at a loss for words;" but you never heard any one yet—not even a vestryman, or an Irishman—who had the honesty to excuse himself by saying that, "he really was at a loss for ideas."

The Flight of Genius. You may have a dozen Kites, but 'it requires a very knowing hand indeed to be able to fly even one of them.—*Our Capel Court Contributor.*

## THE CLOWN TO HIS BETTERS.

A ZONG O' ZOCIAL ZIENCE.

Your sarvant, my betters in station and wealth,
And thank 'ee for drinkun the labourer's health,
And Zur, I can't tell you how grateful we be
For the good advice you 've a ben givun to we.

'Tis true, my grand friends, as afore me I finds,
There 's nothun like rubbun together our minds;
For zo we both taches and larns zummat new:
And now let me zay just a few words to you.

Extravagunce—I bean't afeard to spake plain
To the shrewd higher ranks—is the gentlefolks' bane.
What lots of you *un*workun men falls a prey,
To that sad love o' yourn for show-off and display!

No doubt you doan't spend all your incomes in beer;
But what do your house-rents, now, come to a year?
Eight hundred, a thousand, and moor, I be told;
And by-'m-by the furnitur comes to be zold.

There 's likewise your footmen in all zarts o' plush,
Bedizened enough to make e'er a man blush,
Wi' the hair o' their heads full o' powder and grease;
My friends, this here nonsense 'tis time for to cease.

In hossflesh and carridges, too, what you spends,
Is dreadful to think of, my unemployed friends;
I doan't zay you ha'n't got no right for to ride,
But charruts and 'osses you keeps out o' pride.

And then there 's hoss-rheasus, I 'm zorry to zay,
On which you bets fortuns and fortuns away;
Oh! do, my grand friends, these here courses gie o'er,
And doan't goo a wagern and gamblun no more.

And what 's that there Uproar whereof I 've heerd tell,
When zum on 'ee goes up to Lunnon to dwell,
One night wi' another as costs, for a sate,
What med find 'ee in lodguns and clothun and mate?

How shockun expensuf's the lives as you lives!
What atun and drinkin! what feastes you gives!
How fur 'ood the valley of what you gets droo
At one grand blow-out, in a carter's keep goo?

The gout comes o' wastun' your substance and wealth—
And now I be got on the zubject of health,
'Tis one whereupon you needs much to be taught;
You doan't attend to ut at all as you ought.

A practice too common, a deal, in your class,
Is dancun in ball-rooms chock full o' foul gas,
Zo, talk about parties pent up in close air,
There's no crowded dwellings wi' yourn to compare.

Your ladies, my measters, their pardon I ax,
But they carries full ten times too much on their backs,
Grow'd out of all bounds—no offence I doan't mean—
But what do um want wi' all that Crinerline?

Your wives, I 'm afeard, is too often no good,
And doan't mind their dooties as much as they should;
They wun't nuss their babbies as Natur commands,
And laves all their children to sarvant gals' hands.

The end on it all is you runs into debt,
And risks all your fortuns, moor incum to get,
Wi' zum gang o' rogues; when by-'m-by comes a smash,
And you zee you be chousèd out o' your cash.

My friends as our labour in luxury maintaains,
To live on your means you must use your own braains,
Without self-reliance you 'll never larn how
Your puddun to ate in the sweat of our brow.

I hopes as how these arnest words I 've ixpressed
Like stoans in a millpond 'ool zink in ache breast,
Wi' thanks for your warnun agin beer and pipes,
You drank we in clarrut—Here 's to 'ee in swipes!

THE EXPERIENCE OF AN OLD JOKER.

There are jokes, like diamonds, that take infinitely less time to find than to polish.

## THE SERVANT GIRL AND THE SORCERESS. A SCENE OF DOMESTIC INTEREST.

SCENE—*A Kitchen.* HANNAH *eating a Plate of Victuals.*

*Hannah.* SITCH a place as this 'ere is for 'ard vurk I never see. (*Eats.*) Nuffin' (*speaks with her mouth full*) but vurk, vurk, vurk, from mornin' to night. (*Eats again.*) I wish I 'ad a 'ouse of my own to be my own missus. Ah! (*Puts down the plate.*) So much for (*wipes her mouth*) that!

(*Sings.*) Oh dear! when am I to get married?
And who is my 'usband to be?
A maid werry long I've a tarried,
Oh! won't nare a young man have me?

No sitch luck! Eye—oh!

*Gipsy Woman, above at Area Gate.* Any old chany to mend?

*Hannah.* Bother that old 'ooman! (*Bawling through the window.*) Chany? No! We don't want none.

*Gipsy.* Don't be cross with a poor old creatur', my dear. I wants to speak with yer.

*Hannah.* Drat her! she'll keep on till I answers the door. Well, what is it? [*Exit.*

*Enter* MASTER JAMES.

*James.* HANNAH! Ma wants you, HANNAH! where's HANNAH? Oh, I see; talking to that old tramp. Oh, dear! She's letting her in. What a precious ugly old woman. Oh! [*Runs off.*

*Enter* HANNAH *with* GIPSY.

*Gipsy.* Yer see, my dear, Chany's is only a excuse. I goes about for the good of poor servant gals. I reads their fortin' by the cards and by the stars, and the 'and. I tells 'em all the luck that 's in store for 'em, and who their husbands is to be.

*Hannah.* I spose you wants your hand crossed with silver?

*Gipsy.* No, my dear; that ain't no wise needful. I won't rob yer, nor pick your little pocket. I only axes yer to lend me a few things—just vun pound wuth o' clothes, and trust 'em to me for ten minnits. Any of yer missus's satin gownds, or plate, to put in along with it, 'ud make the charm work the more powerful; as in course you knows, my little dear, that the 'evvier as the bundle is the better. Show me yer 'and. (HANNAH *gives her hand to the* GIPSY, *who traces lines with forefinger in the palm.*) You will soon have a gentleman, and a great many children.

*Hannah.* Now raly and truly? (*A double rap at the front door.*) Ah! (*screams.*) Oh! Talk of the devil.

*Gipsy.* No my dear; that's not 'im—not that gentleman. There, go and hanser the door, there 's a good child, and then bring me down the things out of yer room. (*Exit* HANNAH. GIPSY *opens a cupboard.*) Nothin' here; I wonder where the things is all put to. (*Shuts cupboard, and proceeds to inspect dresser.*) A work-box. Let's see what 's in that. A case of needles. Blow them! A silver thimble. That 's more in my line (*pockets thimble*). Hark! Oh! here she comes. I mustn't be cotched peepin'.

[*Squats on a stool, and pretends to be gazing into the fire.*

*Re-enter* HANNAH.

*Hannah.* 'Ere, I've brort the things, Mum, as you said; but wot are you a goin' to do with 'em?

*Gipsy.* Nothin', my dear, more than take 'em to the next buryin' ground, kiver 'em with mould, and repeat prayers over 'em. So now just put 'em one by one into this here 'ankercher to make up a bundle. Do yer see this here? (*produces a vial bottle.*) This 'ere is dragon's blood, this is (*Empties bottle into fire, which flares up.* HANNAH *screams.*) Don't be frightened, my dear; put the things into the bundle as I tells yer; and now for the charm! You jine in corius along o' me:—

Round about the kitchen go,
In the goods and chattels throw:
Gownd, in trunk a weekdays stown,
Hand a Sundays wore alone;
Parasol from pawnshop got,
Put thou fust i' the charmed lot.
*Both.* Hubble, bubble, fold and double;
Out of evil into trouble.
*Gipsy.* Soiled kid gloves of Paris make,
In the bundle squeeze and shake;
Bonnet, boots, together shog,
Sleeves and apron, kitchen-tog;
Crinoline, and, right to bring,
Silver forks and diamond ring;

# ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

**The Working Man Enlightening the Superior Classes.**

For a charm which costs no trouble,
More nor blowin' hof a bubble.
*Both.* Hubble, bubble, fold and double;
Out of evil into trouble.
*Gipsy.* Night-gownd, night-cap, collar, cuff,
Shoes of satin, cape, and muff;
Hand, which Misses won't remark,
Ostrich feather plucked i' the dark;
Left-off velvet, good for Jew;
Shawl, and cloak, old rags wore through,
Slivered into shreds and strips;
Ends of silk, and satin slips;
Cambric bib of dandled babe,
Which it was too young to blab,
Makes up all as you could nab.
Hand with which I now will trundle,
Off to consecrete this bundle.
*Both.* Hubble, bubble, fold and double;
Out of evil into trouble.
*Gipsy.* One more drop of dragon's blood,
Makes the charm entirely good.

[*Ties up and shoulders bundle.*

*Hannah.* Oh, lor!

*Enter* Mistress *of the House.* Hannah *swooning, falls on* Gipsy.

*Mistress.* So!

*Gipsy.* Any old chany to mend, my dear lady? any old chany to mend, Ma'am?—dear lady, bless you!

*Mistress.* You tell fortunes, I think?

*Gipsy.* Well, my lady, if you please, my lady; and would you like to know your fortune by the cards, and by the stars, and how many ——?

*Mistress.* Thank you. I tell fortunes myself. I see a dark old woman and a light girl. I see a bundle which contains property, some of which belongs to a lady. The lady is looking at the light girl and the dark old woman. She calls for a Policeman! (*Enter* X 1.) The Policeman takes up the girl and the old woman, and carries them before a Magistrate, who sends them to gaol, to be tried at the Assizes, where they are sentenced to penal servitude for several years.

X 1. Come!

*Hannah.* Oh, pray, 'M! Oh, don't, 'M (*crying*). I won't never do so no more, 'M. Boo—oo—oo—ooh!

*Gipsy.* *Don't* be hard upon a poor old creatur', my lady—there's a good lady, please my good lady, pray my good lady!

X 1. Come!

*Mistress.* Go!

X 1. Come!

[*In an attitude of command points with his truncheon, marshalling* Gipsy *and* Hannah *the way they are going, while* Mistress, *with head averted from them and palms extended at them waving them away, dismisses them to their fate; and the* Scene *closes.*

## ADIEU TO THE COMET.

"We are just parting with a visitor who, it is now placed beyond doubt, attracted great attention, and probably excited great alarm, at his last visit, more than two thousand years ago. * * * Among its spectators might have been, not only kings and conquerors famous in story, but the so-called sages of Greece, and even the prophets of Holy Writ. Thales might have attempted to calculate its return, and Jeremiah might have tried to read its warning."—*Times, Oct.* 20, 1858.

What, off so soon, for whom so long we waited,
Have we displeased you, Wanderer of the Sky,
By flippant jests have you been aggravated,
Or felt insulted that we dared to pry?

Accept apologies, we didn't mean it,
Stars must permit the tribute of a stare;
Come, shake your tail, and from that star-dust clean it,
Nor look as sulky as your friend the Bear.

Still savage with our earth, and turning from it?
Well, *enfant trouvé* of Donati, go:
"Welcome the coming, speed the parting" Comet,
Is, perhaps, polite above as here below.

One hardly knows, though, why you can't endure us,
For you we've taxed our eulogistic powers,
That night you stuck your tail before Arcturus
We screamed and shouted "Beautiful!" for hours.

Nor only have we hymned your matchless splendour,
But given you that with which you've nought to do:
Our fruits so plentiful, our game so tender,
Our glorious summer, all ascribed to you.

Will nothing move you to delay your moving,
And charm us longer with that radiant face,
No, the Grand Orrery, of Newton's grooving,
Twists your head round—Away! through endless space.

From the old grandsire, wondering "if that *be* you,"
With his white hair dishevelled in the breeze,
To the quick, bright-eyed babe held up to see you,
While the fond mother fancies that it sees:

Queen on her terrace, Sage with ardour mounting
Tower whence his Galileo-glass is thrust,
Will be, in time by you not worth the counting,
Scattered and undistinguishable dust.

Dares a bold atom ask, with brain half dizzy,
What you will see two thousand years to come:
This planet still an ant's nest, black and busy,
Or an extinct volcano, white and dumb?

Will you behold, if keeping that appointment,
(Made for you, Sir, by Airy and by Hind)
Men still anointing Kings with holy ointment,
And Priests still leading, as the blind the blind.

Earth's choicest youth fierce rushing to the slaughter
That two crowned Fools may wreak their idiot pet;
Or wiser Christians' blood poured out like water,
That Jews may gamble with a nation's debt.

Will that day's Patriot be a mouthing truckler,
Setting proud Freedom's hymn to Freedom's dirge;
Will Law be still the rich man's shield and buckler,
The good man's terror, and the poor man's scourge?

Will you find Life a hot and blindfold skrimmage,
Men straining, struggling, scrambling, for red gold:
And Faith still worshipping the Golden Image
Reared by King Beelzebub in days of old?

Will Europe then have ceased to "make Religion
A rhapsody of words"—and some unclean:
Asia have plucked her curst Mohammed's pigeon,
Or Yankeedom her bird of prey, obscene?

Will all that world, with coronet and plaudit
Reward Success, while Merit's scorned and passed;
Will man ignore that great and dreadful Audit,
When Lies shall fail—the first time, and the last?

Who knows? Off, glorious Star-horse, clothed with thunder—
Thou hast no right to make a light strain sad;
Yet he wrote well, who wrote, thou parting Wonder—
"An undevout Astronomer is mad."

## THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

That there is no accent so charming as that of a Frenchman, who has had the privilege of picking up his English pronunciation in the blended society of a family from Somersetshire, a family from Lancashire, a Scotch doctor, an Irish half-pay officer, and a Bond Street lounger.

That Plutus, Pluto, and Plutarch are only different names of the same female.

That, as a general rule, monkeys are extremely likely to be deficient in respect to their grandfathers.

That when Saturn devoured his own children a megatherium pie formed the second course of the dinner.

That a geologist is very likely to be a partial uncle, because, though regardless perhaps of the fortunes of his nephew, he is sure to be properly attentive to the position of his gneiss.

### Thoughts whilst Waiting for the Printer's Devil.

To confound wealth with happiness, is to mistake the means for the end. You might as well fancy that a knife and fork would give you an appetite.

The smallest compliment we receive from another, confers more pleasure than the biggest compliment we pay to ourselves!

Most fashions are ridiculous, but one is obliged to tumble into the ridicule to avoid appearing still more ridiculous.

### ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

An Oxford gentleman has published *Counter Thoughts on Church Matters.* Is this Oxford Mixture?—and if so, what is the next article? One of the Thirty-nine, perhaps, in a non-natural sense.

## THE HORSE HIDING ITS DIMINISHED HEAD.

SOME Correspondent of the *Delhi Gazette* informs us, that at Allahabad they have a regiment of camels, 400 strong. It must be a most bumptious corps, we should say, and must easily take the rise out of any crack regiment that was petted by the private purse of a LORD CARDIGAN. Has the regiment been peculiarly formed out of compliment to the Commander-in-Chief? Are they called the "SIR COLIN CAMELS?" Some zealous Rajah, just beginning to mutter our language, may have stumbled over the half-joke. Anyhow, this camelry (for it would be a kind of bull, to call it cavalry) answers capitally. The animals are distinguished, principally, by the bump of obedience. As a Frenchman would say, "*ils ont la bosse de la docilité.*" Of course, as the advantages of the system become better known, there will be in time "Light Camelry" and "Heavy Camelry." Camel races will then follow, and the mess-room table will be enlivened by various interesting conversations, arising out of the sale and purchase of spirited camels. A regiment of Camelopards may afterwards follow. The new introduction may even change the turn of many of our proverbs, and a proud imperious person, instead of "riding the high Horse," may be accused of "riding the high Camel." By the bye, is not MONSIEUR LE CHAMEAU familiarly called, "the vessel of the desert?" It would look, therefore, as if our Indian authorities, by converting a squadron of these swift-sailing vessels into a regiment of swift-footed Camelry, had some intention of instituting a new corps of Horse-Marines? Is it true that the sailor and the soldier can navigate the huge vessel with equal ease?

## PLAIN AND TRUTHFUL TESTS.

THE TEST OF A GOOD HUSBAND.—Look at the key-hole of the latch-key on the street-door. If the paint is not rubbed off two or three inches round it, if the edges are as sharp and clean as when the door was first painted, you may be sure that it is a truthful indication of a Good Husband, who is most regular, and so early as scarcely ever to have occasion to use his latch-key; or supposing he does, is so accurate in his aim as to be able to hit the key-hole the very first time of aiming at it. How many husbands, who go home late, would be able to do the same?

THE TEST OF A GOOD YOUNG MAN.—This test takes pretty nearly the same circle as the above. However, instead of the street-door, look at his watch. If the key-hole, where it is wound up, is bright, and without the smallest marginal note; if there are no scratches, running in a giddy maze round it, such as betray decided marks of fumbling, you may look upon it as the shining mirror of a Good Young Man, whose hand, when he goes to bed, is as steady as his conduct has been during the day.

## A CONJUGAL REVELATION.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"DID you ever hear the remark, that women are curious beings? Curious may be here used in two senses—namely, inquiring, and singular. If you never did, I present you with the aphorism for your ingenious columns. I propose, as your friend LORD MACAULAY says, to illustrate the word, in both its senses, by a little anecdote.

"I was talking with my wife, the other morning, in as amicable a manner as the topics which wives are so very much in the habit of pressing upon us will allow. I had successfully resisted an evening party, had compromised a claim for new dresses for herself, sister (resident with us), mother-in-law (resident with us), and the girls, had mildly combated the eternal propositions that our house is too small, and out of the way, and that I have no pride in my family, or I should give them more advantages, had consented to purchase a box at the Princess's Theatre for Saturday night, and had half-promised to take on myself some bills which in all honour and propriety should come out of the housekeeping money. And it not occurring to MRS. WOBBLES that she had anything else particularly disagreeable to say, she was good enough to allow the conversation to take a more general turn.

"'I called and saw some very interesting things yesterday, MARIA,' I said. 'on my way to chambers.'

"'I thought you went out of the house in such a hurry because you were late,' retorted my wife, whose memory is an unpleasant one. 'I'm sure I almost had my nose snapped off because I happened to be five minutes late at breakfast (it was five-and-twenty). I wonder you had time to make calls.'

"Not replying to the taunt, I proceeded, Sir, in my usual mild but instructive way:

"'I saw some of the most interesting autographs and beautiful specimens of books and bookbinding that I ever met with.'

"'Indeed!' said MRS. W., with coldness. I will do her the justice to say that she has great power over herself, and seldom will she permit herself to display interest in anything if she sees that it interests me.

"'Yes,' I said, 'I did indeed,' and turning to my sister-in-law, EMMA, (who, I think I may say, speaking impartially as becomes a man, is a much more agreeable person than her sister,) I proceeded. 'I had the pleasure of perusing some autograph letters, in beautiful preservation, from MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, SIR WALTER RALEIGH, FRANCIS THE FIRST, CHARLES THE FIRST, and SECOND, OLIVER CROMWELL, and numerous other historical persons.'

"'La!' said EMMA, who is civil if she is ignorant.

"'I also saw an autograph of SHAKSPEARE, attached to a deed.'

"'La!' said the well-intentioned EMMA again.

"'And as for books, there were some exquisite specimens. Prayer Books that had belonged to Kings and Queens, bound in velvet, studded with jewellery, or covered with embroidery, and with beautiful pictures. There was the first edition of SHAKSPEARE, and of *Paradise Lost*, and of *Robinson Crusoe*, the original proclamation offering £100,000 for the head of the Pretender, and his counter-proclamation offering £30,000 for that of KING GEORGE THE SECOND, a set of playing cards made at Nuremberg in 1588, a playbill printed in the Arctic regions, on leather, the Admirable CRICHTON's original challenge, printed at Venice in 1580, a LIVY, in vellum, that was sold for £903—'

"'What a memory you have,' said EMMA.

"'My dear, I haven't told you a twentieth part of the interesting things I saw.'

"'Of course you can go and see such things,' said MRS. WOBBLES. 'It would never occur to you to get me a sight of them.'

"'My dear, I did not think you cared about such things.'

"'Oh, of course. Now, it just happens that I would give the world to see what you have mentioned. I adore such curiosities, and you know it well.'

"'In that case, my love, put on your bonnet after breakfast, to-morrow, and you shall see all these, and more.'

"'I should much like, TOM. Who has the collection? Would he like me to come?'

"'I will answer for that, my dear.'

"'But where is it?'

"'Close by, my dear. In fact, in the British Museum, Great Russell Street.'

"'What? There! Where anybody can go, any scrub, or servant girl out for a holiday?'

"'I am happy to say, my love, that, thanks to MR. WINTER JONES, any person can see them by simply walking through the libraries. Does that lessen the authenticity or interest of the things?'

"'Oh, I don't want to go *there*;' said my wife, contemptuously. 'By the way, you must leave money for the water-rates, I forgot to tell you; and BRESSUMMER the builder, wants his bill, and—'

"But she is not *your* wife, *Mr. Punch*, and has no right to annoy you. I had only a little story to tell. It is told, and I am

"Your obedient servant,

"*Gower Street.*" "THOMAS WOBBLES."

"MATHEWS AT HOME."—In *London Assurance*.

## A STAIRCASE FULL OF LAWYERS.

### OUR SECOND FLOOR.

UR Second Floor, except for the purpose of developing the peculiarities of our little world, might be passed over altogether, as the tenants of neither set of chambers are interesting specimens of legal men. JACK WRANGLE occupies the whole right hand set of chambers, and GRAB AND SNOB, attorneys, those on the left.

"JACK WRANGLE is the son of a St. Pancras vestryman, and has from his birth inherited a quarrelsome nature, which was fostered at school, where he squabbled over his marbles and disputed the umpire's decision at cricket. In maturer years, when he commenced the study of the law in MR. SLOWCOACH's chambers, he had not been many months at work before he acquired a sufficient insight into the principles to enable him to look up points and argue them with the other pupils. His chief delight was to coach up some case, and lay man-traps for poor MR. SLOWCOACH, and, with an air of great deference, to ask him some abstruse question, for the sole purpose of putting him out of his depth; and he would even go so far as to hint indirectly that SLOWCOACH should return him his fee, and allow him to go elsewhere, as he did not get all the instruction which he had a right to. WRANGLE's sole pleasure is in dissension and strife; he is not a bad-hearted man, far from it; but he is constitutionally argumentative on all subjects. If he gains a verdict in a cause, he maintains that the jury have given it on wrong grounds, and it was a mere toss-up which way they went, as they never understood the point; if the verdict goes against him, he always takes exceptions to the judge's summing-up, and at the beginning of the following term he is sure to move for a new trial.

"Whenever any great cause is likely to be compromised to the satisfaction of plaintiff and defendant, by a verdict being taken on certain points, up jumps JACK WRANGLE as *amicus curiæ*, and points out that such a verdict cannot be taken consistently with the pleadings; and when any great trial which involves the interests of all the commercial world is concluded, out comes a pamphlet, entitled, *The Verdict in* ROGERS *v.* BOGERS, *considered by* JOHN WRANGLE, ESQ., *Barrister-at-Law*; the result of which is, that the sanguine men are plunged into the depth of despair, and the doubting men are rendered as unhappy as ever. WRANGLE is the sort of man to take a pickaxe to open a lady's locket, and to use a toothpick to undo the lock of Newgate.

"In private and extra-legal life, the same dissentious disposition breaks out in a fresh place. At the meetings of the company in which he holds shares, WRANGLE is always getting up a cabal against the Directors; when there is a small dividend, he declares that it is owing to the jobbing and intrigue of the board; and when the dividend is good, he maintains that the accounts are cooked, and the profit is a myth, which has been paid out of the capital of the company.

"The first time I met WRANGLE was at a dinner-party at MADAME ENTRÉES, and it so happened, that I was fortunate enough to see the *Evening Paper* at the Club just before starting, and had the pleasure of taking with me the Report of the Peace with Russia. You know, *Mr. Punch*, the delight of arriving with good news amongst a mixed company; it gives one a kind of letter of recommendation to everybody; guess my horror, therefore, when JACK WRANGLE instantly exclaimed, 'I don't call it good news at all; there never should have been a war, Sir!' and he went on to explain that the whole quarrel with Russia was a job of LORD PALMERSTON's and quoted several authorities by which his Lordship ought to have been tried for High Treason. 'Talk of a day of thanksgiving for the Peace,' he exclaimed, 'if there is such an absurdity got up, I shall go to Chambers all day,' 'And I,' whispers little JACK WORLDLY, 'shall take a day's fly-fishing with TOM HACKLE.'

"Now, let us look into MESSRS. GRAB AND SNOB's chambers, but as we value our pockets and peace of mind, don't let us sit in the Client's chair, that stool of repentance which has made many a heart ache and many a pocket bleed. SNOB is merely a *Mrs. Harris*, being one of several partners whom GRAB has taken in the last fifteen years, for GRAB feeds on his species like the pike, and decoys credulous young men with a little money into a partnership, but makes the place too hot to hold them when they are once in the saddle, and after a year or two, he cajoles or bullies them into a dissolution, taking care never to lose anything by the transaction.

"To all appearance, GRAB is an open-hearted man, and there is a bluff manner about him which inspires confidence in those who don't know him. He is thoroughly alive to every point of his profession, and it is all the same to him whether a Client talks to him about Common Law, Chancery, or Conveyancing, as he is quite ready for any emergency, and the dirtier the work the better he likes it. GRAB, however, is not a rogue in grain, but from temptation. Costs are the aim and object of his existence, and by some extraordinary fatality all his Clients drift into Chancery. If a will is brought to him to prove, GRAB frowns and throws up his eyes, and suggests doubts, which doubts invariably end in a friendly suit, and which friendly suit makes a very long stay in the Court; for he generally contrives to be Solicitor for both parties, though sometimes, to GRAB's horror, the Court directs that the Infants should be represented by some other Solicitor, and then the suit speedily dies out.

"GRAB does a little Bill-discounting, but not openly; there is generally some dirty hanger-on under the name of a Client who frequently calls on GRAB, and the form of booking attendance, and making out bills of costs against this Client is kept up, and his name is used as Plt. in numerous actions. From the fact of GRAB constantly advancing money to him on personal security, and the hanger-on's actions being all for money lent on Bills of Exchange, it is casually rumoured in the office that GRAB is the real Plaintiff, and that the money due on the Bills is his own, as the proceeds of the actions always go to GRAB's private account.

"*Mr. Punch*, if you ever get into a squabble with a Jew attorney (which Heaven forbid), and want to outwit him, and are not particular about paying a handsome figure in costs, go at once to MR. GRAB—under any other circumstances let me recommend you to MESSRS. EASY, BLUFF, MUFF, AND GRUFF, who occupy the whole of our First Floor."

## THE SUPERIORITY OF THE MALE SEX.

PHŒBE *and* TOM *are looking out of window, on a very rainy day, the Grecian and Roman nasal feature of each mournfully flattened against the plate-glass panes.*

*Phœbe (who, in the language of colours, may be denominated "a fast Blue").* Yes! your sex has great advantages over ours. I only wish I had been born a man.

*Tom.* And why? Now, tell me, PHŒBE?

*Phœbe.* Because, you see, you strong creatures have no fear of the wet—you can brave the mud—and don't mind, if it comes in your way, being splashed by an omnibus, or a cab or two! Whereas we, delicate souls, can't stand the rain! A lady can't put on a Mackintosh, and go out in a drenching shower like this. Man can be warranted, like those preserved meats, to keep in any climate. But it's very different with a Woman. Too frequently, we are put for days and days together on the same shelf as our new bonnets, and can only venture out in fine weather. Thus, TOM, with a stronger desire for seeing, and a much greater claim for being seen, a Woman sees one-third less of the world than a Man does, inasmuch as, my dear boy,—and may I go to Confession, if it isn't true!—it rains in this beautiful climate regularly one day out of every three. There, now, what do you say to that?

[*This elaborate speech, worthy of a female House of Commons, is concluded amongst a derisive series of very loud* "Hear! Hears!" *from* MR. TOM.

### Exile in Spain.

IN an article relative to the respectable COLONEL WAUGH, the *Times* described that honest gentleman as having retired "to the genial climate of Spain." The climate of Spain, no doubt, is genial to COLONEL WAUGH, in comparison with that which is too hot to hold him; and it is also *con*genial to one who, though a fugitive from his native country, must feel quite at home among the freemen who have emancipated themselves from Spanish bonds.

By the bye, now we have no longer any Botany Bay—would Spain object to take our convicts?

### Shortfellow Sums up Longfellow.

MILES STANDISH, old Puritan soldier, courts gal PRISCILLA by proxy,
Gal likes the proxy the best, so MILES in a rage takes and hooks it:
Folks think he's killed, but he ain't, and comes back, as a friend, to the wedding.
If you call his ink-STANDISH stuff poetry, *Punch* will soon reel you off MILES.

Old Gentleman (who has a sensitive ear for Grammar). "*My dears, there's your Mother calling you.*"
Wild Boy of the West. "*O, her ain't a callin' o' we; us don't belong to she.*"

## RUSKIN'S BARN-DOOR.

MR. RUSKIN, in his paper on Art, read the other day at Liverpool, expressed a hope that little clowns might at least be taught drawing to an extent sufficient to enable them to delineate "ducks' heads," and "thrushes' breasts."

Whether this is altogether to be hoped or not, we can hardly decide. The comic element in rusticity is its essential beauty. Without it, rusticity would be simply dull. Viewed in relation to Art it would be less rich, if more accurate, in its manifestations. At present one of the most charming objects which the pedestrian encounters in his rural rambles is the pictorial Barn-Door which serves as canvas for the creations of juvenile rustic art. Under the various sketches, mostly in chalk, which adorn this familiar superficies, the name of the object meant to be represented is generally scribbled. Hereby we know that this or that extremely abstract idea of a human figure, in which the limbs are lines, and the fingers radii of a small circle, is meant for the Beadle, or some other local dignitary or personage, probably unpopular; passing by the name of "OLD SCROGGS," for example.

This effort of uncultivated genius, together with the gallows (of the Derrick type) to which it is contiguous or attached, will disappear from the barn-doors if MR. RUSKIN'S hope is fulfilled; and we doubt if the "ducks' heads," and "thrushes' breasts" will satisfactorily supply the place of "OLD SCROGGS," and "WALKER."

## A SONG OF THE TIMES.

Now listen, while I sing a fact that late befel
About a Frenchman young and bold, who loved a maiden well,
(Which, as you'll see, he found at last it was a horrid sell.)

This maiden was abroad, beholding of a fête,
When this French gent he saw her, and it turned his foolish pate,
And he proposed to marry her, and asked her worldly state.

"Oh, I have got, young man, four thousand golden pounds,
And horses, dogs, and likewise the most beautiful of grounds;
And a grand piano, which shall charm you with its dulcet sounds."

His Pa, however, was a most sagacious gent,
And consequently didn't choose to give 'em his consent,
So back to England as she came this fair young lady went.

But absence only made his love increase the more,
So with a friend he took the boat for Albion's seagirt shore.
(Oh! wasn't they both dreadful sick, when that sea they crossèd o'er!)

Then a wedding was prepared, most gorgeous and grand,
And the parson having tied them up with Hyming's lawful band,
The bride, to pay him, gave a cheque on COUTTS' in the Strand.

And then with joyful hearts they went to Malvern straight,
And lived, I do assure you, at a most expensive rate,
As parties do when lately entered on the marriage state.

They roamed about so free on Malvern's breezy hill,
Forgetting every grief and every kind of worldly ill,
Till the landlord asked for settlement all of his little bill.

The bridegroom and his friend they couldn't pay, d'ye see,
So the bride once more she drew a cheque on her bankers, MESSRS. C.
Which she signed it (bold as any brass) with ALICE ELLEN B——.

The cheque it was returned, and "no effects" they said;
The bridegroom he began to feel he wished that he was dead.
Or anyhow, at least, that he MISS B. had never wed.

For then he found he was a very ill-used chap,
And had tumbled slap into a most uncommon artful trap,
And had married of a swindling wife who hadn't got a rap!

They put him into gaol, which he found most horrid slow,
And made him pay up fifty pounds, which brought him very low,
Then he went to his old Governor, and says he, "Pa, here's a go!

"I thought I'd got a wife with four thousand pounds in gold.
But I find, dear Pa, that I have been by that there damsel sold,
And that her fortune is confined to thirty pounds, all told."

His father winked and said, "My boy, you're up a tree,
Unless we can annul your marriage by the law's decree;
Remember that you never did obtain consent from me."

The Court discussed the case, (you may read it in the news,)
And to confirm the marriage it did speedily refuse:
And so MISS B. gets nothing by her most audacious ruse.

Now all young men beware, and don't for money wed,
And if you do, take care you're not, like him bamboozlèd;
But see that all the money's safe before the prayers are read.

And, ladies, if you wish with Frenchmen to unite,
First pray take care that you have got their Pa's consent all right—
It was to point this moral that I did these lines indite.

### A French Miracle.

To meet with a French writer, who writes with anything like a tolerable knowledge of England, or English manners, on an English subject! If any inspired shepherdess will testify to the above miracle, and bring forward satisfactory evidence of the same in the Frenchman's own handwriting, we are ready to give our consent to its being recorded as the very greatest Miracle in the universe!—we mean, of course, the *Univers!*

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.—"As much Honour as you like, my Son, but as few affairs of Honour as possible."—*Paterfamilias Punch.*

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"WHY, JACK! WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU LOOK DEUCED QUEER!"

"YAAS! YOU SEE, I'VE GONE INTO BUSINESS. I BUY CLAY PIPES AT A PENNY A-PIECE, AND SMOKE 'EM TILL THEY ARE BLACK, AND THEN SELL 'EM FOR A GUINEA; BUT IT 'S PRECIOUS HARD WORK, I CAN TELL YOU."

## A SONG WITHOUT SENTIMENT.

*After the Manner of One with.*

No, WILLIE, we've *not* missed you!
There's no truth in what you've heard;
They said it but to "sell" you,
To believe it were absurd.
I would not hurt your feelings,
Yet 'tis well the truth be known;
We get on best without you,
So pray don't hurry home!

One can sleep in peace and quiet,
WILLIE, now that you're away;
For you know you were a late bird,
And ne'er perched till break of day.
Now, no more your spirit-rapping
In spirit makes us groan,
As when nightly you got groggy,
And at four meandered home.

Then those rackety "old schoolfellows"
Who *would* keep dropping in,
What a nuisance was their "sky-larking,"
Their drinking and their din!
How filthy were one's dresses
With the odour from their pipes:
While you ran one's servants' legs off,
Sending hourly out for "swipes."

Oh, WILLIE, now you're gone, dear,
What happy days we've passed!
No rows, love, now disturb us;
Ah! such sunshine cannot last.
Yet we've heard no news about you,
So perhaps to grief you've come;
Oh, we get on best without you,
WILLIE, pray don't hurry home!

### Tale of a Kite.

THE Papers tell an appalling story about an Irishman, who, flying a great kite, was carried away by it, and borne across the country until stopped by a stone wall. We had thought that it was no uncommon feat in Ireland for a gentleman to "fly a kite," and soon afterwards to find himself stopped by four stone walls.

## DISRAELI CHECKMATING MORPHY.

MORPHY promises to meet with a formidable rival in our ingenious CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. The play of the latter with Reform is just as clever as the play of the former with Chess. He is intent at present upon four games, any one of which would puzzle the skill of an ordinary player. He has a game of Reform pending with the Protectionists. We are afraid that he will have to sacrifice two or three strong pieces in order to mask his play, and lure his antagonists on to their ultimate destruction. He has also a game in agitation with the Whigs. His great foe here is LORD JOHN, who will give the "wondrous boy who wrote *Alroy*" no little trouble to beat him. Most likely, it will be a drawn game, and will have to be fought over again at some future opportunity. The enemy, however, whom DIS dreads the most, is the board at the head of which are clustered in firm conclave some of our strongest-headed Liberals. If they detect any weakness in his tactics, you may be sure they will instantly take advantage of it, and mate him to a certainty. There is, likewise, a little bit of play with PALMERSTON; but it is on so small a scale that it matters but little which way it turns.

The rumours are, that DISRAELI will win the first game; that the second, after a vast display of skill on both sides, will be a drawn game; that with the third, supposing the play is close, compact, vigorous, and determined on the part of the Liberals, the chances of victory will lean strongly on their side; and as for the fourth, that LORD PALMERSTON will see at a very early period the propriety of retiring from so unequal a match.

Thus, DISRAELI is at the same time playing a blindfold game with four different parties, all of whom are picked celebrities in the political game of Chess. Supposing he comes off the winner, his renown will be correspondingly all the greater; but it is ridiculous to conjecture the result of any contest in which DISRAELI has a competing finger; for where is the clever man, who would take upon himself to say, though playing with his eyes wide open, that he was up to DIZZY's moves from one day to another?

## THE WET SUNDAY OF SCOTLAND.

THE *Morning Star* has thrown some light on the statistics of drunkenness in Edinburgh by publishing the fact, to which MR. M'LAREN has candidly called the attention of the Edinburgh Town Council, that 4,874 persons in the last year, out of a total of 7,785 drunken arrests, had, for their own protection alone, to be conveyed to the lock-ups by the police. "Ought they to occupy the time of the police without being punished?" asked MR. M'LAREN. To talk about punishing them was easier than to do it, which the Magistrates, MR. M'LAREN was informed, had tried, and found they could not get through the work, though they set at it from ten in the morning till ten at night. According to PROFESSOR DICK, quoted also by the *Star*, the number of drunken women taken to the police stations was greatly increasing, in token of the success of restrictive legislation on whiskey. It appears that the ladies, not being able to drink in public-houses, get tipsy in private dwellings. Scotch Sabbatarianism certainly manages to prevent walking. The end of it is, that increasing numbers of the Scotch are unable to go or stand, and keep their day of rest by snoring in the gutter or the station-house.

### What to Believe, and How to Believe it.

"LISTEN patiently, like a clever fellow, and believe goodnaturedly as much as your judgment will allow you. Laugh pleasantly at the remainder. For instance, a recommendation to put salt on a bird's tail, if you wish to catch it, is a piece of advice which you will be wise to take *cum grano salis*."—*The Hermit of the Haymarket.*

AN OPENING FOR A STRONG DIPLOMATIC APPETITE.

A GRAND dinner has been given in Spain to M. DE LESSEPS. Considering the number of these dinners, one would imagine that the Isthmus of Suez was to be cut with a knife and fork!

*The Quaker, disgusted at the adoption of his Hat by the World at large, designs a new one he thinks will defy competition.*

## SALVE FOR A KEIGHLEY SURGEON.

WHEN a respectable medical man writes a nonsensical puff, and allows it to be published, with his signature subjoined to it, by a quack advertiser, those who know him, and know him to be incapable of writing it in the seriousness of humbug or ignorance, see that he wrote it in joke. But to others, who have not the honour of his acquaintance, his studied nonsense is simply nonsense, and his name, for aught they can tell, a myth. The respectable medical man, therefore, at Keighley, in Yorkshire, whose name happens to be the same as that of the author of a ridiculous testimonial, grossly misprinted, on which we commented the other day, has really no reason to feel aggrieved by our remarks, as we hear that he does. They cannot prejudice him with his friends, who, if he wrote that testimonial, are in his secret; and those who are strangers to him will apply them to nobody in particular.

We cannot but sympathise with any one who plays a good-humoured trick; especially one who palms off a hoax on a puffing quack. It may as well, however, be remembered, that such a joke at the expense of a quack becomes also, on the quack's part, a joke at the expense of the customers whom it procures for him.

## MUNICIPAL PLUMAGE OF MELBOURNE.

THE MAYOR OF BIRMINGHAM gave a dinner the other day to the MAYOR OF MELBOURNE. The antipodal Mayor, in his speech after dinner, made the following confession:—

"We have in Melbourne a full-fledged Corporation—Mayor, Aldermen, and Councillors."

Are, then, Mayors and Aldermen on the other side of our planet so exactly like those that inhabit this? Full-fledged—are they? we should never have thought so if the MAYOR OF MELBOURNE had not said so. Full-fledged—humph!—and do their fellow-citizens make their quill feathers into pens?

### LIBERTY AND EQUALITY.

FRANCE engaged in the Slave Trade? Nonsense! The emigrants whom French vessels convey from the coast of Africa are as free as our Allies themselves.

## A TREMENDOUS BAG.

MISS LUCY SMITH went out shopping the other day, and brought home with her a most tremendous bag. It was so heavy, that it was as much as the Page could do to bring it into the parlour to be inspected by the ladies. Upon its contents being emptied on to the dining-room table, it was found to contain:—a bottle of Kiss-me-Quick, a pair of white satin shoes, a bulky packet of gloves (cleaned), a dozen rolls of cotton, a paper of pearl buttons (to mend Papa's shirts), a box of cough lozenges, a bundle of violet-powder, a kettle-holder, ten yards of blue ribbon, a pack of club cards, a pair of American overshoes, a pot of bear's grease, a pound of jujubes, a velvet necktie, three cambric pocket-handkerchiefs with "LUCY" embroidered in gay flowers in the corner, a pair of mittens, a small tin can supposed to contain acidulated drops, beads and long pins and gold daggers and imitation coins for the hair, fifteen yards of the best long cloth, a bundle of brushes and small jars of gum for *potichomanie* work, small curling-irons, several small pots containing perfumes and mysterious volatile essences for the toilette-table, numerous papers of different varieties of Berlin wool with coloured pattern of *Brigand* for the same, two ounces of shot to sew round the bottom of one's dress, seven yards of edging for night-caps, a set of doll's tea-things, two packages of bird-seed for the canary, a bath bun, one *Convent Cell*, and *Two Fond Hearts*, with *Ten Thousand a Year*. Besides the above, there was concealed inside the long cloth a yellow book, that looked suspiciously like a French novel; but, as it was hastily snatched up by MISS LUCY, it is perfectly impossible to mention the name of it. MISS SMITH was not a little pleased with the results of her day's sport, having brought down every one of the articles enumerated in the bag herself in the space of little more than four hours and a quarter. It must be mentioned, however, that the lady in question is a practised hand at shopping, having been often taken out by her respected Mamma, when she was not much more than five years' old, for a day's run amongst the most carefully preserved shops in the Metropolis, on which occasions the little thing was allowed the happy privilege of carrying the bag.

## MICHAELMAS TERM.

A VISION OF 1ST NOVEMBER, 1858.

O'ER the First day of November the night had drawn her pall,
And dark and heavy hung the gloom in Westminster's old Hall,
In rusty worn habiliments, unshaven and unshorn,
Two shadowy figures stalked the floor with countenance forlorn.

They passed the Queen's Bench Court, they left the Exchequer at its ease,
But they paused before the doors that guard the Court of Common Pleas,
And whilst they stood upon the steps, was held discourse of woe,
'Twixt those old Twin-brothers of the Law, JOHN DOE and RICHARD ROE.

"Brother," quoth one, "The good old days are gone when you and I
In yonder Court were often named, and held position high;
When none could bring ejectment save with aid of you and me,
And many a lawyer blessed us as he pocketed his fee!"

"To-morrow," said the other, "opes the Term of Michaelmas,
(Of old how dear to us the name of *animarum cras!*)
Shall we stand and watch the Chancellor and the rest of lawyer race,
And take a sight (unseen) at them, at the purse, and at the mace.

"RICHARD!" said JOHN, "I could not bear that these ghost-eyes should gaze
On men who are identified with these degenerate days,
Who all the ancient quips and cranks of Law and Pleading spurned,
And as casual ejectors have themselves against us turned."

Said RICHARD, "Hie we to the East of London, there we'll find
A home in Doctors' Commons Court that fits our frame of mind;
With other Ghosts of olden Law we shall have goodly sport,
We'll try ejectments every night, and set the times at naught."

CHARLES SILVERWIT was staying at the country house of his sister-in-law, LADY CRAWLEY, who has a charming and beautiful sheet of water before her house. SILVERWIT and a young lady were looking at the still lake, in which the trees were reflected, when the latter said that the scene reminded her of Scotland. At this moment LADY CRAWLEY came out, followed by the Beadle of the neighbouring church. "It reminds me of the land of SCOTT," said CHARLES; "for there is the Lady of the Lake talking to the Lord of the Aisles."—*From Punch's Literary Anecdotes.*

## THREE CHEERS FOR CHOWLER.

PAYVO, CHOWLER! Hip, hip for CHOWLER!! Hooroar for CHOWLER!!! CHOWLER is the poor man's friend, and no mistake. CHOWLER has been lately starring in the provinces, and has been rivalling the Comet as an eccentric body. This is how CHOWLER blazed away at Collingham:—

"MR. CHOWLER said, he was greatly delighted to see so good an attendance at the dinner, as it convinced him that the society was still prospering. There were a few things connected with agriculture which he thought deserved observation. In the first place, he thought the farmers were not in quite so flourishing a condition as they were a year ago. That assertion might probably surprise many of them, as the harvest in that neighbourhood had this year been particularly good; but there was a difference of opinion as to its productiveness. Indeed, the farmers had already been recommended in more than one quarter not to sell at present, as there was a great prospect of the wheat crop proving below an average. That was certainly not his own opinion, but he simply gave it as an opinion which had been expressed by others who were likely to be well informed upon the subject. Whether the price of money operated upon the price of corn he was unable to say, but it was quite certain that for the last twelve months there had been nothing more than a consumptive demand. There had not been that speculative demand which generally had a tendency to raise prices. *(Hear, hear.)*"

CHOWLER's logic here has decidedly a sort of after-dinner smack about it. To justify his statement that the farmers are not flourishing, he prefixes the fact of their flocking to a feed, and appends his "own opinion" that they have harvested fine crops. Their only drawback is, that the demand *for* corn has lately been no more than a consumptive one. Like the *Ghost of Banquo*, they have had of *late* "NO speculation in their eyes," and have therefore, argues CHOWLER, perhaps not been so well off as otherwise they might have been. Perhaps if they had speculated, they might have been worse off; but this alternative escapes the reasoning mind of CHOWLER. As a further illustration of his after-dinner state, CHOWLER pits his "own opinion" against "others well informed;" and to convince his friends how competent he is to form a judgment, he confesses perfect ignorance of one of the chief points on which that judgment should be formed.

CHOWLER then comes out upon the Prize Labour system, and challenges the *Times* to single combat in these terms:—

"There was one other subject which he thought, as a practical farmer, he was bound to notice, and that was an article which appeared in the *Times* a short time ago throwing ridicule upon the agricultural associations, and the prizes awarded by them to labourers. The [illegible] of the article seemed to think that the farmers were taking upon themselves to bestow a province which did not belong to them; that, in point of fact, they were putting a misplaced value upon virtue. He (MR. CHOWLER) denied the charge *in toto*. The farmers of England had originated these societies for the purpose of rewarding their servants, and they had a right to reward their dependants and servants in any way they chose. However humble the money value might be, it was in many cases much more acceptable to the recipient than a medal would be. *(Cheers.)* During the Crimean war he had seen soldiers paraded before HER MAJESTY in great pomp, and then rewarded with a medal. In point of fact, the advisers of HER MAJESTY seemed to have such a poor opinion of the soldiers that they thought they could keep a medal where they would waste any reward that might be given in money. The farmers had no such opinion of their dependants, but gave them money, which was much more useful to them than a thing to look at. *(Laughter.)* When a labourer received a money reward, whether small or great, if he had exigencies which required assistance, he could apply it usefully, and he (MR. CHOWLER) certainly thought that that was by far the best mode the farmers could adopt among themselves for rewarding integrity and industry. *(Cheers.)*"

To logicians, who would wish to reason like our CHOWLER, we say *Fortiter occupa Portum*, that is (we translate for CHOWLER's benefit) Stick to your port. Claret clarifies the wits; whereas port bemuddles them. There is a decided smack of port in CHOWLER's notions of Prize Labour—port "black and strong," as doubtless CHOWLER likes it best. To show his activemindedness CHOWLER jumps to the conclusion that sums "however humble" are more acceptable than medals. If the "money reward" were equal to the "exigencies" of the labourer, we might agree with CHOWLER, and change our "own opinion" of it. But a prize of twenty shillings for a lifetime of hard labour (which we believe to be about the average quotation) appears to us not quite fairly in proportion to the exigencies, which at the end of so long a service the aged labourer would feel. Virtue is proverbially its own reward, and therefore (perhaps CHOWLER thinks) it needs none from the farmers. But in the name of Christian charity we must protest against the faith, that the "best mode" of rewarding an honest course of industry is to give a prize of twenty shillings at the end of it.

Going in for the useful, CHOWLER sets his face against the ornamental: though there is certainly small fear of this last adjective applying to any so-called "decorations" which the Government award. But although they are not beautiful in an artistic point of view, there is no doubt they find favour in the sight of those who wear them. In his lofty contempt for all that is not useful, CHOWLER sneers at soldiers' medals, and holds them to be valueless—excepting for the pawnshop. CHOWLER also sneers at the moral powers of those by whom such medals have been earned. Soldiers, unlike labourers, having no retentive pecuniary faculty, are not fit to be trusted with twenty shillings sterling. For which sentiments, so highly eulogistic of the Army, if any British officer chanced to be in earshot, we should think that CHOWLER's nose was in some danger of a tweak.

## THE LETTER-CARRIERS AND THEIR LORDS.

"MR. PUNCH,

"SOME of your contemporaries express astonishment and indignation at the menace lately addressed by the POSTMASTER GENERAL to the Postmen for meeting and complaining of the smallness of their pay. None are so blind as those that won't see. Suppose your contemporaries were in the receipt of very large salaries for very little work, and had under them a lot of understrappers, doing exceedingly hard labour for extremely small wages, how would they like those ridiculous wages to be published by the receivers; whose services, as we all know, involve severe bodily exertion, acute intelligence, and uncommon honesty? Are they ignorant of the proverb, 'Comparisons are odious?' Do they not know that the public would instantly draw comparisons between their places and those of their underlings? How would they like everybody to be saying—'What a shame it is that those almost useless fellows, on the one hand, should be so preposterously overpaid, and that those poor hardworking men, on the other, should receive such beggarly remuneration!' For beggarly, between ourselves, *Mr. Punch*, unquestionably it is, in the case of the letter-carriers—from 19*s.* to 23*s.* a week; figures which those under-servants of the POSTMASTER GENERAL showed great indelicacy in revealing. Because, of course, the question is, how to raise them? and as this can only be done by means of increased taxation, or some reduction in the revenues of their superiors' comparative sinecures, it is probable that popular clamour will drive the Government to the adoption of one of these alternatives—we may guess which. Put yourself in the position of the Post Office authorities, and ask yourself, if you would not, for your own sake, suppress the complaints of the discontented letter-carriers, if you could? Do as you would be done by; and pray, *Mr. Punch*, flourish your all-powerful cudgel in vindication of the natural attempt on the part of the POSTMASTER GENERAL to stop the mouths of the general and local postmen.

"I have the honour to be, *Mr. Punch*,

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

"*Downing Street, November*, 1858." "JUSTITIA."

### "Where 's Cocker?"

IN answer to MR. JOHN BRIGHT, "A Lover of Truth," in the *Times*, defends LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE against the charge of having neglected the letters from SIR W. WILLIAMS, sent from Kars. The defence is, that the letters were fifty-four in number, and came nineteen at a time. We waive the trifling question, whether the fact that the letters came in batches did not show how closely WILLIAMS was beleaguered, and how difficult it was to get messengers off, and we sternly demand, by what process of arithmetic fifty-four letters could be sent in batches of nineteen? The lover of truth is a false lover.

### Canzonet on the Comet.

AIR—"*Little Bo Peep.*"

THE Comet has flown,
Where?—it is not quite known;
But in two thousand years we may find him.
Says AIRY, he 'll then
Come and see us again,
And bring his tail behind him.

### PARLIAMENTARY VACATION TASKS.

WHENCE all the stump oratory about Social Science, of which we have lately heard so much? An Irish philosopher says, that noble lords and honourable gentlemen have been exercising their tongues to keep their hands in.

## SERIOUS THING FOR BROWN,

WHO RATHER PRIDES HIMSELF UPON THE ELEGANT MANNER WITH WHICH HE TAKES OFF HIS HAT. THIS TIME, HOWEVER, ALTHOUGH THE HAT IS REMOVED, THE LINING STICKS.

## AN EVENHANDED ALDERMAN.

A MAIDEN LADY, MISS DANCE, of Southsea, has a little fortune of £5,000 left her. She employs a Stockbroker to invest the money, and leaves the securities for the investment in his hands. By-and-by, on the advice of her friends, she demands the securities, which the Stockbroker said were in the possession of the London and County Bank. The London and County Bank knows nothing of the securities; and they are not forthcoming. The Stockbroker is given into custody, and brought before ALDERMAN CARTER at Guildhall; when the facts above stated having been deposed to, the prisoner is remanded. Hereupon arises his Solicitor, and has the following brief conversation with the Alderman:—

"MR. RICHARDSON. Will your Honour be kind enough to order that MR. [Stockbroker] may be taken to prison in a cab, instead of going in the prison-van?

"ALDERMAN CARTER. Certainly not.

"MR. RICHARDSON. I mean at his own expense.

"ALDERMAN CARTER. It is a most flagrant case; and the respectable position of the prisoner renders the offence even more serious. I cannot make any distinction between him and any other prisoner."

Well said, ALDERMAN CARTER. The Stockbroker, to be sure, may have mislaid the securities; they may turn up yet, that is possible: and every man must be held innocent till proved to be guilty. But what is sauce for alleged pickpocket is sauce for alleged fraudulent Stockbroker. If the latter ought to be remanded in a cab, so ought the former; and ALDERMAN CARTER'S remarks on the matter in question were very strange—in Guildhall; and he has set an excellent example to Aldermen.

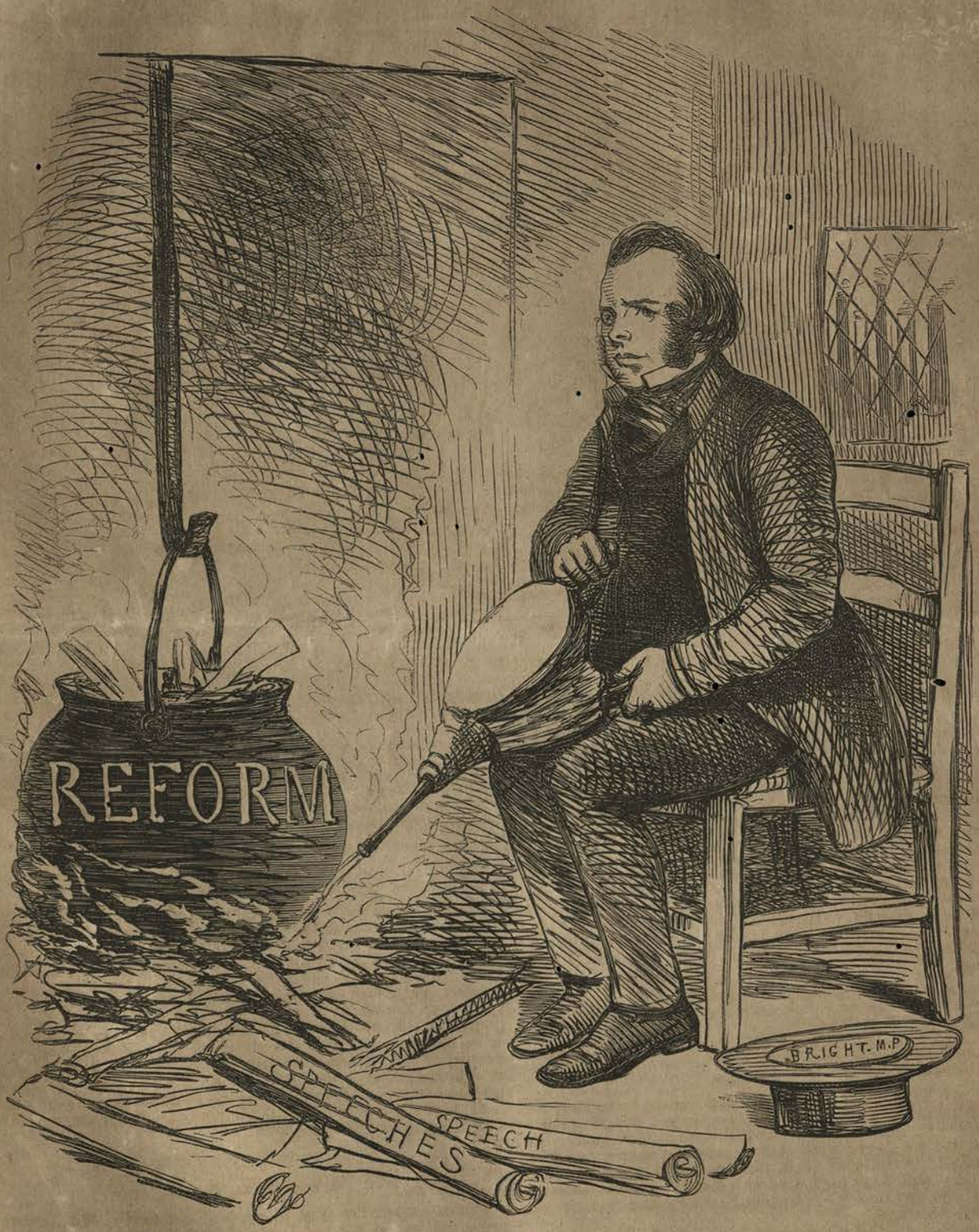
What a charge!—that of having embezzled the trust of a Maiden Lady's £5,000; perhaps her whole fortune. Think of the misery such a crime might inflict, and then say if there are any bounds to the punishment which ought to be awarded to such crimes, if punishment could prevent them. It is rumoured that this is not the only case of the kind likely to come before Magistrates and the public. What is to be done to check financial rascality? Execution on the rascals? Really if that would but answer, a sincere philanthropist might eat his objections to capital punishment. Better that a scoundrel should hang from a beam, than that a good honest person should be left with nothing but the workhouse to depend upon.

## WARNING TO PROTESTANTS.

IT is finally decided by the POPE, the EMPEROR, and the *Univers*, *in re* the little Jew boy, MORTARA, baptised surreptitiously by his nursery-maid, that baptism into the Church of Rome, "even when administered without the knowledge or consent" of the victim, renders him a Catholic, and no power can do away with the efficacy of the process. *Mr. Punch* understands that in consequence, the eminent missionary, CARDINAL WISEMAN, has succeeded in corrupting the proprietors of Exeter Hall into allowing him to place in their gallery a fire-engine charged with consecrated water, and that at the next meeting of the Protestant Association, the Cardinal, aided by some stout-limbed priests, means to play upon the crowd, and declaim the baptismal service of Rome. As there is no doubt that this will quite fulfil the conditions required by the Church, *Mr. Punch* advises all true Protestants to take their umbrellas.

### A Promising Career.

PRINCE ALFRED has gone to sea as a Royal Cadet. May Neptune be merciful to him, and the Lords of the Admiralty kinder than they generally are to members of the Royal Family. We need only mention the way in which the DUKE OF CLARENCE was snubbed. However, we take the greatest interest in this young NELSON, and shall watch his rise in the service with the most jealous affection. From the little we have seen of him, we should not wonder, if he has only fair play, that many years will not fly over his talented young head before he is Lord High Admiral!




"IT WILL SOON BOIL!"

## PRIZE MASTERS.

*"To maester punch, fleet Street, Lunnon.*

NNERED SIR,

"I takes the libaty of A dressun yow this year, which Its in cornsekens of a A parry graft as i See Sur its were in our county peayper, last Satterday was a week, as follers, wiz:—

"A NOVELTY IN PRIZES.—At the Meeting of the North Somerset Agricultural Association, a prize of three guineas was given to JAMES BUNCE, as the best ploughman, and a silver cup of the value of £5 to MR. G. NICHOLLS, as his employer.—*Sherbourne Journal.*"

"Sur, i cuts this Out in prent that yar might haeve it quite Coreck and not spylted wiht my Spellun which my Edication were neglected time As i were yung, you see sur fokeses didn't think so much of Yuseful Nolledge thutty yare agoo you See sur as they neow does. Sir, I were a readun of the peayper downd at the Pigg and Tenderbox, which its a bier house Inn our willudj, as We moastly as just arf a pint or So at Saterday arternoons, when who should come in but GIL HARMSTRONG, which yar may haev heerd, Sir, he were guve A suvering last week at t'Aggericoolturural show as his reward Fur havun lived 9 and fowerty yere on 8 shilluns a week, and brorted up a Wife and fambly without parrish Relief. So a says to him says i, GIL bor, says I, what d'yar think o' this year Parry graft? Well, says E to me, i tells yar what it is JIM Bor, says he, if yor axes fur My pinion, leastways what I thinks, maybe yarl not mind A standun of a ½ pint whiled I tells yer, Cause Yar see one's throoat gits Usky like a talkun. GIL he then say to me, avun swollered his arf pint, My blief is, JIM, he says, as givun Silver cupses to our Maesters is a wery good I dear, and I as do some credit to the gen l man as inwentented of it. fur, lookee-year, JIM, Bor, says he, Good maesters makes Good sarvunts, leastways 9 times in 10 you'll fined they does, says he, which if so be as its thort right t'give prizes to good Sarvunts, Y a says as yar good Maesters ought to have M tew. A dwoaant see why us Sarvunts should git suvveruns fur good Conduck whiled our maesters dwooant git Northun for it, leastways northun public. Y should you or Me, says he, JIM, git our suverins fur good Sarvus if our emplyers baint to haev a Summut as good maesters. A suverin baint much yow l say fur men has as 12 children, let alone a wife and muthernlaw, no more baint 5 pund silver cupses t' fairmers as emplyse us. But yow know they says it Taint the *money wally* of th' prize as it B guv for. its the Onner o' th' thing and The seeun of it in the Peaypers, that's what A spose as is so benefishl to us. But a tell you what, JIM, bor, seems to Me as maisters wants a teechun pretty nigh the saame as Sarvunts. They sendes us to skule and stimmy latess of us to Good Conduck by a promisun of prizes at these year Culturooral Shows and A says as tis but fair as the Good conduck of our maester should be similar re Warded, else how can us expects to find they parseweres int. Wartue, we be told, JIM, air its own Reward, which its peraps the reason why they oney gives A suverun same as they ded me for nine and thutty yare out. But them air chairmen tell Us as the system o Prize Leaybour be a good thing foor us sarvunts, A spose they means as it be Found t' improve the breed on us, same as givun prizes At them Culturrural shows improves the breeds o' cattle. So I says, lets have Prize Maesters same as we have Prize pigs, prize oxes, and prize Sarvants. Depend ont, Bor, says GIL, and here he turned his mug upsiders as a delicate reminder that he ud like a Nuther ½ pint if so be as A ood stand it, which in coorse A ded, he avn spoke up like a Man, and a ad just received my Weages, depend ont, Bor, says he, there 's a Nition sight o' Maesters as ood be none the wuss for avun Silver cups presented M, if so be as how them cups *improved the Breed on em.*

"Which holdun the same sentiments, A remain, Sir,

"Yar obajnt oomble sarvunt to Komand,

"KRISTOPHER CLOD,

*"uppuds a forcer and thutty yare labrer down Holser way, Suffuk."*

### Movement in High Life.

HIS Brightness the Comet, who has done us recently the honour of a visit, left the other day, for it is not yet quite known where. His Brightness was attended by a brilliant *suite*, or tail, without which we believe his Brightness never travels. During his stay hereabouts, his Brightness starred it most successfully for a limited number of nights, and admirers everywhere paid homage to the light of his presence. There is a rumour that his Brightness intends coming to us again in about two thousand years, when we need not say we "wish that we may get" a sight of him.

## CANDOUR WITH CONSTITUENTS.

NAME excepted, every reader of hustings-speeches has read the subjoined paragraph over and over again:—

"MR. ONSLOW, when the usual formalities had been gone through, stood forward to address the electors, and was received with cheers. He said he was deeply grateful for the honour they had conferred upon him, and indeed he could hardly find words to express his feelings on the occasion."

Why the depth of gratitude always professed by honourable gentlemen for being elected to serve in Parliament—a service of great labour and no wages? This question seems answerable in MR. ONSLOW'S case. Referring to his family, he reminded his Guildford constituents that—

"One member of it had been a speaker, and another might possibly fill the same position."

The chance of a Speakership, with a Peerage to follow, is something to feel deeply grateful for. Why don't other honourable gentlemen imitate the example of MR. ONSLOW, and, when they thank their constituents, explain the reason of their gratitude? "Thank you, gentlemen, a thousand thanks! This is the happiest day of my life. You have sent me to Parliament to further the interests of my Railway Company—to become Attorney-General—by and by, perhaps, Lord Chancellor—in short to advance my own interests, and feather my own nest." Such thankfulness would be intelligible. Candour is a jewel.

How powerful are the inducements which cause a man to stand for Member of Parliament, may be understood from the interruptions which another gentleman experienced in attempting to make a speech at the same election:—

"MR. EVELYN came forward amidst cries of 'There 's a head for a cat to litter,' and 'Who 's your barber?'"

The difficulties which MR. EVELYN had to contend with in delivering his oration, will appear from the notes with which it is interspersed by the reporter:—

"Tremendous uproar. . . . Uproar and cheers. . . . No, no, and yes, yes. . . . Confusion. . . . *Cheers and uproar.* . . . A voice (MR. EVELYN saying, 'He should like to know how far MR. ONSLOW meant to go'), To Parliament. . . . How about the Magpie and Stump? . . . Great uproar."

To stand rebuffs like these, a candidate must feel a very strong affection for people who entertain an extreme antipathy to himself. Or, he must have some very important object in view. He must be actuated either by enthusiastic public spirit or by exceedingly strong motives of a private nature.

## WHOLEHOG SABBATARIANISM.

THE pious lunatic who wanted to prevent his beer from working on the Sabbath, after all was not above a half and half Sabbatarian. The Whole-hoggites of that sect go the entire animal. They are not satisfied with stopping merely man's works upon Sundays. They entertain a wish to stop the works of Nature also. Not only would they stop their beer from working on the Sabbath, but they would even stop a storm from brewing, if they could. Had the Whole-hoggites their will, the sun should cease to shine, and the winds should cease to blow, the birds should cease to sing, and the beasts should cease to feed; the sea should cease to flow, and the earth should cease to move: during all the four-and-twenty hours which constitute the Sabbath.

In proof of this we quote from a well-informed contemporary:—

"A short time since we learnt that the Established Presbytery were taking counsel to put down the sin of Sunday walking; and now we have to state that, not to be out-done, the Free Church Presbytery of Edinburgh has actually resolved, at DR. BEGG'S suggestion, to send a deputation to the authorities of Leith, and get them to prevent the sailing of all windbound, or any other, vessels from that port on Sundays."

Doth not this suffice to prove what we asserted, brethren? If it be a sin for man to walk on Sundays, ought not all the other animals to be kept stationary also? Beloved, why should dogs or donkeys keep moving when ourselves may not? Are we not, dear brethren, all equally God's creatures? Is it permitted for a dog to do on Sunday what a man may not?

Cease, Nature, then, thy works! Cease, animals to move; and cease, winds, to blow! Let man, for one day out of seven, be deprived of power of motion. Neither let his legs, nor his ships, on that day carry him. The Sabbath, it is well-known, was not made for man. Man was but an after-work: made but to keep the Sabbath.

A TERRIBLE WOMAN.—Poor LAMB calls his Mother-in-law "quite a female Cherbourg; for she has never been to him other than a 'standing menace.'"

ULTRAMONTANE INTELLIGENCE.—The POPE declares himself unable to surrender the baptised Jew boy, MORTARA, to his parents. The Jews threaten reprisals.

THE COMET, AS SEEN FROM OUR AREA.

## A ROYAL CADET.

PRINCE ALFRED has joined the *Euryalus* for his first trip. The report tells us, that the Prince (to whom *Admiral Punch* wishes all kinds of Trafalgars and Aboukirs) is "to enjoy no immunity from his royal rank." Highly proper; the youngster is to be treated like any other youngster; there is not to be the smallest distinction between his berth and that of the humblest cadet. However, our eyes travelling on, we were startled to read that, as the Prince joined his ship, the yards were manned, a salute was fired, and a grand luncheon laid out for him in the state-cabin. Hence, we conclude that, when MASTER DUMPLING, or any other cadet, goes to sea for the first time, the yards are always manned, salutes are invariably fired, all hands are piped on deck, and the honours of the reception are generally wound up by the lad's receiving an invitation to lunch with the Captain in his cabin. No wonder our English boys are all so eager to go to sea!

### Assurance for Husbands.

SOME of the principal capitalists of London are engaged in the formation of a new Company for Insurance from Damage by Fire. In consequence of the constantly occurring accidents, by which ladies, owing to the immensity of their dresses, are either burnt to death, or have a large portion of the valuable and extensive stock of drapery which they carry about with them destroyed, those eminent financial gentlemen have determined to establish a Wife Insurance Company.

## A BUSTER FROM CARDEN.

ONE of DR. WATTS's beautiful poems for children has been brought forcibly to our mind by the behaviour of our admirable Sovereign, the MAYOR CARDEN, Baronet. That glorious orb is within a few hours of setting; and the Mayoral splendour will soon merge in the Aldermanic wave:—

"But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun he looks richer in grace."

Scarcely a day passes but CARDEN distinguishes himself by some superhuman display. We would try to chronicle his brilliancies; but nothing less than a weekly supplement would hold one-half of them. Still, we must preserve some record of the Great Mayoralty; and perhaps the following oration, delivered by SIR R. W. C. in a bigamy case, is as worthy of his transcendant genius as any of his magnificent outpourings.

To understand the first sentence (though, like the old Scotch lady and her admired preacher, we wad no ha' the presumption to attempt to understand CARDEN), it should be said, that one of the young ladies who had been victimised by the bigamist was very pretty. Thus spoke SIR ROBERT:—

"I wonder the fellow got tired so soon of his marriage with you, MRS. GEER. It must be a hard-hearted wretch to run away after only five days of married life with you. I wish I had him here. If I could do with him what I should like, he never should have another wife. I should not mind hanging such a fellow. I think if ever a man deserved hanging, it is for deceiving a woman, particularly under such circumstances as have been disclosed here to-day. It is the vilest act of which a man can be guilty. It will be some satisfaction probably to each of you to see him in the dock on a charge of bigamy. I certainly should like to see him tried upon that charge at the Old Bailey. I trust that what has occurred here to-day will appear in the Newspapers, and I have no doubt its publication will bring half a dozen other young ladies here. I will lend every assistance I possibly can to bring such a vile wretch to justice. He will have no mercy at my hands if he comes into them. I feel deeply for the situation of MRS. GEER, and cannot help congratulating MISS —— upon her fortunate escape."

Certain productions of great men have been in reverent affection christened by their adorers. A Symphony of MOZART's is called the *Jupiter*. BACON's Summary of Argument is termed the *Vintage*. *Punch's* diamond annual of wit is called the *Pocket Book* (and will be published on the Ninth of November, together with LORD MAYOR WIRE, price two-and-six,—*the book we mean*), and CARDEN's condensation of all that is manly, vehement, and noble, should have a name. Let us call it the *Buster*.

We despair of adding effect to such a superlative harangue by any remark of ours. But, if we recollect aright, it was thought fine in CICERO, when opening fire upon L. CALPURNIUS PISO, to dash at him with a *Jamne vides*, BELLUA, *jamne sentis?* "Don't you see yet, don't you feel yet, you Beast?" Unless a typographic caprice has happily snatched for LORD CARDEN a grace beyond the reach of art, he has unconsciously, we are quite certain, imitated CICERO. Look at the second sentence. "It must be a hard-hearted wretch"—*it*, a neuter pronoun, and applying therefore to a Beast, by implication. Here is the true artist. The fiery appeal, the swelling period, the appalling stamp, to entrance and enchain the million—the exquisite and classical grace, thrown in without effort, to delight the scholar. For the many, the gigantic and glowing picture—for the few, the elegant and delicate cameo.

*Mr. Punch* has done the State a service in embalming this precious relic. It will be cited in after ages, perhaps in some distant age when Civic Magistrates shall be wise men, as a specimen of

"The large utterance of the Early Mayors."

It may be well, however, that *Mr. Punch's* sentiments should simultaneously descend to posterity. He humbly and respectfully comments upon the speech, but he cordially concurs in the wishes that it expresses. So far from "minding" hanging the fellow denounced by the Mayor, *Mr. Punch* would rather like to do it, except that he fancies he could find in a very long imprisonment, dotted with an occasional and very sound flogging, a somewhat fitter means of castigating so dastardly a creature. So, thus tucking the Mayor under his wing, *Mr. Punch* projects his soul into futurity.

### Via Media.

BETWEEN two stools
A seat is not to be found;
Between High and Low fools
Mother Church may come to the ground.

### Shoe d' Esprit.

IN one of our old English novels a yeoman says, "I hate the French, your Honour, because they are all slaves,—and wear wooden shoes." It is gratifying to think that a modern novelist cannot so write. France has made great progress. The French do not wear wooden shoes.

## EFFECTS OF THE COMET.

E are not surprised at the Comet's taking leave of us. Never was a body more "put upon" than he has been. There really is no saying what has not been laid to him. Comets having a bad name, and there being old traditions of their "baleful influence," we have charged this one with causing whatever has gone wrong with us. All our scrapes and peccadilloes have been put to his account. Knowing he was somewhat eccentric in his movements, we have viewed him as the author of all our eccentricities. Were the *Rejected Addresses* to be re-written just now, to the lines—

> "Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies?
> Who maddens Pimlico with loud street-cries?
> Who chokes Cheapside up so that none can pass?
> Who lets Scotch bankers change for gold their brass?"

the national response would be certainly—"The Comet!" The most unlikely *sequiturs* are said to have been caused by him, and we have viewed them in the light of malevolent effects. The ancients held that persons were affected by a Comet, and we have turned this superstition to personal account. Whatever we have done in any way amiss, our excuse for it has lately been "Oh, it 's the Comet!" Like the cat in the lodging-house, every mishap that has happened has been tacked on to his tail. Has the master broken his word or the servant smashed a tea-cup, the breakage has in each case been charged to the poor Comet. Has the husband stayed out late, or Mary not come in for prayers, the only words the wife has heard are "Please, mum, it 's the Comet!"

To prove, if that be asked of us, the truth of what we say, we will mention a few cases where the Comet has had influence. If scientific sceptics doubt their authenticity, by calling at our printer's they may see the proofs:

Under the malevolent influence of the Comet, WISCOUNT WILLIAMS dreamed one night that a Russian Count had swindled him by selling him a title. The dream had such effect upon the fine mind of the Wiscount, that he abstained from talking nonsense for nearly a whole week.

The mother of the wife of a gentleman at Highgate took advantage of the Comet as excuse for taking up her quarters at his house: which, being on high ground, she thought was very favourable for making observations.

A strict Glasgow Sabbatarian, some few Sundays since, astonished all his friends by somehow getting through the day without his getting tipsy in it. This strange departure from his usual Sunday orbit must clearly be regarded as occasioned by the Comet.

MR. LARKER, on his way to a "tea-fight" at his aunt's, dropped into a friend's rooms to say the Comet could be seen; and such was its malevolent effect upon his memory, that he smoked eleven pipes before he luckily remembered that his aunt was waiting tea for him.

A "new" and really "original" piece, *not* taken from the French, has lately been brought out at a theatre in London. It is believed, that such a circumstance is not within the recollection of the very oldest playgoer; and no doubt it is the Comet that we have to thank for it.

MR. SCAMPE, in his dismay at the idea of London being burnt up by the Comet, took precaution to ensure his house for more than twice its value; and, finding that the Comet failed to set alight to it, he fired it himself, and swore the Comet did it.

The sourest of the writers for the *Latterday Review* was so affected by the Comet that, one night when it was shining, he actually wrote something speaking well of somebody.

MISS TABITHA MCCLAWLEY, a mediæval spinster resident at Br—ght—n, availed herself each evening of the advent of the Comet, to impress on all male minds which happened to be near her, the suggestive declaration, that she "doted on astronomy, and made a point of walking out to watch the nightly course of our celestial visitor."

Three old houses lately fell down in the City. They were propped up, being dangerous, in the reign of GEORGE THE THIRD, and for upwards of six years not a rat has ventured in them. Nevertheless, their falling down, although distinctly traceable to obvious neglect on the part of the authorities, was by some people assigned to the appearance of the Comet.

On the Eve of St. Sofilthius, the REV. MR. BACKSTAIRS, a Puseyite confessor, was detected by a gentleman in "visitation," and was allowed to make his exit from the house unkicked. For this miraculous escape from what, at any other season, must have been his certain fate, his reverence is clearly indebted to the Comet.

HERR FUDDELWITZ the other day imbibed eleven quarts of beer, while considering the "nebulous theory" of comets; the result of his day's labour being, that his ideas became decidedly more nebulous, or hazy, on the matter than they were before the Herr began to think of it.

MR. HUGH MCHOOKIT, a banker on Scotch principles, having made Great Britain much too hot to hold him, coolly mizzled to the Continent, attributing the heat he left behind him to the Comet.

The wife of a respectable stockbroker in the City obtained a new dress from her husband, in part payment of a fine which she recently imposed on him for having stayed out until almost four o'clock, A.M. in order (as he alleged) that he might "see the Comet rise."

One afternoon last month a passenger to Dover passed along Cheapside in less than half-an-hour, his cab not more than six times coming to a "block." On the same day, too, a train upon the Eastern Counties Railway arrived (within eleven minutes) punctual to its time. Both which marvels clearly were occasioned by the Comet.

Much scientific speculation has been naturally afloat, as to whether or no the Comet would affect the planet *Punch*. The result has shown that *Punch* has not moved from his orbit of philanthropy and fun, and that his powers of attraction have in no way been diminished. Like as the star Arcturus shone the brighter through the Comet, so the planet *Punch* has never been more brilliant than of late, and the sparkle of his tales has never been more dazzling.

## REFORM YOUR ARMY TAILORS' BILLS.

OF course every British officer, being well up in the classics, has in his remembrance the familiar words of JUVENAL, "*Nil habet paupertas durius in se quàm quod ridiculos homines facit.*" We take it quite for granted too, that every British officer at once will coincide with us, that what is said here of *paupertas* may be said with equal truth of the *ars militaris*. There is no greater hardship in a military connection than that it has a tendency to make a man ridiculous. As a proof of this we take the following bit of evidence which was laid the other day before the Army Clothing Commissioners:—

> "With regard to the tunics and shell-jackets generally, I find great difficulty in fitting the men, from the fact of the same being too scantily cut in the front, which prevents the men standing in an upright position with their clothing properly buttoned up. (*A laugh.*) As regards the distinction drawn by MR. TAIT, of Limerick (a contractor who was sent to Winchester to look at the clothing of my regiment, on my complaint), in the measurement of the men, I am unable to understand it. He produced a tunic for my inspection, which seemed to be very nicely made and well cut, but there are none such as that produced by him in use in the battalion. I called a man for him to measure, which he did, as he said, according to regulation. The tunic the man wore being much too small for him, I opened the tunic, and ordered the man to stand to 'attention' (*a laugh*), and requested MR. TAIT then to measure him for a tunic that would fit him in that position, which he did, finding, of course, a most material difference. I wanted him to make the tunic to fit the man, and not the man to the tunic. (*Laughter.*) The remark he then made was, it was not according to regulation (*a laugh*), and seemed quite to ridicule the idea of such a measurement being taken for the Army."

We quote this from the testimony of COLONEL ARTHUR HORNE, and we trust the gallant Colonel will in no manner infer that the remarks we made above were meant to be applied to *him*.

The facts which he deposed to are ridiculous enough; but he is not the person on whom any ridicule is thrown by them. As lovers of outspeaking, we beg to thank the gallant Colonel for the evidence he gave: and as tax-payers we trust that something good may come of it. Seeing that we annually contribute a small portion of it, we have a right to say we hate to see the country's money wasted; and wasted it is certainly on men like MR. TAIT, who "fit" our soldiers with such clothing as they cannot wear, and say it is not "regulation" to have them better suited.

## CLUB TALK.

SHOULD MR. DISRAELI succeed in carrying his Reform Bill, there is a talk of the Carlton and Reform Clubs amalgamating. It is quite clear that one of the two clubs will be perfectly superfluous. It will be quite easy to effect an union, since the two Pall Mall clubs already elbow one another in the most friendly manner. A bridge, to be thrown over the narrow street that divides them, is said to be the happy medium thought of for bringing the two strongholds of Conservatism and Liberalism closer together. Others suggest that there should be an underground passage between their respective kitchens, as it is well known that there is nothing like feeding for uniting large bodies of men together. The name for the amalgamated couple is not yet determined on. Some suggest the Coalition; others say, hyphen the present names, and let us have the Reform-Carlton, or, if you like it better, the Carlton-Reform. However, everything is at present simmering in the cauldron of the future, and where is the bold prophet who can take off the lid, and see what there is bubbling inside? In the meantime, Whites' is in the blues.

## TOUCHING APPEAL.

*Testy Old Gent. (wearied by the importunities of the Brighton Boatmen).* "CONFOUND IT, MAN! DO I LOOK AS IF I WANTED A BOAT?"

### A BUCOLIC SNUGGERY.

DR. SPURZHEIM thought that he had discovered an "Organ of Size," or the faculty of estimating dimensions. A phrenologist might like to know what is the development of that organ in the head of the author of the subjoined advertisement, cut from the *Liverpool Daily Post*:—

TO CONTRACTORS AND OTHERS.

REQUIRED, AN ESTIMATE, for erecting a Shed, to hold 100 cattle, 50 yards long and 7 wide, either of wood or iron, fitted with chains and water troughs complete.—Address I 13, Daily Post Office.

The "Size" of "I 13" may be large, although the shed required by him to contain 100 cattle, seems small. "I" may have calculated the space which his cattle will occupy to a T. But when he has got the shed built, and put the animals into it, we apprehend they will find it rather a tight fit.

### The Benefit of Newspaper Reading.

WE are curious to know, what might be the opinion of LOUIS NAPOLEON with regard to the benefit of mechanics and others reading newspapers. Does he consider it a healthy practice, and would he recommend it in preference to any other reading? If his Imperial Majesty will deliver a lecture on the subject, we will promise to attend it.

## SHALL WOMAN VOTE?

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"MY husband read out from the paper, the other morning, that a MR. W. J. FOX, a Member of Parliament for somewhere, proposes that in the New Reform Bill, provision shall be made for giving votes to women. I do not know anything about MR. FOX, except that I am told he is a clever stout little gentleman with long hair, who imitates MR. MACREADY. I don't think that I respect him much for this proposal of his, which was no doubt intended as a compliment to us.

"For, my dear *Mr. Punch*, with the right of voting is, I hear, to come the duty of keeping your vote a secret; that we are to have what you call the Ballot.

"Now I ask you, *Mr. Punch*, who know so much about women, whether this is reasonable or feasible? I do not say that we have not a right to vote; but to give us a vote, and impose upon us the condition of not saying who we give it to is rather monstrous.

"My dear *Mr. Punch*, suppose my husband asks me for whom I have polled. Well, I have a right to have secrets from him, and perhaps I have a few, too, which I shall say nothing about. But don't you think this would be one of the Secrets how to make Home Unhappy? We should be always disputing, and if I happened to say that I thought LORD JOHN RUSSELL had spoken cleverly last night, MR. LOBSCOUSE would immediately fly out, 'Ha, Madam, did he? That convinces me that you voted for that scoundrel MYOPE, whom you know I hate.' I should be obliged to tell a falsehood, or get up a scene and cry. I do not think a Reform Bill ought to bring discord into families.

"But you will say, that all women are hypocrites [We shan't. *P.*], and that I can do my duty to my country without quarrelling with my husband, by means of a little management. But I don't choose to be obliged to submit to him in that way. Pretty thing, indeed; as if I was afraid to let him know my mind. It would be for the first time, then, since I led MR. LOBSCOUSE to the altar. I couldn't do it, *Mr. Punch*. Why, I must pretend such a long time before and after. I must affect to like the Radicals (whom I *hate*, being myself a high *Tory*); and I must speak well of MR. GIMCRACK, the Radical candidate, and his horrid wife, who walks about our town smirking and trying to make popularity for her wooden-faced, one-eyed husband, who is no more fit to be a Member of Parliament than I am to drive a steam-engine, nor so much. I must pretend, I say, to like these people, so that I may not be suspected of voting for that dear COLONEL FITZINKERMANN, who is a *gentleman*. And if the Colonel should be beaten, I am to pretend to be glad, in order to disguise my sentiments.

"I tell you, *Mr. Punch*, I can't and won't do it, and the man is no friend to the Women of England who would make slaves of them, and teach them to hold their tongues. Please therefore to write against MR. FOX, and draw pictures of him which shall render him the laughing stock of the universe,

"And oblige, yours respectfully,

"*Slammington, Cheshire.*" "ANNIE LOBSCOUSE."

"P.S. Make him very ugly."

"P.P.S. If they would put us into Parliament now. But then this would be an act for putting down Crinoline, as I know there 's no room for that in those stalls in the House."

### "And them's my Opinions!"

"DON'T tell me, Sir," said MRS. SPITFIRE, with a face burning like a kitchen-fire; "no man has a right to be a bachelor. It's his own fault if he is, and serve him right too, say I! An old maid, poor creature, is frequently an old maid from compulsion; but when a man is a bachelor, I mean to say that, nine times out of ten, he is a bachelor from choice; and a pretty choice it is. It's all the difference between making your own bed, and having it made for you. And them's my opinions!" and here MRS. SPITFIRE folded her arms *à la Napoléon*, as though she were perfectly ready to receive the combined contradictions of the entire world.—*Extract from an Unpublished Novel.*

### A Division,

*To be taken Critically.*

CRITICS may be divided into two classes:—paper-knives, and book-markers. The former only cut up the books; the latter mark the passages to be referred to.—*Hermit of the Haymarket.*

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, November 6, 1858.

UTILITY COMBINED WITH ELEGANCE.

## PRICE OF POTATOES AT STOCKPORT.

WE lately had occasion to lament the sad fact that Rectors no longer drink port wine. A melancholy proof of the injurious moral effect of this abstinence is afforded by the following report, extracted from the *Stockport Advertiser*:—

"CHARGE OF STEALING POTATOES.—On Tuesday, at the New Bailey, before the Rector, a poor Irish labourer named JOHN CONNOR, was charged with stealing potatoes from the farm of MR. HENRY CHETHAM, of Cheadle-Bulkely, that forenoon. It appeared he left his wife and three children for the purpose of looking after some agricultural employment; and seeing some loose potatoes lying in a field of MR. CHETHAM'S, he got over the hedge and picked up four (prisoner says two) potatoes. One of MR. SYKES'S sons, being eye-witness of the robbery, apprehended him on the spot, and turned him over to P. C. LANCELOT. Two potatoes were found in his pocket and two others where he had been standing, one of which was rotten. The Irishman pleaded guilty. Nothing is known against him. He said he only took two for his wife and family who were 'clemming' at that time. The value of the stolen property was put down at one penny! Committed to 21 days' hard labour."

The Magistrate who pronounced the monstrous sentence recorded in the above almost incredible story, is described as a Rector. What could the Rector have been drinking to condemn a poor fellow, not known to be a regular thief, to three weeks' hard labour for taking a penn'orth of potatoes to eat? No port wine, anyhow. One glass of that generous heart-warming beverage would have inspired him with another feeling than that which made him send the unfortunate hungry Irishman to drink the water and eat the bread of affliction. Water, hard water, saturated with admixture of irritating saline particles, is the only fluid that can have been imbibed by that clergyman for some time. Such salt water may make malevolence thirsty. Temperate judgment does not always flow from the pump; if it did, we should say that nothing could account for the *mittimus* of this Rector (who certainly drinks no port), but the very worst spirits that ever brought on *delirium tremens*.

### John Bull's Confession.

*Father Barabbas.* My dear Sir, will you allow me to remark that "Confession is good for the Soul."

*John Bull.* Yes—the sole of one's boot; for I can tell you, if I catch any of you fine-talking gentlemen coming your Confession-dodge in my house, I shall kick you out precious quick!

## AN INHARMONIOUS CONTRAST.

JULLIEN'S "*Hymn of Universal Harmony*" was certainly wanting in effect the first night; for the effect on the audience was anything but harmonious. Whilst the chorus was warbling the prettiest sentiments, oaths and blows were being freely exchanged in the promenade. The appeal from the orchestra, that the whole world should love one another as brothers, was answered from below by loud cries of, "A Ring! A Ring!" Poetic exhortations to "Peace" ended in a general fight; and the only figure conjured up by the music, which was breathing nothing short of universal love, was that of a Policeman, who flourished his staff about with a vigour and precision worthy of the great *maître's bâton*. If the "*Row Polka*" had been played instead, the response from the brute part of the audience could not have been in better tone. As it was, the contradiction was most comical; and probably if JULLIEN follows up his present triumph with, "*A Hymn of Universal Discord*," it may, judging from the present opposite result, send his shilling admirers into transports of the wildest good-humour, and we may witness the curious sight of an entire pit of mouldy gents all embracing one another.

The exhibition would be most pathetic! In the meantime, we warn JULLIEN against trying any more "Harmony." The disturbance on the opening night should be a music lesson to him as to the danger of such experiments. His excuse is, that he was anxious to know how far the gentish breast was open to the influence of "*Universal Harmony*." "If the Gent takes it quietly," he reasoned, "I know at once the effect it will have upon the Savages." The Promenade is quieted now, and the MONS glows every evening with a sunset halo of golden delight. He has no misgivings about his forthcoming musical scamper, with the piccolo as his *alpenstock*, all over the world. He consoles himself with the comforting assurance, that since he has escaped the fury of the Gents, the Anthropophagi are sure to receive him with open arms.

JULLIEN is so pleased with the success of his "*Universal Harmony*," that he intends dedicating it to his friend, JOHN BRIGHT.

ADVICE TO A GAMBLER.—Never say die.

"A NEAT THING IN PARASOLS."

## THE BATTLE OF BANKRUPTCY.

YESTERDAY, the case of JUDAS PENNIBOY, bankrupt, came on again in the Bankruptcy Court before MR. COMMISSIONER PROFANE. MR. BROWN attended for the assignees, MR. JONES for several creditors, and MR. ROBINSON for the bankrupt. The following scene ensued:—

*Mr. Jones.* Before resuming the discussion of this important case, your Honour—

*Comm.* I suppose you call it important, Sir, as a hint to me to pay more attention to it than I should otherwise do. I can tell you that I shan't. Now then.

*Mr. Jones.* I meant nothing, your Honour—

*Comm.* No, your words never have much meaning. I *will* say that of them. Go on.

*Mr. Jones.* It is difficult to go on, Sir, in the presence of this kind of remark.

*Comm.* Is it? Who cares? Do you think it is anything to me whether you go on or not? Where 's the newspaper?

*Mr. Brown.* I would submit, Sir—

*Comm.* You 'd better, Sir, I can tell you that. Everybody had better submit here, if they know what 's good for them.

*Mr. Brown.* I would submit to your Honour, that my friend, MR. JONES—

*Comm.* Oh, is he your friend? Wish you joy of your friendships. *Noscitur à sociis.* Very good article this in the paper. [*Reads.*

*Mr. Robinson.* It is satisfactory to me, your Honour, as representing the bankrupt, to see your opinion of the persecution to which this ill-used man has been subjected—

*Comm.* I never said he was persecuted, Sir, nor thought so. I'll trouble you not to put words into my mouth. (*Throws down paper.*) Are we going to be all day? Is the case to go on, or not?

*Mr. Jones.* If your Honour would do me the favour to listen—

*Comm.* You have no right to ask me a favour, Sir. I am a judge, at least so I am given to understand, and therefore it is my duty to listen when anything that is fit to be listened to is said to me.

*Mr. Jones.* I humbly hope to induce your Honour to class what I am about to say in that category.

*Comm.* What 's category? What do you use such a word here for? It is not a legal word. It would do for a charade—my first 's a cat, my second 's a vowel, my third is bloody, and my whole is a nonsensical word uttered by a pedantic attorney. Send it to the *London Journal*, Sir, our business is with the *London Gazette*.

*Mr Jones* (*in a great rage*). Your Honour is so painfully facetious that I must await your returning to a more judicial frame of mind.

*Comm.* I don't know what you mean by judicial, but the bankrupt 's a Jew, and I am going to dish him. Now, what 's your application?

*Mr. Jones.* The accounts which the bankrupt, so properly described by your Honour,—

*Comm.* I don't want your good word.

*Mr. Jones.* Far be it from me to give it you, Sir. The bankrupt's accounts, then, are, I unhesitatingly say, entirely incomprehensible.

*Comm.* He 's not bound to find you accounts and brains too, you know.

*Mr. Jones.* He is not, Sir. But these accounts are evidently cooked.

*Comm.* If you can't address a court of justice, Sir, without using slang phrases, you had better sit down, and hand your papers to somebody who can.

*Mr. Brown.* I will not go so far as my friend—

*Comm.* Who cares how far you go? Only mind you don't go too far with the Court, that 's all.

*Mr. Brown.* I must say, Sir, that menaces are things I am not accustomed to hear from the lips of judges of much higher position than your Honour.

*Comm.* Then they don't know certain advocates so well as I do.

*Mr. Brown.* I endeavour to discharge my duty——

*Comm.* I shall discharge the case, if you don't leave off talking, and come to business. What point do you make?

*Mr. Brown.* The unintelligibility of the accounts——

*Comm.* Deuced long word that; (*counts on fingers*) one, two, three,—eight syllables, by George! I should think you could say aldiborontiphoskiphorniosticus. Well, you can't understand the accounts, you say?

*Bankrupt.* S'elp me, they 're all right, my tear gentleman—all as right as ninepence. They vas draw'd hout by me and my friend, BOSES ISAACS, as is as hupright and promiscuous a gent as you 'd not meet nowheres; and they took us all shobbus vas a week, him and me with. On my honour, it 's all serene.

*Mr. Jones.* I hear no rebuke of the bankrupt for talking slang, MR. BROWN.

*Comm.* If you talk at me, Sir, I'll commit you. How do you answer the bankrupt's statement, MR. BROWN?

*Mr. Brown.* I have no doubt that he and the accomplice he names made up the figures, or that they are worthy of them.

*Comm.* Who 's worthy of what? what 's worthy of whom? Who 's they? what 's them? Is that the way to address a court of justice? Where 's my hat?

*Mr. Brown.* It is impossible to repose any faith in such a document.

*Comm.* (*to himself*). This hat doesn't wear so well as the last I had. To be sure, that was in the summer; and this one has been at the seaside, which makes a difference.

*Mr. Brown.* If I might ask your Honour's attention.

*Comm.* I think I'll have the next more turned up in the brim, more shape about it. Well, what now?

*Mr. Brown.* Suppose your Honour were to adjourn the case?

*Comm.* Suppose the moon were made of green cheese?

*Mr. Robinson.* I protest. I claim that my client do pass. He has had a great deal of unmerited trouble: one of his wives has run away, he has burned down his house, and the Insurance Companies resist payment, a little speculation by which he humbly hoped to retrieve the wreck of his fortunes by passing forged notes has not succeeded, and if he have erred he has suffered, and this Court will not be the engine for bruising the broken reed.

*Bankrupt* (*howling*). It 's all true, s 'elp me Abrahams, Isaacs, and Jacobs.

*Comm.* I don't see much in this case. [*Walks out of Court.*

*Brown.*
*Jones.*
*Robinson.* } But, your Honour, if you please ——.

*Comm.* (*from Washing-room*). Where 's the soap?

*Bankrupt.* Ain't I to pass, your 'eavenly Honour.

*Comm. shuts the door.*

[*The Solicitors look at one another, and remark that this is a pleasant state of things. They wait for some time, and then take their bags and go away. After a time the* COMMISSIONER *re-enters.*

*Comm.* JUDAS PENNIBOY, you rascal, do you think I 'm not up to you? I commit you for the rest of your natural life. I left my umbrella here. Have you taken it? It would be just like you? No, here it is. Go to prison, you scoundrel.

(*The Court withdraws.*)

## THE TAP AND THE FOUNTAIN.

ENTHUSIASTIC in the cause of moral reformation endeavoured by moral suasion, or physical allurement, and not by the least interference with personal liberty, we cannot too highly commend the philanthropy which is erecting public drinking fountains in our principal cities, to the considerable prevention of drunkenness. Wholesome water to drink turns out to be the real corrective of the propensity to excess in liquor. What a philosophical, what a beautifully simple, remedy! And what bad beer must that be which the thirsty working classes are so easily weaned from by mere good water! What a tap, that is so readily relinquished for the fountain!

THE EXPERIENCE OF LIFE.—What a fool I've been.

## "SHALL CARDEN HAVE A STATUE?"

O my dear and much respected *Mr. Punch*, — Although, I regret to observe, you have shown much ribaldry in reviewing the acts of the great and talented man whose name stands at the head of this letter, still, in consideration of your general good feeling and kindness, I think it but just to communicate to the world at large, through your pages, the magnificent and splendid idea which, in a lucky hour (3 45, P.M., Nov. 3, to be exact), occurred to my brain.

"I am aware, *Mr. Punch*, that you have, at various times and seasons, expressed disapprobation at the judicial triumphs (as I consider them; but tastes, you are aware, Sir, differ) of this illustrious man. At the same time, I have failed to observe any expressions of disapproval of the many and brilliant flashes of humour, the many pinches, in a word, of Attic salt, which have emanated from him of late. Therefore, I feel convinced that you will have great pleasure in making known to the public at large my proposal, which is simply this:—

"An evil day is in store for London. Her greatest Mayor is about to be displaced. I say nothing against this. It is '*kismet*;' fate. But let us prepare for ourselves a method by which we shall be enabled to recall to the mind with due emphasis the events that have marked this most remarkable Mayoralty. Let us, in a word, collect and publish, for the benefit of ages yet unborn, the humorous sayings of SIR R. W. CARDEN. And, *Mr. P.*, while we amass these treasures of wit, let us not be unmindful of the many dignified and truly imposing morsels of advice which have fallen from those august lips, like the pearls and other curious precious stones in the fairy tale.

"There, *Mr. P.*, is my Idea (with a capital I). I declare, the splendour of the proposal almost takes my breath away; and I only hope an editor may be found sufficiently able to undertake this delightful, though arduous, task.

"You will observe, that I do not, as some persons would have done, wish to retain the profits of this Idea to myself. I claim no reward. I am content to leave that to a grateful country, merely remarking that I am not wealthy (though possessing a contented mind), and that I can be heard of at No. 85, Fleet Street, by your kind permission.

"I would propose to call the work *The Cardener's Chronicle, or Lord Mayor's Complete Jest-Book*:" and I now invite the publishers of this great Metropolis to step forward, and carry out the undertaking.

"One at a time, gentlemen, if you please; and don't all speak at once.

"*I remain, my very dear and respected Mr. Punch,*

"Your obliged obedient, and very humble servant,

"A DWELLER IN CHEPE."

## NOT A SHADE OF DIFFERENCE.

THE public mind is most reluctant to believe that the manacled slaves, that are brought over from the Coast of Africa, are Free Emigrants. With their chains jangling in our ears, it is rather difficult to pronounce an opinion as to their freedom; but we think we can safely say, that they are as free as the Frenchmen generally who emigrate in French ships to Cayenne and Lambessa, and who are, also, under LOUIS NAPOLEON'S paternal protection. Besides, it sounds to us as a most refined mockery, the notion of the French Emperor taking slaves under his patronising wing! It may be that his ambition is prompting him to extend the number of his subjects? Pluralising the saying of LOUIS THE EIGHTEENTH, of glutfonous memory, he may say, with smiling graciousness: "Gentlemen, there is nothing changed in France—*il n'y a* (and here he would point significantly to the slaves) *que quelques Français de plus!*"

SHAKSPEARIAN CONFESSION BY THE ATLANTIC WIRE.—"I am not worth the Coil that is made about me."

## THE JOYS OF JAPAN.

How bright are the dreams of poetical fancies,
About "bowers of roses" and "gardens of bliss!"
But we feel while we listen they are but romances
Of a world which exceedingly differs from this;
But whilst we here sigh for such pleasures ideal,
LORD ELGIN is surely a fortunate man,
To have found out a land all substantial and real,
And fraught with such joys as the joys of Japan.

There are fruits, there are flowers, and pastures and gardens,
And a climate all genial and pleasant and clear,
The sun never scorches, the ice never hardens,
And November itself is not foggy like here.
A city of palaces splendid and spacious,
Three hundred proud princes (each head of a clan),
Reside there, with courtiers in numbers capacious,
Who share with their ladies the joys of Japan.

But fine as the land is, and fair as the city,
The people themselves are more wonderful still:
No mendicants seek to excite you to pity,
The voice of the "frozen-out gardener" is still;
No Magistrates there in their Courts every morning,
A charge sheet of "drunk and disorderlies" scan,
No husband hard labours three months as a warning,
For beating his wife, 'mid the joys of Japan.

No omnibus rivals drive tearing and swearing,
No insolent cabman surcharges his fee:
The Tea-house, instead of a Gin-palace glaring,
Invites in the arbour you 'll come and take tea.
To benefit us and our future successors,
It really would be a most excellent plan,
If the Congress of Social Science Professors,
Should assemble next year 'mid the joys of Japan.

## UNPOPULAR REFORMS AT CAMBRIDGE.

SOME very unreasonable complaints have lately been made against certain authorities of the University of Cambridge. The alleged grievances are the augmentation of the tuition fees, more frequent attendance at Chapel rendered compulsory by fines, and the revocation of the leave heretofore accorded to undergraduates to take visitors into the University Library. The higher tuition fees are made, the more respectable, that is the richer, will be the men who alone will be able to afford to go to Cambridge; and the undergraduates will become, if less numerous, more select. Increased frequency of compulsory attendance at Chapel, will have a beneficial influence on the minds of the men, especially of those who are designed for orders. Nobody can be forced to endure Divine Service as a matter of form, without being caused ultimately to regard it as a formality. Thus is precluded that wild enthusiasm which has occasioned divisions in the Established Church, besides inducing some of its clergy to turn Dissenters or Papists; for the habit of going to sleep in Chapel, acquired at Cambridge, engenders a disposition to take all theological matters easy ever afterwards. The closure of the University Library against the friends of the undergraduates, shows a disinterested spirit; because it is gratuitous.

## THE ONLY FORM OF AURICULAR CONFESSION

### THAT SHOULD BE TOLERATED IN ENGLAND.

THERE is one form of Auricular Confession, against which an Englishman generally does not rebel. It cannot be said that he likes it, but still he tacitly assents to the system, annoying as it may be. The annoyance may be persevered in at unseemly hours, and may even assume the proportions of a persecution, and yet the Englishman, though he may be groaning at the time, has too much sense to interfere, but suffers resignedly, and doesn't say a word. He tries to turn a deaf ear to all the questions that are put to him, and if he does make a move, it is not so much to remonstrate as to compose himself comfortably off to sleep. The form of Confessional, to which we are alluding, is the one which was adopted with relentless constancy for so many years by the celebrated MRS. CAUDLE, and is known generally under the popular name of "CURTAIN LECTURES." The Englishman submits to this form of confession, because he cannot very well help it; but if any other old woman, in priest's attire, attempts to come MRS. CAUDLE over him, his blood is up in a minute; and he is very apt to kick the meddlesome intruder out of the house.

AN ACT OF PARLIAMENT WANTED!—To make the Fog consume its own smoke.

"The traveller, wearied with the noonday heat, need never be at a loss to find rest and refreshment; stretched upon the softest and cleanest of matting, imbibing the most delicately flavoured tea, inhaling through a short pipe the fragrant tobacco of Japan, he resigns himself to the ministrations of a bevy of fair damsels, who glide rapidly and noiselessly about, the most zealous and skilful of attendants."—*Times, Nov.* 2, 1858.

—AND BY ALL MEANS LET US HAVE JAPANESE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS HERE.

## UTILISATION OF SOCIAL SEWAGE.

WHEN a rascally stockbroker, fraudulent banker, dishonest trustee, or other scoundrel, embezzles a large sum of money, on detection he goes to prison; subsequently, on conviction, to the hulks, or some place of penal servitude. This is satisfactory to Society; a degree of comfort is derived from the consideration that the villain under punishment is now what the Americans call a caution to sinners—affords other villains some warning to take care, at least, how they follow his roguish example. But the sufferings of the blackguard yield no consolation to the poor party whom he has ruined. Say that he has spent £5,000 of somebody's, and reduced that person to beggary,—what mitigation of nakedness, hunger, thirst, slavery, and subjection to taskmasters and workhouse beadles, would the pauper experience in reflecting that the wretch who ruined him is whipped, if he were whipped, every morning before breakfast—consisting of bread and water?

It would be a great exploit in criminal legislation to invent some punishment for swindlers which would indemnify their victims. Is it true that "the worst thing you can do with a man is to hang him." Has a fellow capable of misapplying the money he is entrusted with any the least value, or is he utterly worthless? Can a penny be made by the caitiff, or out of him, in any way?—if so, let him do duty for the sum he has made away with; and personally stand, as much as he can, in the place of stock. Could he be sold for a slave, if the Turks or anybody would buy him?—but now it appears, that a rogue is so universally regarded as utterly good-for-nothing, that nobody would have him even at a gift. His labour competes injuriously with honest industry, and he serves no purpose but that of a scarecrow. And then he is a scarecrow not stationed in an exemplary position in the middle of a field, but concealed from the sight of those whom he might admonish, by stone walls. Moreover, he is a scarecrow that eats, and eats the bread which poor and honest people would be glad to earn.

These considerations naturally suggest the execution of rogues as the cheapest and most beneficial method of disposing of them; for a rogue suspended at a certain altitude costs nothing but his halter, JACK KETCH'S fee, and the wear and tear of the gallows, and is a conspicuous object illustrative of roguery in its results. The wisdom, however, of our ancestors adopted this plan; and their wisdom was not corroborated by experience. Since, then, we cannot destroy our swindling stockbrokers, bankers, trustees, and rogues in general, can we possibly make them repay the amount of their frauds? If we could even make them pay for their keep, that would be something on the way to the end desired; and the question, how to manage it, is one which may be recommended to the attention of the Association for the Advancement of Social Science. By this time twelvemonths, perhaps, some moral engineer, member of that scientific body, will have come forward with a scheme for making use of the refuse of Society.

## FRANCE AGAINST PORTUGAL.

PORTUGAL has insulted France. She has ignored a fashion which France had prescribed. France is the metropolis of Fashion. This fact explains the foreign policy of the French Government. Europe at once adopts Crinoline—enormous hats, diminutive bonnets, or any other excesses or deficiencies of female dress—at the dictation of Parisian arch-milliners and mantuamakers. Therefore the Rulers of France expect that Europe and the world will likewise admit, on order from Paris, any species of moral and political extension or abridgment which they may enjoin. France has gagged her Press—the European Press must be gagged too. France has determined to resume the Slave-trade; let Europe accept the Slave-trade as no longer piracy. Because France is allowed to impose quadrilles upon the human race, the Imperial Government believes that it has only to compel her to dance in fetters to oblige all nations to load themselves with chains and caper after her.

# POOR CONSOLATION.

Parisian. "COURAGE, MON AMI; 'AM I NOT A MAN AND A BROTHER?'"

## THE STATE OF THE LAW UPON THE STAGE.

"DEAR PUNCH, In these days of law reform, attention ought to be directed to the state of the law upon the stage; for it is difficult to say where a wider field for the exertion of legal talent could be found; and the importance of the subject in an educational point of view becomes manifest, when we consider that students probably pick up as much law at the theatre of a night, as they do in their chambers during the day. How sad it is, in the play of *Extremes* at the Lyceum, to find the existence of the Statutes of Mortmain totally ignored, and that portion of old *Hawthorn's* will, which gives over not only his money but his lands to found a charity in the event of young *Hawthorn* and *Miss Vavasour* refusing to marry one another, treated by the stage lawyer as entirely valid. Imagine a student observing the piece entitled *Make your Wills* announced at the Haymarket Theatre, and resolving to go and see it with a view of combining instruction with amusement. What disastrous results might ensue from the circumstance that a legatee is made an attesting witness to the will in that piece? Did ever Sheriff's officer retire so easily as *Mr. Isaacs* does in the last scene of *London Assurance*, on the bare promise of *Miss Hark-away*, that she will pay the debt for which *Charles Courtley* is arrested? Indeed, the law of arrest, distress, and executions against goods on the stage requires much reform.

"Again, take the law of evidence, a single sheet of parchment, occasionally it may be brown paper, proves incontestably and immediately the title to estates of immense value. A locket hung round the neck by the loosest and thinnest piece of string is proof positive of the identity of the young lady of twenty summers with the infant of six months. As regards personal identity, think of *Box and Cox*. 'Have you a strawberry mark on your left arm?' 'No.' 'Then you are my long-lost brother.' But it is useless to multiply instances. The importance of this subject must be recognised when attention is called to it, and I trust the Lord Chamberlain will henceforth have the assistance of a revising barrister in perusing and setting right the plays he is required to license. Between you and me I should not mind holding the appointment with a good salary.

"I am, dear *Punch*, yours truly,
"A. BRIEFLESS."

## EXORCISM IN WESTMINSTER.

MR. PUNCH presents his respectful compliments to MISS ADELINE M. COOPER, Honorary Secretary to the Committee of the "One Tun" Ragged Schools, just opened in the "Devil's Acre," Westminster Abbey, and begs to say how sorry he is that an accident which happened to her kind invitation to attend their opening, prevented him from receiving it till some days after the festival. It would have greatly delighted him to see the children drink their tea, and eat their cake, which was doubtless an extraordinary substance to them, and a new pleasure—if they had ever enjoyed any eatable thing before. He would have, perhaps, been gratified by hearing the remarks with which JOSEPH PAYNE, ESQ., and other Friends had kindly promised to address the meeting; especially if the Friends belonged to the Society of worthy persons so called, whose costume and phraseology divert *Mr. Punch*, and exhilarate him.

*Mr. Punch* would also have much liked to inspect that antique public-house, the "One Tun," for the last two centuries a den of thieves, and now in course of conversion, by the aid of charitable subscribers, into an institution for nipping thieves, as it were, in the bud, by educating street-boys. The settlement which MISS COOPER and her benevolent friends have thus effected on the "Devil's Acre," will, it may be hoped, lead to the ultimate and perhaps the speedy reconquest of the whole territory, and its appropriation from the devil, who has occupied it for so long a time, in spite, if not with the concurrence, of the neighbouring Dean and Chapter. To dispossess the place of the devil, however, money is required for building and other expenses incidental to the necessary operations. The cost will be £400. Of this sum all has been raised but £35. Who will give £35 to expel the devil from the vicinity of Westminster Abbey? The Marquis of the district has contributed £50, the Archbishop over the River £5, the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY ditto, the LORD MAYOR ditto, SIR CULLING EARDLEY ditto, and BARON LIONEL DE ROTHSCHILD ditto, to humanise the little savages of Westminster. *Mr. Punch* is glad to hear from MISS COOPER that all denominations have kindly helped her unsectarian ragged school. It is the most sensible thing that he has heard of all denominations for a long time, and he hopes that they will by-and-by combine against the devil to oust him from a wider field than the Acre in Westminster, on which he has been dancing these two hundred years, and has stamped his name.

## ODE TO M. JULLIEN.

AND must you leave us, JULLIEN? must we wander
Through life's hard pathways tuneless and alone,
Whilst you are gone your magic notes to squander
'Midst savages in regions little known?

What shall we have to cheer us when November
Oppresses us with fogs and spleen galore,
Whilst you are playing tunes we well remember,
On Timbuctoo's inhospitable shore?

Sure we shall cut most melancholy figures
When in your Concert-room in far Penang,
Fair JETTY TREFFZ is singing to the niggers
The songs that once in Drury Lane she sang.

And will you go as far as Madagascar,
And take the *Trovatore* even there;
And will each pigtailed Chinaman and Lascar,
Think you, for VERDI'S *Miserere* care?

And do you think the notes of great BEETHOVEN
Will feast the soul of greasy QUASHYBOO?
Take care he doesn't pop you in an oven,
And make another kind of feast on you.

Why have you taken up these strange vagaries
Of wandering off to foreign parts abroad;
Of visiting Azores and Canaries,
And leaving us by whom you are adored?

If, as we hope, your scheme is only puffing,
Be warned, dear MONS, your *Punch* sincerely begs,
By him who over-greedy for the stuffing,
Destroyed the goose that laid the golden eggs.

## IMPENITENCE IN AN ALDERMAN.

WE read in MR. BRIGHT'S organ that

"On Tuesday Evening, a crowded Public Meeting of Electors was held at the Queen's Arms Tavern, Plumstead, to hear an address from MR. ALDERMAN SALOMONS, as a candidate for the representation of the Borough of Greenwich."

The worthy Hebrew's speech was, up to a certain point, highly satisfactory. But he came on, at last, to the question upon which *Mr. Punch* felt it his duty to reprimand MR. SALOMONS the other day, namely, the case of LIEUTENANT HIGGINSON. Into this the Alderman entered at considerable length, concluding with the words (we quote MR. BRIGHT'S organ again)—

"These are the facts; and, although some of the Newspapers have accused me of being flippant, and *Punch* has given me an admonition, I consider that the course I adopted was entirely justifiable."

We are sorry for this impenitence on the part of the Alderman, and shall probably ourselves convene a meeting of the electors of Greenwich to consider this question:—

"Is a Candidate who, in his capacity of judge, shows a reverence for rich men which he would not show to poor ones, precisely the Party to represent a popular Constituency?"

SALOMONS—apologise, or abscond. P.

### Change for Crinoline.

HURRAY for the Rights of Women! They are progressing, as the Americans say. What do you think of this—from *Le Follet*; Fashions for November?

"Those made this autumn of plaid plush are really elegant and convenient, plush being both light and warm."

Those what? Never mind. But if you really want to know, see *Le Follet* itself: a journal which will repay perusal by a male reader with amusement—by a female with information.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS, EVERYWHERE, AND ALL DAY LONG.—"Lift up—you 're on my dress."

*Mr. Bobkins baits his Trimmers over-night with some fine lively Frogs, and finds in the morning that they object to become food for Fishes.*

## THE LORD MAYOR TO HIS BED-CANDLE.

It was the eve of Lord Mayor's Day,
The last day of the Lord Mayor's year,
His glory soon to pass away,
His majesty to disappear;
St. Paul's would strike another hour,
Proclaim the limit of his span,
And shorn of pomp, and stripped of power,
Reduce him to an Alderman.

He took the candle, wont, at night,
To guide him to the couch of rest;
He struck the match, applied the light,
And thus his end of dip addressed:
"My candle, as thou burnest down,
And shortly wilt have ceased to flare,
So brightly shines the civic crown,
So soon extinct is the Lord Mayor.

"Thou 'rt now an inch of mutton fat,
And I am every inch a lord.
Thou 'lt be a speck of grease—like that
Down, too, shall I drop to my Ward.
As is thy lustre, e'en so brief,
Is all the splendour of my reign,
How soon the civic royal chief
Must yield the mace and doff the chain!

"Alas, that all that 's bright must fade!
Lord Mayors away, like candles, pass,
A little while in light arrayed,
All flesh, nay turtle fat, is grass."
Thus moral speeches did he spout
Till St. Paul's iron tongue did roar,
And then his bed-candle went out:
And so did he—Lord Mayor no more!

## WEEDING AND WEEDON.

PROPOS DES BOTTES. *Punch* would say six words anent this Weedon business. *Punch* would never needlessly be harsh or bitter. *Punch*, it is well known, has plenty of the milk of human kindness in his composition; indeed, he fairly overbrims with it, and for his mildness may in general be regarded as milk punch. Nevertheless, upon occasion, *Punch* can be sharp as lemon-juice. There are things which make his kindness-milk curdle in his veins, and this Weedon Investigation has disclosed a precious lot of them.

There is an unsavoury old proverb which says, that certain messes smell the more they are stirred: and certainly the Weedon mess is very clearly one of them. The more stir there is made in it, the worse is the odour in which all of those who have a hand in it are found. *Punch* will not disgust his reader with the details. He will confine himself to publicly registering a vow, that he intends henceforth to pay his taxes under protest. Under protest. That is, that his hard-earned savings should not be thrown away and wasted as at Weedon they have lately been. *Punch* regards the Jews with no rancour or ill-will. (Did he not obtain them their admission into Parliament?) But *Punch* has quite sufficient Christian uses for his money, and can't afford just yet to make the Jews a present of it. When *Punch* is rich enough to chuck his half-crowns to the Hebrews, *Punch* will have great pleasure in doing it himself, and need not trouble Government to undertake the chucking for him.

*Apropos* then of the boots, it is clear that this department must be put on a new footing. It will never do to have them walked off with as they have been. Our men will soon be left with scarce a shoe to their feet, if seventy thousand pairs are annually missing. If boots but little to inquire who have been the culprits. Our business should be rather to prevent a second swindle. Let there be weeding at Weedon and all military clothes-shops; and when the ground is clear, let us do our best to keep it so. Over the boot-house, for example, let there be inscribed the monitory couplet:—

"Whoever dares these Boots displace,
Henceforth shall Punch and Justice face!"

Any such offender being brought before him, *Mr. Justice Punch* would sentence him to fourteen years hard labour (say, cleaning his own hands) with a round dozen of kicks twice a-day, by way of stimulant.

"There's nothing like leather," as a corrective agent. Boot-stealers beware! should be the Weedon motto henceforth, and all culprits caught infringing it should have their hides well tanned for them: for which the right boot in the right place of all means, seems the shoe-tablest.

## THE LORD OF BRANKSEA.

Where is the Lord of Branksea—where is Colonel Petrie Waugh,
That used to shine at Kensington in fashion and *éclat*,
To fancy balls and parties who treated wealth and rank:
The Director of the London and Eastern Bubble Bank?

Where is the Lord of Branksea's Isle—that jewel of the sea,
For nigh three hundred thousand pounds which stood security;
And now that all the money 's gone, one-sixth will not repay?
Where is the gallant Colonel Waugh, that had to run away?

Where is the Lord of Branksea, under all that load of debt,
The money borrowed from his Bank, that never will be met?
Where is the Lord of Branksea, famed beyond all British isles,
For there he burnt the white white lime, and red red bricks and tiles.

Where is the Lord of Branksea, who has fled athwart the waves,
And left his ruined victims in their workhouses or graves?
Where is the Colonel living now, so gallant and so gay,
In his Continental refuge, on the remnant of his prey?

Where is Inspector What 's-his-name, if not upon the track
Of Branksea Island's truant Lord, to catch and bring him back?
Rouse thee, Inspector What 's-your-name! why, man, art thou asleep?
Hie after him—that Lord of Branksea's Isle—across the deep!

Where is the oakum for the hands of Branksea's Lord to pick?
Not one rogue's pair in all the land should sooner catch the trick:
For is there one that oakum picks, or labours at the crank,
That hath picked pockets like this Lord who blew the Bubble Bank?

Inscription for the Parsonage House of a Pluralist:—
"*E Pluribus Unum.*"

## A STAIRCASE FULL OF LAWYERS.

### OUR FIRST FLOOR.

EASY, BLUFF, MUFF, and GRUFF are Attorneys-at-law and Solicitors of HER MAJESTY'S High Court of Chancery of the very highest stamp. The senior partner has done with business as far as his clients will let him, and has virtually retired on a handsome fortune, which he has acquired by honourable industry, and he has not only taken his money with him into private life, but the esteem and regard of all his clients have followed him there also. Once a week EASY comes to Chambers for a few hours, and attends some Insurance Office or Gas Company's Board, of which he is a Director, and eats his luncheon and transacts his business in a quiet and comfortable manner. He has just arrived this morning, and is reading his letters. Here is an envelope sealed with two coronets; let us see what the letter is about:—

"MY DEAR MR. EASY, I hope you will find it convenient to pay us a visit for a day or two. I have twenty things to talk to you about, and my Will must be altered. My second daughter, LADY FANNY, is going to be married, and I want to consult you about the settlements, and about DE QUINCY'S debts. I fear he has been gambling again. Now don't say that you are too old to shoot, but bring your gun, as the gentlemen give great accounts of our preserves. I shall expect you on Saturday.

"Yours ever, JANE (DOWAGER) FITZRUFUS."

"'I say, BLUFF, LADY FANNY DE QUINCY is going to be married; so there's some grist for your mill. Well, well! There's no fool like an old fool, my Lady FITZRUFUS, so I *will* take my gun and run down.'

"What a pleasant thing, *Mr. Punch*, to receive such a letter as this on a damp foggy November morning, and not to feel too old to take your gun, and go amongst pleasant hedgerows and copses,—pleasant even in November, where the birds will lie in places which the fog won't.

"Here is another letter, in a hurried hand, and marked 'Immediate:'

"DEAR EASY, I must see you *immediately*, I have been dreadfully insulted by MR. INVOICE."

"Yours ever, THOS. HASTY."

"'Hulloa! BLUFF, here's TOM HASTY in hot water again as usual. I must go and put him straight, I suppose: he's the best little fellow and the most intemperate in Christendom.' And so MR. EASY goes through his letters.

"*Enter* MR. JACKSON, *a fresh-coloured youth of about nineteen years of age.*

"'Come, MR. BLUFF, introduce me to the new-comer. Well, young gentleman, I suppose your articles will not be legally executed unless you come down and see me. Come next Saturday week, and bring your carpet-bag.' The result of this invitation is, that young JACKSON writes home to his Mother in some rural Vicarage, where the young fellow's heart is, and says, 'I have just seen MR. EASY, who has asked me to stay with him for two days: he is the kindest and merriest old gentleman I ever saw.' If we could look through the trellis-work of the Vicarage window, *Mr. Punch*, no doubt we should find the sanguine MRS. JACKSON full of hope for her son's future career, and speculating on the possibility of his marrying MISS EASY, and being taken into partnership.

"To return to old MR. EASY; he dots off in a Hansom to TOM HASTY, and reconciles him with MR. INVOICE, his brother merchant, and pokes them both in the ribs and leaves them good friends. Oh! blessed office of reconciliation! twice blessed when promoted by an Attorney. After leaving his quarrelsome clients, the old gentleman drops in on LORD DE QUINCY at the Knightsbridge Barracks, finds that gentleman at breakfast with very sharp company, whom we need not introduce, and rallies his Lordship playfully on his late hours, and before taking his leave possesses the gallant officer's full confidence about his money matters, and for the fifth time at least arranges about taking him out of the hands of the Jews.

"I love old EASY so much that I could go on for hours about him, but his three other partners are waiting to be introduced. BLUFF, the second partner, was the son of a poor man, and came into the office in a very humble capacity; and being put under MR. EASY years ago developed such superior qualities, that his principal instantly saw that he was a man to be trusted altogether or not at all. The former course was adopted, and BLUFF'S way up the ladder was made smooth for him, and after some years he was taken in as a working partner. The commercial clients prefer BLUFF to EASY; 'When I want a chat, and to do my business pleasantly,' says TOM HASTY, 'I go to MR. EASY; but when I am in a fix, and want some desperate knot untied off-hand, give me BLUFF.'

"BLUFF lives in and for his business. There are many little BLUFFS to educate, and Paterfamilias finds his hands pretty full to accomplish this; he works till late at night without a murmur during the press of business, and if he does take a holiday, some matter of business is sure to be mixed up with it. BLUFF'S disposition, however, is not soured by this constant legal treadmill, and there is not a kinder husband or father in England, or a man of a more domestic turn of mind; but he grinds on from morning till night, and is pretty sure to die in harness. MR. EASY always speaks of him as 'My excellent friend and partner, MR. BLUFF;' and only last week, when he introduced him to the DUKE OF FITZBATTLEAXE, he told his Grace, that for the future MR. BLUFF must do his business. There has been a little tiff between MR. EASY and his noble client about the former resigning his business; but I am sure, *Mr. Punch*, if you take the Duke aside and ask him his candid opinion, he will tell you that MR. BLUFF is as good a man as can be found. EASY has left BLUFF a snug legacy, but when the Testator goes to that bourne whence no Attorneys return, there will be no more sincere mourner at his funeral than his late partner and legatee.

"MUFF is a non-entity, and has slipped into the firm in the same unaccountable manner as other things happen in public life, and MUFF'S is a regular case of the round man in a square hole. The rumour is, that MRS. EASY, who is a distant relation of the MUFFS, coaxed or bullied her husband (for, believe me, she can do both) into taking MUFF into the firm. As regards the welfare of the business, an accountant at two hundred pounds salary would supply MUFF'S place as well, if not better, as probably he would know something of his profession, which MUFF does not. His sole occupation appears to be to worry the Clerks and draw his pay, as clients never ask for him, and the Clerks never consult him if there is any difficulty, but go to one of the others.

"MUFF lives in Mayfair—he is drunk with conceit and prosperity, and his principal amusement appears to be tuft-hunting. 'Allow me to tell you some important news,' says young CHAFFER, who arrives at Chambers in the morning after having dined at MUFF'S on the previous evening, 'Dear LADY FIDDLEFADDLE *is* better, and has benefited by the composing draught sent her by MRS. MUFF—the Hon. MRS. SOAPER has included MR. and MRS. MUFF in the fashionable and distinguished circle who will assemble at her *soirée* on Tuesday three weeks—and LORD TOPLOFTY is much obliged by the votes for the Pious Cabmen's Benevolent Society. I can assure you, Gentlemen,' adds CHAFFER, solemnly, 'the facts are accurate, for I had them from the mouth of the charming MRS. MUFF, who, arrayed in the black velvet which has swept the floor of the stately halls of the Hon. MRS. SOAPER, and in the diamonds on which Royal eyes have gazed, entertained your humble servant at her hospitable board, No. 152, Mayfair, in the County of Middlesex.'

"GRUFF is easily described: he is the son of a very wealthy client, who had money and interest enough to buy his son into the firm, and indirectly to let the family participate in the spoils. Old GRUFF'S bills of costs are enormous, but he is well served and pays cheerfully. Young GRUFF is a clever fellow, and knows his profession well—looks after the Chancery suits and Common Law actions, lives in lodgings at the West End and keeps a horse, dines out a little, dances a little, shoots a little, fishes a little, and leads an independent and happy life; if matters press, he will sit up all night and work like a horse; if business is slack, he takes his pleasure. Old EASY'S only daughter will be MRS. GRUFF next long Vacation, but her husband will not grudge BLUFF his legacy. GRUFF does not conceal his contempt for MUFF, and seldom has any intercourse with him; and I much doubt whether MR. MUFF will remain in the firm many years after old EASY'S death, which, let us hope, will be some distant day, as men of his stamp are scarce."

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### Consternation at Buckingham Palace.

TIME—A little after Nine o'Clock.

*The Prince.* PHIPPS, what strange noise is that? It must be thunder.

*The K. C. B.* No, may it please your Royal Highness, it is the "*Universal Harmony*" that's being played at the Lyceum.

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LONDON POLICE COURTS DURING LAST WEEK:—Summonses taken out against Omnibus drivers, 243; cases heard before the magistrates, 279; complaints made by the passengers, 13,988; amount of fines, £64 17*s.* 9*d.*; costs £32 13*s.* 2*d.*

THE NEXT NOVELTY.

## MONKS AND MONKEYS.

WHEN we find our Vestrymen complaining with such vigour as they have done of the "Monkish Practices," to which they say the Puseyites are "so shamefully addicted," it is, we must confess, a matter of some doubt with us whether, for the word "Monkish" should not rather be read "Monkeyish." Comparisons we know are proverbially odious; and we, of course, would shrink from speaking of the reverend gentlemen in a way that might be viewed as the reverse of reverent. Nevertheless, if we were pressed to say exactly what we think, we should be forced to make auricular confession of the fact, that we regard our modern monks as little else than monkeys, so close is the connection we find traceable between them.

The chief points of resemblance may be stated very readily. In the first place, the Puseyites are strongly prone to imitation, which everybody knows is of monkeyish descent. For instance, if you place a Romish Priest before a Puseyite, you will find the latter strive his utmost to imitate the former. He will copy with great accuracy every look and gesture. He will imitate each leer, and every sly and sneaking glance; and will practise to perfection every bow and scrape. Like a monkey he will ape the Priest's bearing and demeanour: and will comport himself, in short, so entirely like his model, that you soon will scarce be able to distinguish which is which.

Again, the Puseyites evince considerable activity; for which monkeys are of all things perhaps the most distinguished. Although, for the most part, they are slim and spare in figure, our reverend apes have certainly great muscular capacity. Any one who has observed them when going through a Service, must have been amazed at their bodily exertions. They change their posture regularly every other minute. Nearly every word they utter has its illustrative gesture. They cross themselves so rapidly that you can hardly see them. Every other second they make a new grimace. Their bows and genuflexions alternate with an almost unbelievable celerity. They are no sooner on their knees than they are off them again, and as for sitting still, they never seem to dream of it. You might as soon expect a monkey to sit still as a Puseyite. No ape ever yet surpassed their active antics.

Another point in which we trace a similarity—or if we might coin a word, we'd say, a simiality—is that both the simial breeds evince a mania for mischief. As monkeys take delight to set each other by the ears, so do their reverend brethren like to set folks squabbling. They mischievously try to make dissensions in the Church, and take a monkey-like enjoyment in the quarrels which ensue from them. The more mischief they make, the more they seem to revel in it, and they generally escape from taking any harm by it. Ape-like they are gifted with such cleverness and cunning, that when they get into a scrape, they somehow manage to get out of it, without suffering one half the pain and worry they cause others. To save themselves from hurt, they never scruple to make cat's paws of whoever they can catch, whenever they have made a place too hot to hold them.

Restlessness of disposition is another of the attributes wherein we trace resemblance between monkeys and our monks. You rarely find a Puseyite remain long in one place. He is for ever shifting and changing his position. Unsettled in his mind, he keeps himself unsettled in his body likewise. Being like the monkey, an animal of foreign growth, we rarely find the Puseyite acclimatised to England, so as to rest content without taking his departure. Wherever he may be he shows a Roming tendency, and he generally ends in following his bent.

On the whole, then, modern monks are vastly similar to monkeys. Ladies may make pets of them, but gentlemen, in general, regard them as great nuisances. Husbands for a while may put up with their antics, but it is not for long they will consent to do so. When as Puseyite is up to such tricks as the Confession, a husband clearly has a right to insist upon his wife's at once giving up her pet, and to close accounts by paying proper "monkey's allowance," whereby his reverence may pocket fewer half-pennies than kicks.

### Fashions for November.

BODIES of walking dresses are fastened with button-mushrooms.

Dinner dresses are very generally gathered in large plaits, trimmed with greens, with a turn-up here and there, and gigot sleeves, set off with leg-of-mutton trimmings.

Bonnets are still worn off the head, and bound with hops at the poll. We have seen several that were made of sarcenet, and trimmed with chickweed and dandelions. Cauliflowers are much worn in the hair.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex. Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, November 13, 1858.

FIELD MARSHAL PUNCH PRESENTS A "LITTLE SOUVENIR" TO COLONEL H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

## FLESH MORTIFIED ON FISH.

UPON a Friday if you eat
Bacon, you're but a mortal sinner,
For the worst bacon still is meat:
But have what fish you like for dinner.

A mutton chop you must not touch,
On penalty of condemnation;
Of salmon you may eat as much
As will suffice your inclination.

Of steak a mouthful is enough
To subject you to grief unending;
But sole *au gratin* you may stuff
Your stomachs with without offending.

Fried sole your soul will injure not,
But if you do but taste fried liver,
In Tartarus will be your lot,
As sure as Styx is a true river.

Then if the narrow path you'd walk,
The way of a celestial prizeman,
On lobster fritters, at Dundalk,
And scolloped oysters, fast with WISEMAN.

### Polish Amongst the Lower Classes.

"WHAT is the meaning of those letters, 'S.V.P.,' on that red boy's arm?" inquired a burly country cousin, as he pointed to one of the ST. VINCENT PAUL'S blacking brigade. "Why, Sir, I must tell you," archly answered his charming escort, "that they convey a polite request to you to have your boots cleaned. The S.V.P. you are pleased to notice, is a proof—a proof before letters, you may call it—of the growing refinement amongst all grades of society. They are an aristocratic abbreviation of *S'il vous plaît*."

The country cousin was pleased with the ingenuity, if not convinced by the argument.

## ANNUAL REPORT OF THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

(*To be Stereotyped.*)

THE proceedings of the day terminated with a vote of thanks to MR. GUIDO FAWKES, for his able conduct in the Chair."

## A MATRIMONIAL CRY.

A POOR Husband says that, "with regard to Crinoline, his cry is, Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform." He states that it has so long been, between his wife and himself, a subject of contention, that he is really anxious for Peace; further, that there cannot be a doubt as to the advisability of Retrenchment, where there is such an abundance of superfluous material, that might most profitably be dispensed with; and lastly, as for the necessity of some Reform, the demand for it is clearly proved by the way in which the men clamour in a loud chorus of indignation against the existing abuse. Any agitation, that combines the three principles above enumerated, he will be happy to join, in the hopes of seeing, before he is ruined, the abolition of a nuisance under which his pocket groans not less than himself. Of all public abuses, there is not one, he maintains, that can be put forward with such strong recommendations for Reform as Crinoline.

## A SHIPOWNER AT SEA.

MR. GREENHOW, for the Shipowners' Society of North Shields, sends a letter to the *Daily News*, with the object of refuting a leader in the *Times*; his intention being to show that the nation is mistaken in supposing that the shipowners are foemen to free trade. Making afterwards sad complaints about the "sarcasm" and "personal invective" of the *Times*, MR. GREENHOW clearly proves his non-possession of those qualities by commencing his meek comments in the following strain:—

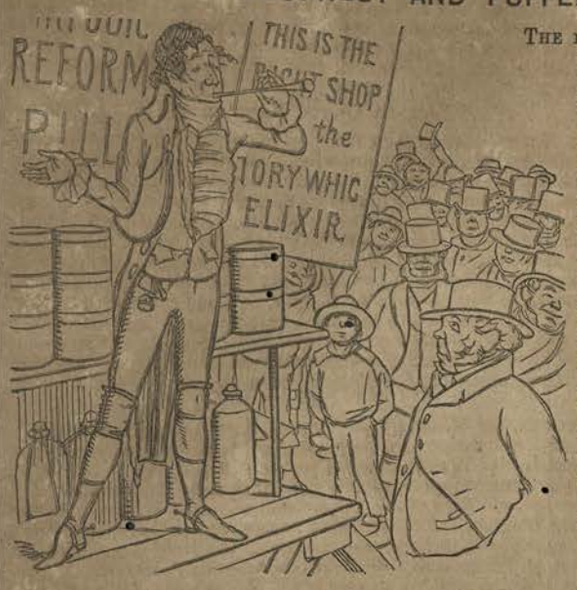
"The *Times*, descending from that dignified position which a public journal pretending to be the chief of its order ought under all circumstances to maintain, commences by deliberately insulting the whole body of shipowners, and after a rambling dissertation about everything except the case in point, at last proceeds to produce some rapid and inconclusive arguments, by which the versatile writer endeavours to refute the statements made in the address issued by the Shipowners' Society of North Shields."

After attempting to refute this attempted refutation, MR. GREENHOW ends his letter with what sounds to us no less an insult than a threat:—

"One remark more before I have done. From the present political aspect of Europe, the time may not be far distant when our Merchant Seamen may be called upon to fight in defence of our shores. I will simply ask, putting patriotism aside, what have our seamen to fight for? A country which has repudiated them in her prosperity, can scarcely expect them to be very enthusiastic in her cause."

The *Times*, says MR. GREENHOW, has "deliberately insulted the whole body of our shipowners;" and MR. GREENHOW, say we, has as deliberately insulted the whole body of our sailors. Is it, pray, to show us his activity of mind, that he jumps to the conclusion that our sailors will not fight for us? "Putting patriotism aside," the QUEEN'S money in war-time is as good as any shipowner's; and, if JACK be mercenary, there is sure pay for his service. But we deny, that when war comes, JACK thinks mostly of the shiners. No matter whose the cause, of all enthusiasts in fighting JACK is the most enthusiastic. We believe, when England wants him, she will ever find that "JACK'S alive" to serve her. The man who says JACK won't, we say, libels JACK. As for telling us that JACK won't fight when there's a chance of fighting, go tell that to the Marines; no sailor will believe it. The land-lubber who dares to make such an assumption is unworthy of the name of a true-born British shipowner. Let JACK catch him afloat, the tail-end of a rope might be put in active service, by way of *à posteriori* argument, to prove the stern necessity of total retractation.

## PROPHECY AND PUFFERY.




THE reader of worldly Newspapers only has perhaps no idea of the high character and respectability which distinguish the specifically religious Press. Roman Catholic or Protestant, High Church, Low Church, or Dissenting, it is all one for those matters. Forbearance, courtesy, candour, charitable allowance and consideration, are the qualities by which the organs of the various theological parties are differenced from common journals. Calm and temperate logic, and persuasion exclusively addressed to the higher sentiments, are their specialities. Of these liberality also is a very remarkable one. Perhaps this excellence is more strongly shown in the latitude which they allow advertisers than in any other way. The *English Churchman*, a short time ago, advertised a translation of *La Dame aux Camellias*—the tale on which *La Traviata* is founded—a fact mentioned at the time by the Ghost of Departed Wit, as we understand the *English Churchman* to have subsequently described *Punch*.

Medical advertisements (by unqualified medical practitioners) not seldom figure in the columns of some of our sacred contemporaries, which also abound in what are familiarly termed the puffs of tradesmen. Mammon is not denied his corner of their valuable space. But then Mammon must behave as such, and fork out—which he does not always satisfactorily do, if we may judge from a case which occurred the other day in the Court of Common Pleas—the Proprietor of the *Prophetical Review v.* the Keeper of a Mourning Warehouse in Regent Street. The plaintiff claimed £54, the defendant offered £4 10*s.*—so that there was some difference between them; though also the former, rejoicing in the prefix of DR. is, we may presume, a cut above a haberdasher, and is the Editor as well as Proprietor of the above-named periodical work on the awful subject of Prophecy.

The title, the *Prophetical Review*, seems to have puzzled LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN and MR. JUSTICE WILLES; until MR. EDWIN JAMES mentioned that the first article in it was upon the "Children of Israel."

Whereupon ensued the following conversation —*mutato nomine*:—

"THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. Oh! I see, then it is a religious book. I had not heard of it.

"MR. JAMES. Yes. Another article might have some connection with MR. MAGPIE'S business, the mourning trade; it was 'The State after Death.' (*Laughter.*) The advertisement in the Review could not have been worth £4 10*s.* a time, for it had but a small circulation.

"MR. JUSTICE WILLES. But the circulation was among persons who bore some analogy to MR. MAGPIE'S trade.

"MR. JAMES. No doubt they were of a 'serious' turn of mind."

There is much force in the remark of MR. JUSTICE WILLES; and, as MR. JAMES observed, no doubt the readers of the *Prophetical Review* are persons of a serious turn of mind. Such a turn of mind is precisely that which is likewise taken with drapers' advertisements. Faith in periodical interpreters of Prophecy is doubtless exactly the same virtue as belief in puffs and puffing advertisers.

### Beggars Paid in their own Coin.

"WHEN a beggar asks me whiningly for charity (says a City Magistrate), I always give it him, either in the shape of advice, or a moral precept, or a bit of consolation; but never in the shape of money. I always pay beggars in their own coin—words—and it is singular how they dislike that form of payment!"

## ADVERTISING SPORTSMEN.

THE *Times* copies this from a provincial paper:—

"SHOOTING MATCH.—An exciting match at partridge shooting came off between CAPTAIN A—— and CAPTAIN C——, upon GENERAL H——'s estate, on Saturday last. The terms were that CAPTAIN C—— should stake £75 to CAPTAIN A——'s £50, to kill the greatest number of partridges, in walking turnip-fields, from 10 o'clock till 4. It was agreed that they should walk 50 yards apart, the one not to kill the bird flying in a direction to the other, and all birds falling out of the field not to be counted. The birds were very wild and difficult to get at. CAPTAIN C—— killed 67 in first-rate style; CAPTAIN A—— killed 39 only. We understand that a similar match is in contemplation between CAPTAIN C—— and a nobleman, for £500 a-side."

We have no right or wish to interfere with the amusements of CAPTAINS A. and C., or any other of our military partridge-shooting heroes. *Chacun à son goût:* and if they find pleasure in shooting one another for £500 a-side, we are not of those who would prevent their doing so. For ourselves, we must confess, our tastes are less expensive. Our appetite for shooting, *pur et simple*, is so keen that we never feel a need of any stimulant to whet it. Gluttons as we are of it, we really seem to hunger for it more the more we get of it. If we had it to excess, it might pall upon our palate; but this is a contingency too remote to dream of. Our fancy fails to nurture so incredible a thought as that we ever could be brought to feel we had a glut of shooting. If we lived to be a hundred, and shot a million birds a-year, we believe that we should still be greedy of the sport, and should relish it *au naturel*, without its being seasoned with a hundred pound Bank-note spice.

But as we said before, *chacun à son goût*. Gourmands as they are, CAPTAINS A. and C. may vote that shooting is insipid, and needs serving up with Mint sauce. Well, *chacun à son goût*. We may call this want of taste, but we cannot well complain of it. What we complain of is, that CAPTAINS A. and C., and other *blasé* sportsmen, should think it worth their while to advertise their turnip-field achievements. They will tell us that they don't. Well, strictly, doubtless they do not; but they allow them to be advertised, and that is just as bad. Sub-editors grow desperate when Parliament is up. In the dull season the smallest of small beer is chronicled. When a brace of noble sportsmen settle to have a shooting-match, the particulars are pounced on by the hungry penny-a-liner. JOHN THOMAS hears them as he clears away the cloth; and through the Servants' Hall there is a *facilis ascensus* to the printing-office. The shooting-match next week is paraded by the Press, and a Newspaper notoriety is conferred upon the shooters. Well, they can't help that; somebody will say. Opinions generally differ. We say we think they can. Half a dozen words to the Editor would do it, begging that in future such small beer be unchronicled. As being private matters, shooting-matches properly should not be dragged before the public, excepting by permission of the persons who are interested. If it please gallant Captains to see their names in print, we can only shrug our shoulders and say, *chacun à son goût*. But don't let them complain that they have not the power to stop it.

That the practice will be stopped we have very little doubt, for whatever *Punch* complains of is always put an end to. Perhaps the best mode of prevention would be to stop the matches; and we admit we think that this would be the preferable course. Even granting it be sportsmanlike to shoot partridges for wagers, we deny that it be gentlemanly to let the bets be advertised. In our eyes partridge-shooting is by far too good a sport to have anything like gambling in any way mixed up with it. If the mania be not checked we shall soon hear of partridges being shot from traps. Now, pigeons are quite good enough for betting-men to blaze at. Partridges are birds that should be shot for love, not money. Have your shooting-matches, gallant Captains, an ye list: but have them down at Battersea, an ye would please *Punch*. There are fitter fields of action for you there than are the turnip-fields.

## SHIELD US FROM OUR SHIELDS!

THE dead cry of "Protection" is being revived at Shields. The shipowners have there been issuing an Address, putting forth the grievances they suffer from free shipping. They will be ruined (as the farmers were), if laws be not kept up to protect them from the foreigner. "Give sorrow words," says SHAKSPEARE, and certainly the shipowners have taken the advice. In close type their lament fills three whole columns of the *Times*. It is obviously, therefore, inadmissible in *Punch*. Our sympathy we give them, but we cannot give our space. We must remark, however, that to bring to them Protection seems not unlike the carrying of coals unto Newcastle. Men who are so "far North" surely can protect themselves. If there is anything in a name, it sounds strange to hear the Shields men saying they want shielding.

## A STAIRCASE FULL OF LAWYERS.

OUR FIRST FLOOR (CONTINUED).

AT MESSRS. EASY AND CO. occupy a whole floor on both sides of our staircase, and employ numerous clerks, it would be hardly polite to pass by their staff unnoticed. I don't want to disturb your slumbers, *Mr. Punch*, but I fear you will lose your equanimity when I mention the startling fact, that there are certainly not less than eleven thousand Attorneys in England and Wales—our canny neighbours across the Tweed are free of the profession; but ask MACSAWNEY of Sawney, 'whether he ever heard of such a thing as a Writer to the Signet?' If, *Mr. Punch*, you ever take an estate in the Land o' Cakes and try the experiment of building a wall one inch beyond your boundary line, or directly or indirectly, with or without malice aforethought, commit the smallest act of trespass, you will find out that you can enjoy the luxury of litigation quite as well under a W. S. as an Attorney. But this is wide of the mark and *nihil ad rem* to our present subject, as I am going to introduce to you some most worthy and industrious gentlemen, who, assuming that the eleven thousand Attorneys employ, on an average, from four to five clerks each, represent a class of some fifty thousand educated men. When a half-starved postman purloins a half-sovereign out of a letter, which has been purposely inserted as a trap to try his honesty, the world raises a cry 'Hit him hard, he has no friends—he's only one of those infernal postmen stealing money again;' or when some drunken lawyer's clerk pulls off a knocker or breaks a bell, MR. ALDERMAN HUMBUG breaks out in a torrent of eloquence, to the wilful murder of the QUEEN'S English, and lectures the unfortunate Bacchanalian on the double crime of 'being drunk and disorderly,' and especially for being one of the dissipated class of lawyers' clerks. I am afraid both postmen and lawyers' clerks often get a double allowance of punishment when they get into trouble—but as I said before, MESSRS. EASY'S Clerks are waiting to be introduced.

"I pass over the Managing Clerks, who have been admitted Solicitors, and are here to-day and gone to-morrow, toiling for other people one day, and tumbling into a partnership the next; men who have the prizes in the lottery to induce them to work, and who can command money and influence to back them; and I beg to present to you, *Mr. Punch*, those who are always labouring at the oar without any prospect of reward beyond an occasional increase in salary.

"On the right you see MR. LEDGER the Accountant and Cashier. You hear sovereigns rattling in his tin box at all hours of the day like a peal of bells. No one knows the amount of money which goes through his hands in the course of a year; still, drop upon him when you may, he will put his hand on any charge, whether it be a sixpenny parcel by Railway which came yesterday, or an advance of £20,000 to LORD HARDUP five years ago.

"The middle-aged man with the bald head is MR. CAREFUL. He came in as office-boy at ten years old, and has been forty-three years in the house; he has a knack of whistling one tune (the only one he knows) somewhat imperfectly, and he has done so ever since he was a boy, and if you ask him about it, he tells you that he never expects to know it thoroughly. MR. CAREFUL'S business is keeping the papers, and FUNNY, who is the office wag, declares that MR. CAREFUL'S habit of perpetual whistling keeps them *dusted*. It is a matter of indifference to CAREFUL whether the papers which were put away last night or thirty years ago are required, as he could tell you in his sleep the box or shelf where they are.

"MR. FUNNY, who runs a little to jewellery, is the out-of-door man, and attends to the Chancery and Common Law. He has a cheerful off-hand way of doing his work, in which he is very proficient, and he jumbles up chaff and summonses at Judge's Chambers, and his own sayings, and other people's jokes, and his talk becomes a medley of Law and JOE MILLER. He has just come from the Offices; now listen to him:—'MR. LEDGER, will you be good enough to advance me a halfpenny; I'm going to Manchester on business, and want something to pay my Railway fare' (*no answer*). 'MR. CAREFUL, have you a pair of scissors?' (MR. CAREFUL *goes and fetches them.*) 'Will you be kind enough to cut off a lock of my hair, and take it to the Vice Chancellor with my compliments:—he announced to-day that he would not sit again until after the vacation, and he would take it as a compliment—'

"*Enter the* OFFICE MESSENGER.

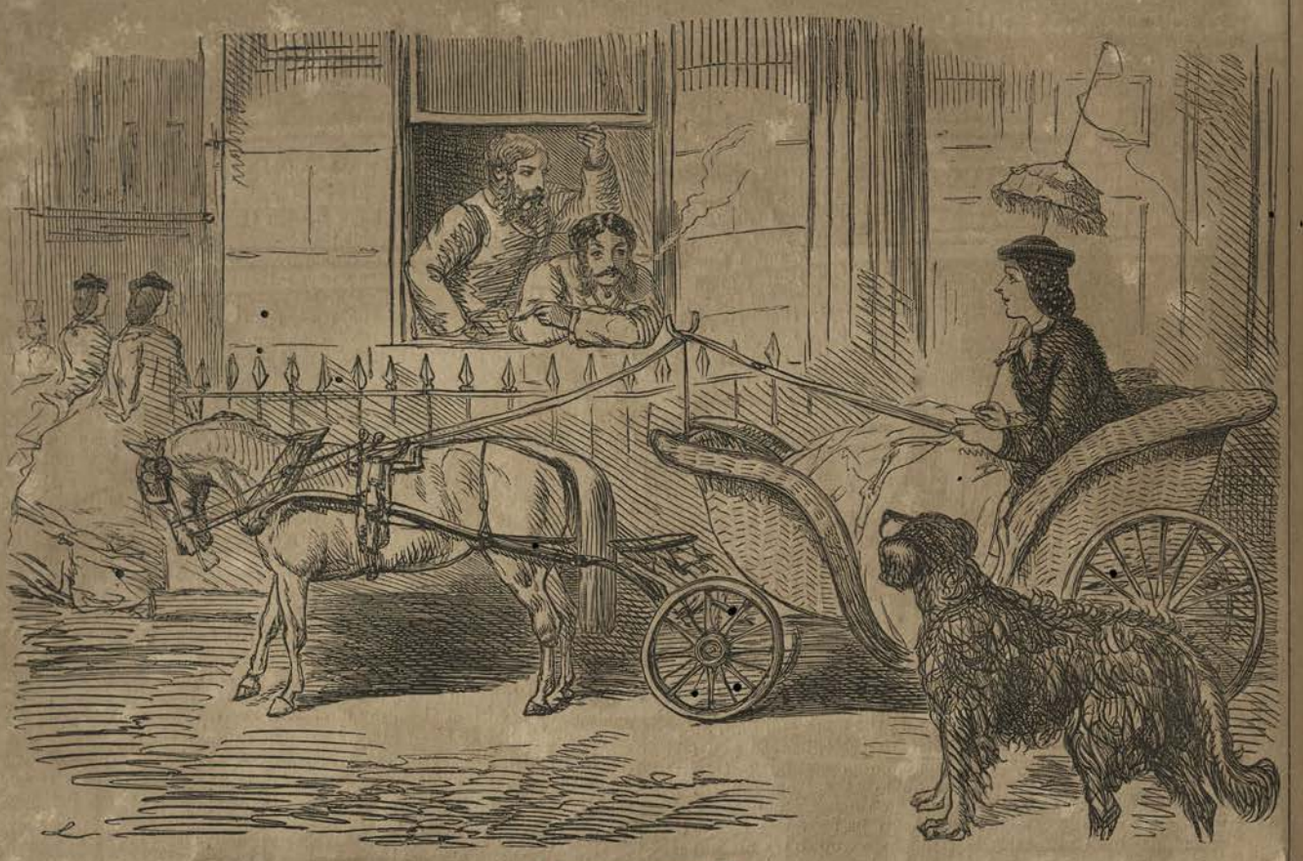
"MR. MUFF wants MR. FUNNY. 'Yes, by Jove, I expect he *does*,' says FUNNY; 'he wants to know what is the first step to take in some action, or some other thing which the office boy could tell him.' Between ourselves, *Mr. Punch, quite in confidence*, there is not a man amongst the eleven thousand Attorneys whose measure is not pretty accurately taken by the office, and if MR. MUFF, or MR. SLY, of the firm of GREEDY AND SLY, Thieves' Inn, could see their portraits as drawn by the lookers-on, I firmly believe they would never sleep again until they resolved to amend their ways. MR. SLY would learn the useful hint, that if he wants men to be honest, he must treat them with proper respect, and neither bully nor spy upon them; and MR. MUFF would learn that his conceit and ignorance could not be carried off by giving twenty times more trouble than is necessary to every one about him.

"MERCURY, the Messenger at MESSRS. EASY'S, is a great character. He is always wet through on rainy days, and in bad weather you rarely come down Lower Temple Lane without meeting MERCURY beating up against the wind, with an umbrella which has seen its best days, if it ever saw any good days within the memory of man. MERCURY is one of the most obliging and contented of beings, and I think he must be a good physiognomist, as he always jokes with the right man. The last time I was at MESSRS. EASY'S Chambers, on asking MERCURY if MR. EASY was at Chambers, the answer was, 'No, he's not come yet, Sir; and between you and me, Sir, MR. EASY is getting idle, and doesn't earn his money, and I shall give him the sack, if he doesn't look out. I know he will be up to-day though, for they are all going to the Opera to-night, as I've lent them my box. MR. EASY, you see, SIR, is a good fellow, and I like to show him a little attention.'

"As to MR. PROSY, the grey-headed old gentleman in spectacles, who wears drab trousers and gaiters, he is the greatest man in the House. He has a room to himself, and is the confidant of the partners. He was in the office when MR. EASY served his articles, and has worked his way to a very comfortable position. There are three figures to MR. PROSY'S *quarterly cheque*, and he is *well* to do. The old Clients of the House would as soon think of flying as omitting to have a chat with MR. PROSY, and the young gentlemen who are serving their time delight in him. TOM CHAFFER goes in with a solemn face, and requests a few words in private, and when the old gentleman has settled himself comfortably in his chair, and adjusted his spectacles, TOM informs him that a report is circulated that he, MR. PROSY, was seen going down to the fight for the championship in a green cutaway and gilt buttons, accompanied by a lady in a red dress and pink bonnet, and begs to know in confidence whether the report is true.

"The Copying Clerks, who for a remuneration varying from a pound to two pounds a week, are content to work for eight or nine hours a day, earn their daily bread as hardly and honestly as any class of HER MAJESTY'S subjects. Imagine, *Mr. Punch*, for one moment, if there was to be a strike amongst the lawyers' clerks in England, and many thousands of men, who know the secrets of all classes, were thrown on the world, surrounded by a set of scoundrels who would bid high for 'information.' There are always rogues about who are ready to pay 'for information' from those who will betray their employers' secrets; and it is my impression, *Mr. Punch*, that it is a very little 'information' which they can obtain. There are some black sheep in all classes, and a few drunken rascals who are brought up in a bad school of sharp practitioners, occasionally bring discredit on their order; but generally speaking, these poor gentlemen are deserving of our respect. When CAPTAIN FLASHY rolls into the office with his hat cocked, and a glass in his eye, and asks for one of the partners with a rough military voice, and scowls at the Clerks as a set of snobs beneath his notice, he simply shows his ill-breeding and want of manners; but when LORD CHEERFUL comes in and gives them a good humoured nod all round, and wishes them 'a Merry Christmas,' he does an act which costs him nothing, and throws as it were a ray of sunshine on their labours; and you may be sure, *Mr. Punch*, if an important message or letter has to be conveyed to his Lordship's house, there are plenty of willing messengers.

"Let me warn MESSRS. MUFF, and SLY, and GREEDY, and all men of their class who look upon those beneath them as so many machines for making money, that their dependants are of the same flesh and blood, and have as refined feelings as themselves, and that Attorneys are only tenants for life of their prosperity, at the expiration of which term the covenants in *their* leases will be looked into pretty sharply, when their own case is called on—so let them mend their ways, that, when they slip their anchors, they may have their Clerks' 'prayers in their sails.'"



## A NICE OFFER.

*Cousin (who is a leetle fast).* "MORNIN', CHARLES! NOW THEN, IF YOU WILL POP ON YOUR HATS, AND WRAP YOURSELVES UP WARM, I'LL TAKE YOU AND YOUR FRIEND OUT FOR A DRIVE!"

## SWEETS WITHOUT POISON.

IN these days of scarcity of safe and profitable investment of money, capitalists will be glad to hear of a speculation sure to pay. This is the Joint Stock Lollipop Company; recently formed to supply the juvenile population with lozenges free from poison.

Daff, the material with which existing lollipops are generally adulterated, consists of sulphate of lime, commonly called Plaster of Paris. This is the substance whereof are composed the images which the Italian boys carry about with them, and the phrenological busts exhibited in MR. DONOVAN'S window; objects for the composition of which it is admirably adapted, though totally unfit to be employed in the manufacture of lollipops. The properties which render it suitable for taking a cast of the head, quite disqualify it for lining the interior of the stomach, which was obviously never intended by Nature to be stuccoed with an indigestible substance.

Black as is the villany which is capable of introducing pernicious Plaster of Paris, under the mask of sugar, into the intestinal canal, that plastic compound of lime and sulphuric acid is itself white. So is the arsenic of commerce; and the latter is easily confounded with the former less powerful and slower poison. Immediate death is thus the consequence of adulteration, practised at the supposed risk, merely, of indefinite and unsuspected injury to health.

Recent illustrations of this serious fact will naturally create a panic among consumers of lozenges, and render articles of that description a drug in the market, much, indeed, like what they are in substance. To allay this anticipated feeling of alarm, and meet the demand which, apart from it, will always exist for the various forms of sweet-stuff, the Lollipop Company has been established. Its transactions will extend to all the saccharine preparations which may be regarded as modifications of the Lollipop—from hardbake to toffee, from sugar-candy to almond-rock, and from peppermint-drops and brandyballs to elecampane.

The Lollipop Company has been organized on the principle of Limited Liability, but will, it is confidently hoped, afford unlimited security for the freedom of Lollipops, in all their forms, from a quantity of foreign matter, which is Plaster of Paris as the rule, and Arsenic as the exception.

For price of shares and other particulars, apply at the Office, 85, Fleet Street, E.C.

## PEACE AT WILL.

EVERYBODY who knows what piano-playing in ordinary is, must sympathize with the author of the following notification among the wants proclaimed by the leading journal:—

WANTED, by a gentleman, a large BED ROOM and PARLOUR, comfortably Furnished, in a respectable private house at the west end. No boarding-housekeeper, or "widow lady, living in a larger house than she requires, with daughters who play upon the piano," need apply. Address, H. C., Cigar Divan, 101, Strand, W. C.

But what is the use of precaution against interior piano-playing, so long as there is no prevention of external organ-grinding? The advertiser had better take the best lodgings he can get, irrespective of tinkling young ladies, and provide himself with a means of protection from the nuisance inflicted by their practising quadrilles on all who are within hearing of it. Let him procure the ingenious contrivance which we invented, and described sometime ago in our valuable columns, for the purpose of stopping the ears, and so protecting the sensitive and the studious from grinding-organs, hurdy-gurdies, bagpipes, street-cries, jingling pianos, people in the house with hacking coughs, and all other maddening assaults and infestations of the auditory nerves.

### A Good Speculation.

To start a new paper in London, and make MONTALEMBERT the Editor of it. There can be no doubt that plucky Frenchman knows a great deal more about English politics than many Editors our generosity forbids us to name.

# THE GREAT LOZENGE-MAKER.

## A Hint to Paterfamilias.

## INTELLECT ON THE GROUND.

LAMARTINE, in a recent letter to the Brussels Congress, calls Belgium "intellectual ground, *par excellence*." We can only say, then, that the soil has not been particularly fertile. Notwithstanding all its "excellence," the ground has only been rich in transplanting. All its intellect has been transplanted, root and branch, from France and other countries. They have scarcely a literary slip that they can call their own. The only intellect displayed has been in stealing the choicest fruit out of their neighbours' gardens, and grafting them on to their own stunted trees, so as to make the world believe what a beautiful crop they had. Brussels, for years past, has been nothing better than a Field Lane of Literature, where the valuable wares, of which French and English authors' pockets had been picked, were openly exhibited for sale. LAMARTINE must have been laughing in his clever sleeve when he called such a monster literary fence "intellectual ground." He can only have meant it in a certain *façon*—and that is, the *contrefaçon*. We should like to send a specimen of the "intellectual" soil to some smart agricultural chemist to have it analysed. His report probably would be:—"Natural Quality extremely barren; whatever intellectual properties are found in it have been imported from other countries." Besides, granting that the ground is as "intellectual" as it is reported to be, what a shame then to build nothing but houses for the reception of stolen goods upon it!

## FROM GAY TO GRAVE, FROM LIVELY TO SEVERE.

EVERYBODY knows the *Beggars' Opera*, with its wicked wit and pretty music. But everybody does not know that MR. JOHN GAY was pleased to write a sequel to the opera, and to call it *Polly*; and truly, for the credit of the pleasant fabulist, the fewer people who know it the better. The author was displeased that the world was convinced he had been aided in the first opera by stronger and bitterer pens than his own, and he probably determined to let the world see that he could do something without aid. He made a mess of it: he sent poor *Polly* to the West Indies, in search of *Macheath*, who had broken prison and turned pirate, taking *Miss Jenny Diver* with him, and finally MR. GAY let *Macheath* be put to death by some virtuous blackamores, whose Prince falls in love with *Polly*, and is promised his reward as soon as time shall have assuaged her sorrows, and permitted her to marry again. On the 7th December, 1728, which was a Saturday, MR. GAY called on the Lord Chamberlain to read this piece to him, but was requested to leave it, and on the following Thursday, the Devonshire dramatist was told that *Polly* must be suppressed. Why, it is difficult to guess, for nothing can be more harmless and stupid than the piece; and we must suppose, either that the then Lord Chamberlain had a care for the poet's reputation, or that Lord Chamberlains in those days were as great fools as they are now.

But *Mr. Punch*, happening to take up the book, detected, with his usual keenness, one bit of dialogue which he is inclined to reproduce, the rather that nobody but an omni-observant party like himself will ever discover a scrap of gold amid so much rubbish. He lighted upon a scene where certain of the pirates, *Macheath's* companions, were squabbling over the territories which they intended to conquer. And thus do the thieves talk:—

"*Hacker.* And then, brother, the Kingdom of *Mexico* shall be mine.

"*Capstern.* Who talks of *Mexico*? I'll never give it up. If you outlive me, brother, and I die without heirs, I'll leave it you for a legacy.

"*Laguerre.* The Island of *Cuba*, methinks, brother, might satisfy any reasonable man.

"*Cutlass.* That I had allotted for you. *Mexico* shall not be parted with without my consent. CAPTAIN MORANO (*Macheath*), to be sure, will choose *Peru*—that 's the country of gold, and all great men love gold. *Mexico* hath only silver. Governor of *Carthagena*, brother, is a title I shall not dispute with you.

"*Capstern.* Death, Sir, I shall not part with *Mexico*, so easily.

"*Hacker.*<br>"*Cutlass.*<br>"*Laguerre.*<br>"*Culverin.*} Nor I.

"*Hacker.* Draw, then, and let the survivor take it. [*They fight.*"

The book dropped from *Mr. Punch's* hands, and he slept, and dreamed a dream. And behold, there came unto him a Yankee, who took the book and read the above passage, and spoke as follows:—

"Calculate, strainger, that air coon of a play-writer of yourne is squinting his eye in a fine frenzy rolling at the free and galliant sons of our immortal Republic, and that the crittur has made his best jumps to show that we are pirates, because we *fulfil* the destiny of natur, in aggregating them outlying tracts to the immortal Union. Lucky for him that he ain't promulgated that air upon this here free and enlightened soil, or I'd bet a red cent he 'd be fitted with a clean new shirt of tar, and an elegant waistcoat of feathers. Jerusalem! Snakes!"

*Mr. Punch* jumped up in a cold fright, and waked himself by a desperate but unsuccessful effort to explain to his American friend that thieving was one thing and annexation another.

## HUMANITY AND CANINITY.

AT the Clerkenwell Police Court the other day occurred a case, reported in the *Morning Post* under the head of "HORRIBLE CRUELTY TO A DOG—INFLICTION OF THE FULL PENALTY." It was briefly this. Some children were at play with a small terrier, which bit one of them, whose father rushed out of the house and stabbed the dog, which escaped, and ran away howling. In a quarter of an hour it came back; and he then seized it, took it in-doors, and in three minutes afterwards threw it into the street, with its throat cut from ear to ear. It crawled to its owner's door, and died. The defendant said, "the dog had bitten his child, and he thought he was justified in killing it. He denied being guilty of intentional cruelty to the animal." MR. TYRWHITT "dwelt at some length on the gravity of the offence."

*Punch* is not inclined to palliate cruelty to animals, especially dogs; for does he not appreciate the fidelity of *Toby?*—but is it so grave an offence for a father to cut the throat of a cur that has bitten his child? The magistrate dwelt on the fact, that the defendant renewed his attack upon the dog. "Had he killed the animal outright in the first instance, so much could not have been said." Nothing, *Punch* would suggest, could justly be said more than that the father did a very natural thing. "But," continued MR. TYRWHITT, "the fact of his having stabbed the dog in the first place, and then waiting till it returned to its owner's door to commit a further atrocity upon it, was a most unjustifiable and barbarous act, for which he should inflict the full penalty of £5 and the costs, or two months' imprisonment, and order him to pay a further sum of 15*s.*, as a compensation to the owner of the dog, or be further imprisoned for seven days."

The man was a letter-carrier; so that this was a severe sentence. The remarks and judgment of the worthy magistrate seem to indicate an animals' friend, a little too friendly, comparatively, to animals: one, of whom you might feel inclined to say, with *Macduff*, "He has no children"—and add, "He has pet terriers." The man does not appear to have tortured the dog. That it survived the division of its carotids, was not his fault; and surely "unjustifiable and barbarous" are rather too strong terms to apply to the simple, though deliberate, destruction of an animal, prompted by a perfectly natural motive. Many people believe, that if a dog that has bitten anybody goes mad, the person bitten will go mad too—sufficient reason for killing any dog that has bitten anybody. If we are to stand on much ceremony about killing snapping curs, must we not take care how we destroy rats, and other vermin? Had *Mr. Punch* been in the place of MR. TYRWHITT, the plaintiff would have been told, that if he had wished his dog not to get killed, he should have kept it at home, and not let it loose on the street to bite children.

## MILK AND WATER REFLECTIONS.

BY A THOROUGH "BLUE."

THE Whole Duty of Man is frequently only to please himself.

Many a man, who tries to be eccentric, only makes himself ridiculous.

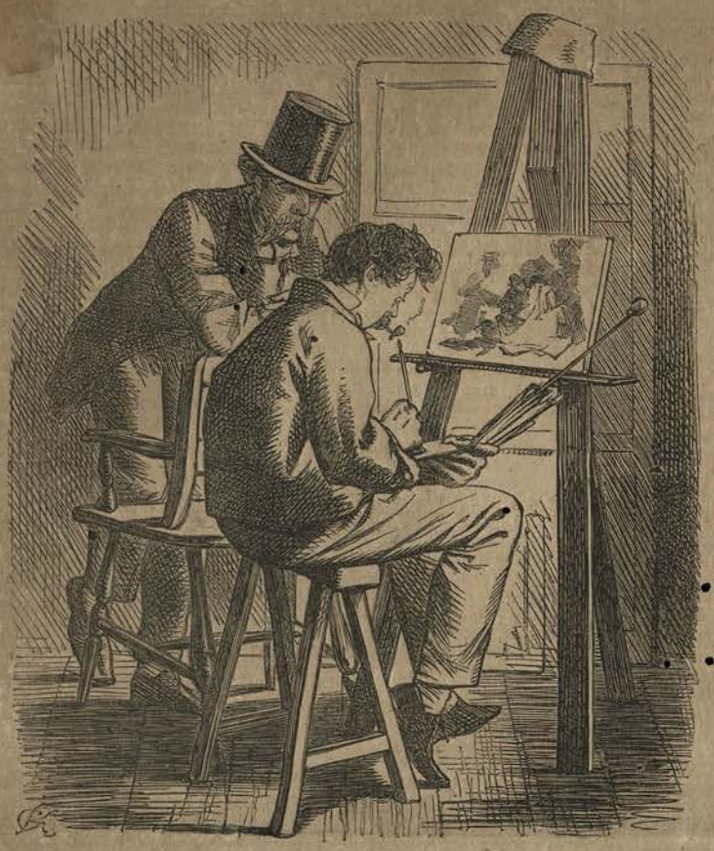
When two men dispute, you may be sure that there is a fool upon one side or the other; and the man who interferes between the two is generally a greater fool than either.

If the men did not encourage coquettes so much, there would not be so many of them.

There are some men whose opposition can be reckoned upon against everything that has not emanated from themselves.

There is scarcely a man who does not inveigh against the scandal of women, but they all of them listen to it.

Ingratitude is the pretext that Selfishness seizes hold of for refusing to do a favour.



## "A JOB'S COMFORTER."

Loafer (one who makes long morning calls, interrupting fellows at their work). "——— *Friend o' mine, was at a Pawnbroker's Sale the other day, and says he saw that picture of yours, 'Housemaid and Warming Pan,' and a beautiful Moire Antique dress (in one lot, you know), knocked down for two pound ten.*"

## THEORY OF TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND.

SOME interesting particulars about aëroliths were published the other day in the *Times*. These things may be compared to the cherubs of popular imagination, for they are small celestial bodies—though cherubs are said to be "all head and no body." Some aëroliths, however, are, comparatively, to bodies terrestrial, little strangers of considerable magnitude. One in 1807, which fell in the State of Connecticut, was, before it was broken, three or four times as big as the Observatory at Paris. It is, perhaps, fortunate that this aërolith fell inland instead of tumbling into the Atlantic: for, if it had done that, it might have killed the Sea-Serpent, and thus have inflicted an irreparable loss on the Natural History of the Future. Aëroliths generally fall with a loud explosion, which is not easily accounted for, though their fall naturally makes some noise in the neighbourhood where it is observed. They are small planetary masses, whirling in space about the earth, and occasionally getting within reach of its attraction, when down they come like NEWTON'S pippin, only they are blackened by fire, and thus in the state of an overdone roast apple.

These bits of planets are composed of iron and nickel, albeit the glitter of the stars would induce the supposition that they were silver; though all that glitters is not silver any more than gold. But there is no reason why, if the stars contain nickel and iron, they should not also contain the more precious metals, and why on some day in this month, when stars shoot, that is, aëroliths fall, periodically in large numbers, a few nuggets should not drop among those metallic meteors. Perhaps, if Jupiter were to go to pieces, he would come down in a golden shower, which would be too much of a good thing for DANAË, represented by the Earth. How do we know that the Diggings are not places where it has been raining gold? These suggestions will perhaps dispose some of our readers to look out for shooting-stars, if not to expect that they may pick something up by doing so.

### Respect for Parents.

BOYS call their father the Governor. Girls never term Mamma the Governess. The reason is obvious: a Governor is a master, a Governess, in genteel Society, is no better than a servant.

## EXTRAORDINARY LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER GLADSTONE.

WE are requested to publish the following communication, which has been addressed to the *Times* Newspaper, but which has not appeared in the columns of that journal, for the reason set out in the document:—

"*To the Editor of the 'Times.'*

"SIR, "*Marseilles, Nov.* 9, 1858.

"I HAVE been much astonished to read in the *Times* Newspaper a statement, that 'MR. GLADSTONE, who has been despatched to inquire into the grievances of the inhabitants of the Ionian Isles, will have to recommend one of two courses'—which the writer of the article proceeds to indicate.

"Sir, I should feel heartily ashamed of myself if I saw before me, on any subject whatever, only Two Courses. I hope I am a worthier follower of the late lamented SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART.

"I have, Sir, a contempt for Two Courses. Even when dining at home, without company, I always request MRS. GLADSTONE to direct that we have Three Courses, not because I am an epicure, but because it is right to be faithful, even in trifles, to a principle. When I go out with my brother-in-law's greyhounds, I observe the same rule, and whatever may be the weather, or the paucity of hares, I insist on Three Courses.

"That when I am proceeding to investigate the grievances of Seven islands, to say nothing of numerous islets, I should be able to limit myself even to the recommendation of three courses is more than improbable. Allowing but three to each of the principal isles of the Septinsular Republic, I see at least Twenty-One Courses which I shall feel it my duty to set before the EARL OF DERBY.

"Why, Sir, I had to consider three courses as to my very means of reaching the islands. I might have gone round by sea, *viâ* Gibraltar; I might have gone to Trieste; and I might have taken the railroad to Marseilles. I had to give each its due consideration.

"It has occurred to me, Sir, that I might—

"1st. Send you this protest for insertion in your columns.
"2nd. Take no notice of your remarks.
"3rd. Answer you through *Mr. Punch*.

"I have decided upon the latter course, for three reasons,—

"1st. Because *Mr. Punch* is my friend.
"2nd. Because you might be indisposed to insert my complaint.
"3rd. Because it is not in my nature to proceed in a direct line.

"I therefore address you thus, and beg to assure you, that neither of the courses to which you would limit me will be the one I shall recommend to my LORD DERBY, and that the report which I shall address to him will probably occupy him upwards of eight weeks in the perusal.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,
&c. &c. &c.

"*Les Trois Couronnes,* "WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE,
"*Room No.* 3. 3 P.M." "(*vir trium nominum.*)"

### The Leviathan Ashore or Afloat?

WHAT can be the meaning of this announcement, which has been for the last some months appearing in the *Times?*

THE GREAT EASTERN STEAM-SHIP.—Admission until further notice, 1*s.* each, except Fridays, on which day 2*s.* 6*d.* each person.
"13, Gresham Street, April 27, 1858." "JOHN YATES, *Sec.*"

Is the *Great Eastern* Steam-Ship, then, to be seen in Gresham Street? Is the Leviathan stranded—if we may apply that term to a street in the City? Or is Gresham Street a part of the silent highway?

## "THE OPERA OF THE FUTURE."

MEYERBEER'S opera of the *Africaine* seems to be "*The* Opera of the Future," for there appears but little chance of its ever being played in our lifetime. How many years has it not been locked up in the great composer's portfolio, undergoing a species of African slavery, of which manager after manager has tried in vain to find the musical key. However, we are sorry to find MEYERBEER lending his great name to MESSRS. WAGNER, LISTZ, and other crotchet-mongers of the *Music of the Future*, in support of their inharmonious fallacies, that have lately been aired in a grand pretentious production, called *Lohengrin*. A "grin" seems to be the end of all their operas, though at best it is but a melancholy one, and anything but flattering to those who provoke it. The Viennese are all *Lohengrinning* like mad. We wish MEYERBEER would put this band of musical fanatics to shame by allowing his *Africaine* to become "An Opera of the Present," instead "of the Future," and so prove to these hair-brained gentlemen what good music really is. The best *Music of the Future* is that which has the elements of vitality in every note of it, so that there can be no doubt about its living several scores of years after its production. The specimen that we know of this class is *Don Giovanni*, and our would-be MOZARTS cannot do better than to take it as a model.

## SELLING SUPERNATURAL WORKS.

A BOOKSELLER in Newgate Street publishes the subjoined announcement:—

BOOKS upon ASTROLOGY, magic, witchcraft, conjuring, alchemy, spectres, apparitions, devils, nativities, stars, ghosts, dreams, omens, spirits, physic, prodigies, &c. Catalogues gratis.

Spirits are looking up. We have a *British Spiritual Telegraph*—which does not, however, profess to deal exclusively with British Spirits: FRANKLIN and other Yankee articles being much quoted by the Spiritual journals. The quotations are all Anglo-Saxon, of a sort that cannot be pronounced prime; consisting generally of platitudes of an inferior description. Then there is a *Spiritual Telegraph*, peculiar to Yorkshire; a county which we should have thought too far north for that sort of thing. Besides these periodicals, there is the *Spiritual Messenger*, so called, perhaps, from conveying no messages, or not any that are intelligible, or, if intelligible, are of the least importance, interest, or novelty. The spiritual communications published in these journals are mostly those of familiar spirits, whose familiarity, expressed in extremely vernacular language, is such as to be highly calculated to produce the effect ascribed to it in the copy-books. The spirits talk bad English to Bunkum. Whether any of the books alluded to in the above-quoted advertisement are more interesting than the spiritual journals we do not know; if they are not, they will certainly have the recommendation of not pandering to unholy curiosity; for our spiritual contemporaries gratify no curiosity at all. None of them offer you any evidence that you can depend upon for the production of even one single supernatural rap on a table.

## GREAT WESTMINSTER REFORM STAKES.

(*From our Special Sporting Correspondent.*)

ALTHOUGH this event does not come off for some months (we believe the meeting is fixed for February), it excites already so much interest in the minds of turfites that we think we shall not be premature in analysing the performances and chances of the various animals engaged, and in advising our readers to the best of our ability how best to square their little books.

LORD DERBY'S *Chancellor* and MR. BRIGHT'S *Brummagem* divide the favouritism between them; and are, indeed, the only animals really backed for money. Of the two we prefer the Manchester nag, who took a rattling gallop at Birmingham a short time ago, and performed in a style which gave his backers great confidence. The *Chancellor*, on the other hand, has never quite recovered his melancholy exhibition at Slough; and in the face of such a wretched performance, we cannot stand him for this race. Indeed, we think it very unlikely that the noble Earl will run the horse at all, as he still has a large lot to choose from, and may even at last stand in with *The Brum*.

The Liberal Party, we understand, have decided on going for the same animal; and we must, therefore, think very highly of his chance. The running will be probably made for him by MR. BERKELEY'S *Ballot*, or MR. LOCKE KING'S *Tenpounder*, neither of whom, of course, can have a chance of winning on their own merits.

RUSSELL'S *Woburn Whig* must have a good chance for this race. He has performed very well at different times; and although rather "off" lately, we hear he is doing good work again, and will be very bad to beat on the day. In the event of anything happening to LORD DERBY'S lot, he is almost certain to get a good place, even if he does not win, and we should advise his being kept very safe.

Of the outside division, LORD PALMERSTON'S *Humbug* is quite useless for this journey, and the best of the second-raters is SIR JOHN TRELAWNEY'S *Church Rate*, who will, we think, do a good thing some day.

Having thus summed up all the chances, we proceed to give our opinion; which is, that *Brummagem* will be first, closely followed by the *Woburn Whig*, and we will take *Ballot* for a cock-boat.

## THE CAUSE OF THE COSMETICS.

(*Being the necessary moral of the Cause of* LEVERSON *v.* ATLOFF.)

LADIES! List to me a little, hear the story I indite,
Gleam upon me, eyes of brightness! gleam, ye teeth of pearly white!
Give me all-forgiving glances, if I should too much betray,
Secret springs of woman—beauty to the "garish eye of day."

You have read (at least if *all* of you have not, I'll say *the most*)
Of a trial full reported in the plush-clad *Morning Post*.
RACHEL LEVERSON as plaintiff for assault did damage claim,
ATLOFF was the dire defendant—I forget his Christian name.

He had turned her from her lodgings, and with force, as it appeared,
All the bottles, jugs and phials he from her apartments cleared,
For this wrong to pay the sum of twenty pounds was ATLOFF made;
But, dear ladies! what a lesson glean we men from RACHEL'S trade.

Hers was trade in fair cosmetics, masks for faces sere she sold,
By it nobly kept her parents; for, God help her, they were old;
Did a tidy stroke of business, making fifteen pounds a-week,
Getting wrinkles out of old folks, who desired to be sleek.

Ladies! Ladies! Is it really true that for five pounds paid down,
Any one may brave th' ordeal of a season passed in Town?
Is it true that pencilled eyebrows arch o'er eyes that break our gloom,
And to faded cheeks "drab powder" gives again a genial bloom?

When a Drawing-room brings husbands forward with their better halves,
When the Coachmen show their bouquets, and the Footmen show their calves,
Are we to believe the Matron compare with her daughter fears,
And by trick would try to wipe out traces of all-honoured years?

Trust me, Nature ne'er made beauty on this earth as round it whirls,
Comelier than an English Matron's, lovelier than an English Girl's.
'Twere enough to make with anguish *Venus de Medici* cry,
If a woman's beauty stood upon the hazard of a die.

## DEATH IN THE "SWEETIE" POT.

SUPPOSE a lollipop manufacturer, wishing to undersell, hit upon the expedient of mixing sand with sugar. And suppose the sandman of whom he bought his sand, sold him by mistake for it a lot of powdered poison. And suppose the manufacturer should endeavour to excuse himself by saying that he only meant to use sand for his lollipops, and that it was quite by accident that he had mixed up poison in them. And suppose the sandman should hold himself not guilty, on the plea that he had neither made nor sold the lollipops, and it was quite by accident he sold their maker poison for them:

Would the people of that country, wherever it might be, be justified in suffering such excuses to hold good; and in allowing wholesale murder, "accidentally" resulting from "mistakes," based on fraud, to go utterly unpunished?

But, say the adulterators, a tradesman must live.

Granted, rejoins *Punch*. But in order that he may do so, he surely must not kill people.

OLD BIRDS ARE NOT CAUGHT WITH CHAFF.

## A PATTERN TO HER SEX.

THOSE of our readers who are accustomed to dine in company, and, whilst at dinner, ever mind anybody's business except their own, which is comprised in the plate before them, must, when, at times, their attention has been casually transferred to the proceedings of the other people at table, have remarked, with derisive pity, the poor appetites of the female portion of them for the most part—the very moderate quantity which the ladies generally eat. Exceptions to this rule, do, however, occasionally occur, and a signal and highly gratifying one is recorded by a correspondent of the *Preston Chronicle;* who, relating his experience in the office of carver at a festival among the working classes, to which ladies had been considerately invited, makes the following statement:—

"My attention was more particularly arrested by a modest-looking and neatly-attired female; and when I state the quantity of food this lady quietly disposed of, it will not cause any wonder that my amazement should be excited. The following was supplied to her by my own hand:—Four plates of beef and potatoes; one plate of veal pie; one plate of plum-pudding; one plate of apple tart; and one plate of celery and cheese! During the mastication of all this, she drank one glass of water."

The spectacle should have excited not his amazement, but his admiration. Had he been a bachelor, it might have suggested the suitableness of the modest-looking, neatly-attired, and largely-feeding female for a wife. This modest-looking female was not ashamed to eat, like some mock-modest females. A strong hearty appetite indicates a robust constitution; one of the greatest blessings, and the rarest blessing, that a husband can enjoy. Womanly delicacy is most charming in every respect, but that of health—therein it is the great physical evil of domestic life. Besides, a woman who can eat five plates of meat, including one of meat-pie, and potatoes, followed by three several plates of plum-pudding, apple-tart, and celery and cheese, is a living example in proof of the pro-matrimonial maxim, that what is enough for one is enough for two.

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A QUERY FOR DRAWING-ROOMS?—We wonder if Servants find fault with their Masters and Mistresses as much as Masters and Mistresses are in the habit of finding fault with their Servants?

## POLITICAL WEASELISM.

CATCH a weasel asleep! has doubtless been the remark of *nine* people in ten of those who read LORD DERBY'S speech at the Guildhall Feast. The LORD MAYOR set a snare for him, but the Premier was by far too old a hand to be caught napping. His Lordship wished to draw out the intentions of the Government, but the Premier nosed the noose, and was not to be Wire-drawn. This is how the weasel put his forepaw to his snout, and took a sight at his Lordmayorship:—

"In speaking of HER MAJESTY'S present Government, my LORD MAYOR, you have been kind enough to give us a species of programme for the coming Session. That programme is somewhat extensive, but you have omitted to show us in what manner, and by what assistance, we may be enabled to carry the whole of it into effect. (*A laugh.*) I cannot help thinking, that the advice so kindly tendered to HER MAJESTY'S Government was hardly intended so much in the spirit of advice, as thrown out to elicit an expression of our opinions. (*Hear, hear.*) You have baited the hook, no doubt, with great skill and address (*a laugh*), but some of us have lived many years in the world, and have learned to be somewhat cautious. We do not intend to take the bait. (*Laughter.*)"

Says the weasel to the Mayor, "I guess old hoss, you 're beat. Your wine, isn't so bad, but your gin 's a failure. I 'll come and take your turtle, but the bait will not take *me*. You 'll catch me—with a hook: so you 'd best give up snaring. I calculate, old hoss, it will take a 'cuter 'possum than a Mayor to WIRE me!"

---

WANTED, A NURSE, who has been accustomed to the "nursing" of omnibuses. He must be well acquainted with all the complaints to which an omnibus is liable, and must know how to manage as many charges as may be thrown by the Police upon his hands. He will be expected to give satisfactory proofs that he fully understands the rearing of horses, as well as the bringing up before the magistrate of opposition omnibuses. An unexceptionable bad character from his last place required. Unlimited "Cordial" allowed, so that the omnibus that is being "nursed," may be put out of the way as soon as possible. Apply to the General Nuisance Company, at any hour that the Directors are not engaged in a Police Court.

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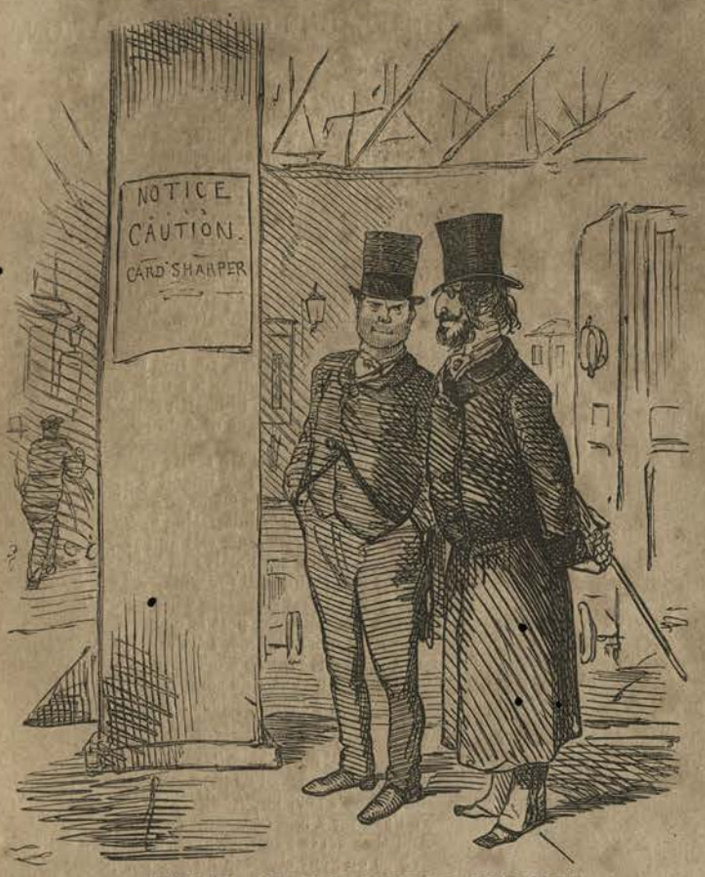
### MUNCHAUSEN'S MIRACLES.

PERHAPS M. VEUILLOT, of the *Univers*, will have the goodness to inform us whether, with regard to the tales of Lourdes and La Salette, the Ultramontane papists consider some works of fiction meritorious?

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, November 20, 1858.




## A SKETCH AT A RAILWAY STATION.

*Respectable Citizen (reads Placard).* "'The Public are cautioned against Card-Sharpers, Gamblers, and Pickpockets.' * * * WHY, I THOUGHT SUCH PEOPLE WAS ALL DONE AWAY WITH. DIDN'T YOU, MO?"

## A NOOK IN NEWGATE.

TUNE—"*In my Cottage near a Wood.*"

IN my cosy prison-cell
Peace and comfort now are mine.
In your cottage you may dwell,
Me let these four walls confine.
Here am I, serene and snug,
Ye who slave with ill-paid spell,
Oh, how jolly in the Jug!
In my cosy prison-cell!

It is warmed with nice hot air,
To whatever heat I please,
As I move that grating there,
At my pleasure and my ease.
If you handle I but turn,
I am answered like a bell:
Some one comes my want to learn,
In my cosy prison-cell.

With convenience 'tis replete,
Hammock and each thing beside;
And, to keep it clean and sweet,
Lots of water are supplied.
Coves keep looking in to see
If I go on doing well;
Chaplain, doctor, visit me,
In my cosy prison-cell.

There is only one defect,
Which impairs my happy lot;
But to that I do object—
Can't enjoy my pipe and pot!
Water I 've enough, and more
Than enough, for any swell;
But no gin, which is a bore,
In my cosy prison-cell!

### The Anti-Confessional.

THE way in which LORD DERBY, in answer to the pressing solicitations of ALDERMAN WIRE, refused to confess his political creed at Guildhall, is only a proof how strongly the Prime Minister of England is opposed to the Confessional Movement!

## TEMPERANCE AND REFORM.

WHAT does our totally abstinent contemporary, the *Band of Hope Review*, say to the following incident, which occurred the other day in the *Nisi Prius* Court, Guildhall, before MR. JUSTICE CROMPTON, and a Common Jury?—

"The Jury having been sworn, one of the jurors said, Excuse me, my Lord. I have taken the oath as a Christian; I love the Bible; but I don't see why I should be called upon to take an oath as a Christian before I have my rights as an Englishman."

The law report just quoted, goes on to say that the Judge, on hearing this altogether uncalled for and irrelevant observation, "looked puzzled," but "unconcerned;" and that, "No one seemed to understand the meaning of this sally, and no one appeared to care for it."

Does the *Band of Hope Review* understand the case? We should think so. The sphere of usefulness of the teetotal missionary comprises, if it is not confined to, the slums. How often during his perambulations in the paths of duty through those regions, has an individual, who ought to be a working man, but is an idle one, emerged suddenly from an establishment for the sale of alcoholic liquors, tumbled up against his person, and addressed him in terms nearly or exactly similar to the abrupt and seemingly impertinent speech of the Guildhall Common Juror! A very common juror, doubtless, was this gentleman of the Jury; and probably there was the same indistinctness in his utterance as that which is remarked by teetotal missionaries in the pronunciation of similar gentlemen who stagger out of gin-shops. "Excuse me—" articulated, so to speak, in a very peculiar manner, is the favourite exordium of all such orators, whether they have fallen forward on anybody or no. If the learned Judge who presided on the occasion in question had ever participated in the experiences of the missionary, he would not have been puzzled, and would have directed the gratuitously protesting Juror to withdraw. He might, also, have fined him 5*s*. Yet let not these too evident considerations blind us, and let them not blind LORD DERBY, to the equally evident probability that there was truth in the complaint implied in the declaration, however unseasonable, of the British, if bosky Juryman. He had, most likely, been called upon to assist in the administration of laws of which he possessed no voice in the making. But then, on the other hand, let MR. BRIGHT and MR. ERNEST JONES also observe, that if we may safely conclude this British Juror to have been unrepresented, we may, with no less certainty, presume that he was drunk.

## GOOD NEWS FOR SUITORS.

WE extract the following delightful piece of intelligence from the *Express* of Tuesday last:—

"LORD CAMPBELL said, that owing to the winter assizes, there would be great difficulty in providing judicial power for the benefit of suitors."

Judge-power strikes us as being a very fine notion. We shall have somebody inventing a battery next, for the production of judicial power by electrical means, which will, no doubt, be a great saving to the public. We shall then hear (for, of course, somebody will take up our idea and properly elaborate it) of a trial being worked by so many Judge-power.

### A Modern Miracle-Play.

THE Correspondent of the *Times* at Paris mentions, that Monday last week, being the EMPRESS's Saint's day, STE. EUGÉNIE's day, was celebrated with certain festivities, amongst which was a *spectacle des saltimbanques*. What could the *spectacle* have been? The canonisation of STE. EUGÉNIE at Rome?

### CONUNDRUM FOR RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.

WHY are Railway Officials generally of a democratic turn?

Because it 's a way they have, in arranging the carriages, of setting "class against class."

*Miss Lajeune (having made so decided a "Hit" with her Crinoline) tries her hand upon the last new fashionable Hat, and her ingenuity is crowned with success.*

## THE NON-ADHESIVE POSTAGE-STAMPS.

THE increase in the sale of the stamped numbers of this periodical (price fourpence), always vast, has lately become enormous. The reason is, that those numerous subscribers who wish to send it to Vancouver's Island, Sarawak, the Poles, and other remote regions, are, by the stamp on the number of *Punch*, assured that *Punch* will reach his destination. The impressed stamp cannot be removed by any violence short of absolute scraping, whereas the postage-stamp, now ironically called adhesive, rubs off with the very slightest friction, if it can be got to stick at all. That it generally can be got to stick by no means would be too much to say, because it can be almost always made to do so with a great deal of trouble and the help of gum-arabic. The non-adherent property of the penny-postage stamp is owing to the paste at the back of it being good-for-nothing. We should suppose that it was made of some such stuff as potato-starch, but for a certain positive peculiarity for which it is remarkable. This is an abominably nasty taste, bad enough to make anybody sick that has many letters to write, and unwisely sticks his stamps on them with his mouth.

The truth of the matter probably is, that some quack has humbugged the Post-Office authorities into using a cheap substitute for gum or paste, which he pretends to have invented—a bad form of dextrine, or some rubbish of that sort. This stuff may be conceived to have been manufactured out of very dirty rags; but we should not be at all surprised if it turns out to be thick Thames-water evaporated. The ruling powers of the Post-Office are right in being economical, though they might as well be a little more extravagant than they are in their remuneration of letter-carriers; and certainly they ought to afford the public efficient postage-stamps at any rate of cost. Government not only saves, but also makes a great deal of money by the useless stamps issued from the Post-Office. First, the stamp is rubbed off, value one penny; then the recipient of the letter has to pay twopence; postage on an ordinary letter, threepence altogether. To this imposition, the nauseous flavour of the postage-stamps, added in connection with the economy of their manufacture, justly entitles them to be described as cheap and nasty.

A MATRON'S MISTAKE.—MRS. CADDY, having been informed by somebody that Ribandism was making sad progress in Ireland, exclaimed, "Ah, drat 'em; it's just like 'em—the good-for-nothing hussies!—and only shows how right the sayin' is, 'No Irish need apply.'"

## THE PLAGUE OF ADULTERATION.

*A Popular Complaint to a Popular Air.*

OH, have you heard the tales of late,
How tradesmen all adulterate,
There 's scarce a thing now, sad to state,
That 's free from Adulteration.
Your tea is mere chopped hay and sticks,
Your Wallsend 's safe to burn like bricks,
With sand your sugar so they mix,
That daily in your throat it sticks;
Your coffee is chicory, beans, and bones,
Your jeweller sells you paste for stones,
In short whate'er you purchase owns
Some taint of Adulteration.

*Chorus.*
Hocus, pocus! fee, fo, fum!
No wonder we all look so glum,
For nothing but ill-health can come
From the Plague of Adulteration.

Your best kid-gloves are really rat,
Your butter is pig's lard mixed with fat,
Your mutton-pies are made of cat,
By this plaguy Adulteration!
Your beer is strychnine, salt and slops,
And everything save malt and hops;
And if you rashly call for wine,
I would not that your fate were mine!
Of lees and logwood port is made,
And even worse things, I 'm afraid,
And sherry is now so tricked in trade,
'Tis nought but Adulteration.
*Chorus.*—Hocus, pocus! &c.

Where'er you go, whate'er you buy,
Whatever "noted shop" you try,
For genuine goods in vain you cry,
Nought 's sold but Adulteration.
You ask for a loaf of wheaten bread,
And they serve you with alum and "daff" instead,
Which on your stomach lie like lead,
And make a torment of your bed;
If then in drugs you seek relief,
You find they but increase your grief,
Near every chemist 's now a thief,
And deals in Adulteration!

*Chorus.*
Hocus, pocus! fee, fo, fum!
No wonder we all look so glum,
For nothing but ill-health can come
From the Plague of Adulteration!

## THE MOST MODEL OF ALL MODEL SPEECHES.

THE Telegram from Madrid brings us the following scrap of startling information, which, in the shape of *news*, has never been exceeded by a Telegram (out of America) before:—

"(BY TELEGRAPH TO MR. REUTER.)

"MADRID, WEDNESDAY.

"The Royal speech will express very clearly the intentions of Government on the political and economical questions of the day."

This is, "very clearly," much more than a Royal Speech ever did in England! We should advise LORD DERBY to send over to Madrid for a copy of this wonderful document, so that he may keep it before him as a model. By this means, we may have, for the first time in this country, a Model Speech from the throne. As a favourable example, we should like to be favoured, on the 19th of January next, with "the intentions of Government" with regard to the "political and economical questions of the day" generally, and the Reform Bill particularly.

### Theory of Shooting Stars.

BY the ancients the stars were supposed to be the representatives of the great monarchs, princes, and potentates of the earth. There is, perhaps, something in this notion. May not the falling stars, which are constant phenomena about the beginning of November, be symbols of the Mayors then going out of office?

## GREAT HOP DEPUTATION.

LARGE body of ladies and gentlemen connected with the Hop Interest of the Metropolis waited upon the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER at his official residence on Tuesday, November 16th for the purpose of putting before that gentleman the necessity of abolishing the obligation of taking out a music and dancing licence for their various establishments. The deputation, which was most respectably attended, was introduced by MR. CALDWELL, MISS LEONORA GEARY, MISS ROSINA WRIGHT, the proprietors of the Holborn Casino, and Argyll Rooms, and several members of the *corps de ballet*.

The deputation, in most eloquent terms, placed their various hardships before the powers that be (who were represented by Under-Secretary HAMILTON), and were treated with much courtesy.

The interview lasted some minutes, and was brought to a conclusion by the singing of the "*Varsovienne*" and the dancing of the "*Lancer's Quadrille*," in which MR. HAMILTON took an animated part; after which the proceedings terminated.

## THICK AS THIEVES.

BY an account of Improvements in Newgate, lately given by the *Times*, it appears that thieves, especially old thieves, have a particular objection to be shut up by themselves, insomuch that "they express themselves ready to perform any kind of labour that may be required of them rather than endure the monotony of separate confinement." This is a very odd truth; for thieves are commonly supposed to be enemies to society, and it is believed that if they were tolerated, society would not hold together: and yet what extremely social fellows they appear to be! Fine things might be said of the geniality of thieves, and their sympathies for their fellow men. A thief prefers the company of another thief to his own, and the rather, the more inveterate a thief he is. Therefore thieves are more agreeable to each other than they are to themselves, and most agreeable to the worst of their class. Yet a thief must love himself better than his neighbour. Thieves, according to Phrenology, should have the organ of adhesiveness as well as that of acquisitiveness in excess, since they are as strongly disposed to stick together as their fingers are to stick to other men's goods. This curious peculiarity of the predaceous classes, shows the correctness of the popular comparison—"thick as thieves." It also suggests a riddle which deserves consideration, particularly on the part of that public which will utterly deny the truth of the answer to the enigma—Why are thieves like postage-stamps? Because they are remarkable for their adhesive properties.

### To Stupid Correspondents.

THEOLOGIST.—Turkish Scrip is not an abbreviation for Koran. It is quoted by Christians and also by Jews.

INQUIRER.—The Sepoys are not Marines.

### CLERICAL IMPROVEMENT.

A CITY Pluralist has improved on the old motto of "Live and Let Live." His principle, which he often enunciates over a bottle of fine old Port, is this:—"Livings, and to Let Livings."

THE ADULTERATOR'S MAXIM.—"Your money *and* your life!"

## FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

(EXCLUSIVE.)

MASTER THOMAS BROWN having arrived at an age when MRS. B. considered it was high time he should be doing something for himself, it was determined that he should enter the naval service under the auspices of that dashing mariner, CAPTAIN WIGGINS, *Waterman*, No. 347, and the necessary arrangements were at once made for that purpose.

MRS. BROWN most wisely decided that no difference should be made between her offspring and the other members of the crew of the fine vessel above mentioned, and he was accordingly provided with the usual equipment of a cabin-boy, consisting of one suit of clothes and one pair of boots extra. The youthful scion of a noble house was conducted by his father to the port of embarkation (Hungerford pier), and was received by CAPTAIN WIGGINS, who, having partaken of a pot of porter with the "governor," as we heard MASTER THOMAS somewhat irreverently designate his parent, leapt majestically on the paddle-box, and giving the word "Go ahead!" which was echoed with great effect by the new cabin-boy, the gallant bark proceeded on her way.

On arriving at Chelsea, where MASTER THOMAS proposed visiting a relation of his family, newly married to the reigning beadle of the parish, he was received with the greatest *empressement* by the public, consisting of a baked 'tater man and an orange woman, from both of whom he purchased specimens of their wares, and at once proceeded to the abode of his relative, where a sumptuous repast was prepared in his honour. We hope, gratifying as they are, that there will not be too many of these receptions, as they will be highly calculated to make the youthful BROWN forget the importance of attending to the arduous duties of his profession.

## THE DEAD ALIVE IN NEW YORK!

WONDERFUL things do happen in America, if we may believe American news, but the latest marvel from New York beats spirit-rapping. According to the Correspondent of the *Morning Post* in that city, an "appalling tragedy" has occurred there at the residence of a retired merchant. We proceed with the narrative, quoted verbally, and also literally, except italics:—

"The eldest son, FRANK, a young man 19 years old, returned home about ten o'clock, after all the family had retired. His father chided him for keeping such late hours, and spoke to him about his extravagant course of living, when the youth retired to his room vowing vengeance on the whole household. Arming himself with a hatchet, knife, and pistol, he soon afterwards proceeded to execute his hellish intention. Descending to the bed-room where his father was sitting, he struck him on the head with the axe until he was insensible; then turning upon his mother, he attacked her with the same weapon; then his brothers, NATHANIEL and CHARLES, aged 14 and 6 years, who ran to the assistance of their father, were assailed. The attention of the fiend was then called to the two servant-girls, JOANNA MURPHY and ELIZABETH CARR, and they in turn were also horribly *butchered*; and finally, the wretched young man wound up the night's atrocities by *blowing his brains out with a pistol*. Altogether, the affair was one of the most horrible *butcheries* ever perpetrated in a Christian community. At the latest date *all the sufferers were in a fair way of recovery*."

On the above extraordinary statement, assuming its correctness, we are irresistibly impelled to remark, with *Macbeth*, that—

> "the times have been
> That when the brains were out the man would die,
> And there an end—"

whereas in New York, the other day, a young man blew his brains out, after having butchered six people, and yet, at the date of the report of this "appalling tragedy," all the sufferers were in a fair way of recovery. If only one of them even were in that hopeful condition, we might further observe with our friend the Scottish usurper,—

> "This is more strange
> Than such a murder is."

It is stranger than Popery itself; it stumps Loretto, and St. Januarius, La Salette, Lourdes, and winking pictures. It is a miracle; that 's a fact; unless you may account for it by ascribing it to an aberration of the pen. As perhaps you may. In doubt about the spelling of a word, if you go to turn it out in the dictionary,* and, just as you are doing so, another word on some book or paper before you catches your eye, you will frequently turn out the latter word instead of the one you had intended to look for. In writing, a phrase or a piece of a sentence, coming into your head, will often get itself mechanically, as though by "reflex action," transferred to your sheet, instead of something else that you meant to say. Now, most likely, the reporter of the extraordinary murders and suicide, which he makes out both their perpetrator and his victims to have survived, had penned a great many similar narrations. Certain forms of speech had become habitual to him in describing crimes and casualties. One of these was that which seems so wonderful in the above connection,—"all the sufferers were in a fair way of recovery." He meant to say, "as well as could be expected."

* Writers on mental physiology omit to notice this fact. Perhaps they are ashamed to mention it.

**THE OLD GENTLEMAN HAS HAD A LONG MILE, AND TENDERS THE LEGAL FARE—SIXPENCE.**

*Cabby (with feigned surprise and delight).* "WHAT, *ALL—THIS—AT ONCE!!*"

## THE NEW SCHOOLMASTER.

WHAT, boys, what, boys, I thought you knew
  This sort of thing invites the birch;
You 'll find what *Punch* has told you true—
  You must not bring your toys to Church.
If all your silly little games
  Cross, censers, flowers, delight you so,
Keep them, but give them schoolboy names,
  They 're quite apart from Church, you know.

BARNEY, attend to what I say;
  Those Christmas candles red and green,
Use them, and welcome, at your play,
  But never let them here be seen.
You, foolish LYDDY, you have brought
  Those crosses, eh? My little dear,
Learn to be serious, as you ought.
  We 'll have no oughts and crosses here.

What 's that you mutter? *Mr. Pope*
  *Allows his lads to have their toys.*
You don't compare yourselves, I hope,
  To those bad, cunning, vicious boys?
POPE's boys are trained to lie, nor care
  How much—what models, boys, for you!
Provided that he gets his share,
  POPE never questions what they do.

You, boy, with hair that never curls,
  What 's that you say, with look awry?
*We bring the toys to please the girls.*
  For shame, you little coward, fie!
To screen behind that base pretence,
  And charge on girls your breach of rules:
Besides, it 's false, all girls of sense
  And spirit call you childish fools.

Now, mark me well. My name is TAIT,
  And here 's my rod. Each mother's son
Beware, lest he should feel its weight:
  These are my words to every one.
"Your MOTHER, boy, has trusted me,
  I will not leave her in the lurch;
But flog you soundly if I see
  You ever bring your toys to Church."

## LOZENGES FOR LUNATICS.

IT is said, that evils often cure themselves. When things are at the worst, it is proverbial that they mend. So may it turn out with the Adulteration Mania, which is, we now find, raging so furiously around us. The bad things we have heard of it make us think we cannot possibly hear worse. Being at the worst then, we may hope that it will mend, or rather we should say, we hope that it will end. When the demand ceases, the supply, no doubt, will stop.

Now, that the demand will quickly cease, we cannot question. We cannot in reason doubt that after what has been disclosed, people will abstain from buying cheap and deadly sweetmeats, and the like harmful compounds of adulterating tradesfolk. No one in his senses would eat, wittingly, such poisons; and so Bedlamites will soon be the only buyers left for them. Drugged lozenges will shortly be a drug in the market, and all such deadly mixtures will become dead stock. The known sanity of Englishmen in general proves this. With our eyes open to that which has been lately brought to light, we must see that a demand to be served with a cheap sweetmeat must imply a fitness for immediate strait-waistcoating. The man who would eat lozenges, knowing them to be "daff," cannot be regarded as otherwise than daft.

ROYAL HUSBANDRY.—The PRINCE OF WALES has started on a foreign tour.

THE ARREARS OF LIFE.—Gratitude.

# A PROPER CHARGE.

B——P OF L—D—N. "YOU MUST NOT BRING YOUR PLAYTHINGS INTO CHURCH, MY LITTLE MEN."

*Our Friend T—mk—ns, who has lately joined the H. A. C., thinks the Uniform is rather becoming. It is needless to say, his Clothier fully agrees with him.*

## ARMY-TORTURE.

A GREAT cry has been made about our Soldiers' Clothing, but no great quantity of wool, it seems as yet, has come of it. As a Government Commission is now sitting on the subject, we think the following bits of evidence should be duly brought before it; and to ensure their being so, we give them place in *Punch*:—

"Few regiments now wear the stock, but it is not yet formally abolished. The unlucky private who at inspection cannot produce the stock he is never allowed to wear, is fined 1s. for a carelessness sanctioned by opinion and by habit. Any Colonel who chooses can still compel its use, and there are officers still who believe it essential to a soldier's carriage."

When in due course this week's *Punch* is handed in to the Committee, which ceremony takes place every Wednesday at lunch time, we trust that after going through the regular routine of admiring our Big Cut, and laughing at our lesser ones, the Committee will direct their serious attention to the words we have above, and shall below, put in evidence. We take them from the *Friend of India*, a paper which for printing them should take the second title of the *Friend of the British Soldier*. We thoroughly believe our Friend attests the truth, however unbelievable the truth may at first seem to us. Considering the clamour that was raised against the Stock, and how the doctors all declared that besides being a torment, it was vitally injurious, it appears almost incredible that it is still existent. We need to have great faith in the veracity of any one who tells us that the Stock is "not yet formally abolished," and that Colonels still may inflict it on their troops. It is small excuse to say that "few regiments" are tormented with it. It is a national disgrace to us that any one should be so. We are not now living in the Middle Ages. Torture is not now an institution of the country. At least, so the country prides itself; but the fact is not so. There are still some instruments of torture left among us, to which it is permitted to us still to have recourse. We have abolished rack and thumbscrew, the hot pincers and the Boots, yet to our shame we still may put our Soldiers in the Stocks.

The further bit of evidence, which we take from our contemporary, is of a piece with that which we above have cited:—

"The winter clothing is still terribly heavy for such a climate. The coatee just supplied to the men for the coming season is lined with strong serge, of itself as much as men left to themselves would be inclined to wear. The trousers are made of cloth so heavy and close, and in fact so good, that they almost stand alone. The boots are heavy, and the dress, we are told, with the belt, but without a filled knapsack or firelock, weighs 51 lb. In this dress, if we are not mistaken, the men after the 15th of November, are required to march. Imagine an English pedestrian, sportsman, or even yachtsman, putting three stone nine pounds on him by way of a preliminary. Such a costume would be embarrassing in Canada, and in India, if it does not injure health, it at all events diminishes speed. We are aware that new soldiers, like all other men just arrived, are apt to think warm clothing unnecessary; but nothing gives diarrhœa and dysentery so quickly as insufficient warmth. But a long flannel shirt would give all the heat required, and be twice as clean, without embarrassing the men's freedom of movement. The absurd weight of the boot should be diminished at once, and with reasonably strong shoes, a stout flannel shirt, and his summer uniform, the English soldier will be at least in a position to do all that it is in his *physique* to accomplish."

It would appear from this, that we were somewhat premature in saying England has abolished the torture of the Boots. To make men march in heavy boots in a burningly hot climate must entail on them such sufferings as amount to actual torture; and while they bear this, they are loaded with such weighty upper clothing as must increase their torments to an almost insupportable degree. We stigmatise our ancestors as cruel and inhuman; but they were generally content with one torture at a time. Now, we are far from being satisfied with this. In keeping with the age of refinement that we live in, we have so refined our cruelty that we have recourse to three tortures at once. Besides torturing a Soldier with the Stock and with the Boots, we add a treble agony in the torture of the Weights. In addition to his knapsack, weapons, and accoutrements, we load him with a dress which he can scarcely stagger under, and expect *him* to outmarch an almost naked native. No wonder we so often hear of our men sinking, when we learn what burthens they all have to carry. It is the clothing, not the climate, which they find past bearing. *Solvitur ambulando.* A week's marching proves the fact. Our falsely-called "Light" Infantry are bowed down by weight of dress, and get paralysed and crippled by the torment of their clothing. It tortures them from head to foot, and so takes away their strength that in no long time, we fancy, they could hardly stand alone, if it were not that their trousers are made so as to do so.

## MORE OR LESS OF IT TRUE.

*(From Numberless Authentic and Imaginary Sources.)*

MR. COX (M.P.) has gone down to Stonehenge for the purpose of reading up the *History of England*.

It is scarcely probable that LORD DERBY will be present at the political banquet at Manchester to be given next month to MESSRS. GIBSON and BRIGHT.

London was destroyed by fire, and it has been built by a series of fires, as the tax upon coals to this day could prove, if it chose. The reader will be disappointed, if he expected that we were going to indulge in the old familiar illustration of the "Phœnix rising from its ashes." We may probably do so on the next occasion, but will not bind ourselves down by any rash promise.

There is no instance on record, that we are acquainted with at the present moment, of a black man ever having been Prime Minister of England.

Let two omnibuses pass one another, more especially if they are rival omnibuses, and the chances are precisely two to one that you will hear abuse either upon one side or the other.

What can there be in the fate of Pet Canaries, that they should always die of the pip, or else be eaten by the cat?

He is a bold man who knocks at a Dentist's as he would at any other door, unless he 's going to dine there.

When you see two young ladies walking with their arms round each other's waists, you may be pretty sure that they have just been ending a quarrel, or are on the point of beginning one.

The self-love of a Frenchman is greater than the self-love of every other nation put together.

The rumour that SOAPEY SAM has turned washerwoman is simply absurd.

Everybody is at present helping some one else to make a Reform Bill.

It is a favourite theory of philosophers, myself amongst the number, that ideas, like comets, revisit the earth periodically after a long cycle of years—always excepting the enormous idea that so many sublime donkeys entertain of themselves.

## THE BEST WIRE TRAP.

SINCE LORD MAYOR WIRE is so fond of laying traps to catch people, why does he not originate a Reform Meeting in the City? London is about the only large town that has not yet spoken out on this subject. Even Manchester, that of late years has been a political mute, so far as Liberal sentiments were concerned, is about to have its say. Now, it is full time, we think, that the Metropolitan Members spoke out about Reform, though instead of being the last, they should have been, properly speaking, the first to speak. If only LORD JOHN RUSSELL falls into the trap, it will be well worth setting. We are curious to know what his Lordship has to say for himself in connection with Reform. Will LORD MAYOR WIRE oblige us by catching him at his earliest convenience?

## AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW DRESS.

*(Not by the Author of the Three Fishers.)*

THREE Merchants went riding out into the West,
On the top of the 'bus, as the sun went down;
Each talked of his wife, and how richly she drest,
And the growing circumference of her new gown:
For wives must dress, and husbands must pay,
And there 's plenty to get, and little to say,
While the Milliner's Bill is running.

Three wives sat up in JANE CLARKE's for hours,
And they told her to put every article down;
They ordered the silks, and they ordered the flowers,
And the Bill it kept rolling up, gown upon gown;
For wives must dress, and husbands *will* pay,
Though perhaps they will be in a terrible way
When they 're dunned for the Bill that is running.

Three Bankrupts were figuring in the Gazette
On a Tuesday night, when the sun went down,
And the women were weeping, and quite in a pet,
For the dresses they never will show to the town:
For wives *will* dress, though husbands *can't* pay,
And Bankruptcy 's surely the pleasantest way
To get rid of the Bill and the dunning.

"PAINTING THE LILY."—Giving "charms" to a Lady.

## THE BUS BRIGANDS OF LONDON.

"*God save the Queen*" is still extant among us, as any one who "lends his ears" to aurist JULLIEN, to deafen for him any night, can testify; but beyond all question now the most popular of songs with us is "*Wait for the Waggon!*" It may fairly be regarded as the "*Jim Crow*" of the period. Having succeeded "*Lucy Neal*," "*Oh, Susanna*," "*Keemo Kimo*," "*Bobbing Around*," and half a hundred other shortlived public favourites. "*Wait for the Waggon*" enjoys, while we write, the enviable distinction of being for the nonce the pet song of the populace. Whenever one goes out one's ears are sure to tingle with it. Every street-boy whistles, every organ grinds, it. "*Poor Dog Tray*" is in his grave, but his place has been supplied. Like the king, the *Aura Popularis* never dies. King "*Dog Tray*" is defunct, but king "*Wait for the Waggon*" reigns here in his stead.

Now, taken for a continuance, even turtle nauseates. The aldermanliest of Aldermen in course of time will tire of it. It distresses them to own it, but they can't disguise the fact. So is it now with us. The talented composer of "*Wait for the Waggon*" must excuse us if we say that we have had enough of it. We are not fastidious, but we hate monotony. Gluttons as we were of it, *toujours* "*Wait for the Waggon*" palls upon our palate. Its burthen is beginning to lie heavy on our stomach. It humiliates us to own our want of better taste, but with our character for truthfulness we cannot well conceal it. Anything for a change. Variety is charming. If we cannot alter the air, perhaps we may the words to it. What does the public think of "*Wait for the Omnibus?*"

We confess that this idea is in some degree a borrowed one. We filch it from the evidence of Policeman A., 248, who gave this testimony lately in the Westminster Police Court:—

"At five o'clock on Wednesday evening, the 15th of September, a Saloon omnibus came up with one London General omnibus behind and one in front. The Saloon omnibus was hailed by a lady and gentleman standing near the tailor's shop; the Saloon drew up to take them, when the London General driver drove his horses to two feet behind the door. The conductor got down from his omnibus, and took hold of the lady and gentleman, when I told him to keep on the hind part of his omnibus, unless he was called and that if he repeated the offence I should report him. He intimidated the lady and gentleman, so that they refused to go into the Saloon omnibus, and calling a cab, went away. On the same day, at 12·37, one of the London General omnibuses was loitering in the High Road, Knightsbridge, when I took my watch out of my pocket, and looked at the time, and going across to the driver, took the number of his badge. I asked him what he was doing there; and he replied, 'Waiting for the Saloon omnibus.'"

This throws a bull's-eye light upon the blackguard "Nursing" System by which 'busses are brought up in the way they should not go, and the public's lives and limbs are daily put in jeopardy. With the merits of the case on which this evidence was given we have nothing now to do, and have little wish to meddle. Let magistrates decide when 'bus men disagree. Our province is to see to the protection of the public. As the public support *Punch*, we can't afford to have the public maimed, and knocked over and killed, as threatens to be its fate if this 'bus nursing continues. Between two contending 'busses the public falls to the ground, and in nine times out of ten runs the chance of being run over. In the above case the public contrived to get a cab, and was lucky to escape with only damage to its pocket. But the public cannot always expect to be so fortunate. It must look to being injured in person as in purse, if something be not done to protect it from these 'bus brigands. The way they lie in wait is highwaymanly in the extreme. "Your money or your life" is the cry which they get up to intimidate a passenger. When an unprotected female falls into their hands, she may thank her lucky stars if she escapes without a bone broken. With a couple of conductors fighting for possession of her, the chance is she will bodily be damaged in the scuffle. Indeed, if steps be not devised to check this nursing nuisance, we shall hear of women suffering some such terrible a fate, as that of being torn to pieces by Wild Busmen; or else of being dragged off to some underground retreat (say, for instance, such a cavern as the White Horse Cellar), and there being forcibly detained, by a band of these 'bus brigands, until their relatives have clubbed together for their ransom.

## A STIFF NECK—OF LAND.

BY advices from the Levant we learn that—

"The scheme of M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS has received a terrible and severe blow through the retirement of M. BARTHÉLEMY DE ST. HILAIRE from the office of Secretary to the Company of the Suez Canal."

The severity of the blow which the scheme has received is owing to the high scientific reputation of M. DE ST. HILAIRE; since his abandonment of the Suez Canal speculation implies that he thinks it no go. Besides being an adept in science generally, M. DE ST. HILAIRE is, we believe, a great Hippophagist; and if he can manage a horse-steak, but feels a difficulty about getting through the Isthmus of Suez, we may be pretty sure that the latter is a tough job.

## SLIPS OF THE PEN.

BY AN ELDERLY WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

AFTER all, it is with men as with dinners—the plain and simple ones are those we have recourse to the oftenest, and of which we tire the least.

Creditors and Poor Relations never call at the right moment.

The love that is fed with presents always requires feeding.

Promises go further than performances, on the principle that Hope has as many lives as a cat, whilst Gratitude no sooner crosses our path, than it is crushed with as little pity as a blackbeetle!

Every woman has some cosmetic in her cupboard.

Timidity in a man is admired by women a great deal more than it is liked.

Scandal is a visitor, who never calls without bringing her work with her.

Abuse of woman, like the abuse of wine, only falls on the head of him who freely indulges in it.

If it is *difficult* to see any fault in a child, or a book, or a pudding, or any one we love, how is it possible that we should see any in ourselves?

## THE HANGMAN OF FREEDOM.

WHAT lawyer will thy rulers hire,
O France, eternal shame to dare,
What venal slave will gold inspire
To plead against MONTALEMBERT?
How deeply is thy bar disgraced
By harbouring so vile a wretch,
Who, if he suitably were placed,
Would fill the office of JACK KETCH!

An executioner, indeed,
Is whosoever shall advance
In such a cause for sordid meed,
JACK KETCH of Liberty, O France!
Let men reject him from their face,
The caitiff, meanest of the mean!
Let children hoot, let women chase
The menial of the Guillotine.

### Gun for Gun.

THE QUEEN, a short time ago, presented the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH with an English field-piece. The EMPEROR has returned the compliment by sending HER MAJESTY a howitzer made, so to speak, out of his own head. This is as it should be, as we say at a penny a line. The two great Powers exchange guns instead of shots.

### UNIFORM LOVE.

THE love of a Lady for an Officer who wears a love of an uniform.

## AN ACTOR'S PARADISE.

ONE occasionally hears of instances of what the irreverent are wicked enough to call presumption and self-conceit on the part of the British Actor. Now and then the theatrical world is excited, and society amused, by a disturbance between a hard-ridden manager and a selfish "popular favourite," because the latter has not been offered more than ten times the amount of the united salaries of the rest of the company, because the letters in which his famous name is placarded have been only a yard long, or because the line in which his sacred name is announced has not been far enough away from the lines containing the names of his brother and sister professionals. Sometimes, too, one hears of a "popular favourite" turning sulky, because somebody else has a good part in a piece with him or her, and even refusing a part because the piece is not a monologue. But our English actors are poor and vulgar egotists, compared to those of the French stage. There has recently, says a Paris correspondent of the *Literary Gazette*, been an action brought by the actor LAFERRIÈRE,—

"Against the Director of the Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin, to obtain damages for violation of agreement, in not having, at the beginning of the present winter season, a new piece ready for him (LAFERRIÈRE) to perform in.

"In this case we had a specimen of the conditions which a popular actor in Paris thinks himself warranted in imposing on his manager. Listen: LAFERRIÈRE stipulated,—

"1. That a new piece should be written expressly for him by M. BARRIÈRE, one of the most successful authors of the day.

"2. That (of course) he should play the leading part in that piece.

"3. That the number of nights he should perform should not be fewer than sixty, even if the said piece should be a failure.

"4. That having other engagements from the 1st September, his sixty performances should take place before that date.

"5. That he should be paid £12 sterling, for each performance.

"6. That payment should be made every five days without fail.

"7. That he should have a performance for his benefit.

"8. That he should have two free admissions to the best places in the house every night.

"9. That a relative of his of the name of GODEFROY should be admitted free to the house at each of the sixty representations, and also be allowed to go behind the scenes.

"10. That every bill of each night's performances should bear the words, in *gigantic* letters, 'Performances of M. LAFERRIÈRE.'

"11. That besides, his name should again figure on the bill in letters of a large size and peculiar shape.

"12. That whatever might be the space required for other things on the bill, these two conditions should never be modified.

"13. That no other name should ever be placed before his.

"14. That no other name should ever appear on the same line as his.

"15. That no other actor should be engaged extraordinarily in the course of his performances,—not even to add to the *éclat* of the piece of which he was the hero.

"16. That paid paragraphs should be inserted in the newspapers about the piece in which he played.

"17. That his name, and the name of his part, should invariably be mentioned before any other in the said paragraphs.

"18. That he should have the dressing-room which FREDERICK LEMAITRE used to occupy,—that is, the best in the house.

"19. That the said room should be elegantly furnished, and well lighted.

"20. That his benefit should be announced all over Paris by means of posting bills yards long, and in letters inches high.

"21. That he should be properly applauded by the *claque*; and

"22. That in case the manager should fail in any one of these engagements, the sum of £1000 should be paid by him!"

That is a tolerably stringent agreement, and it will make the mouths of some English "popular favourites" water. What a splendid tyranny to establish in a theatre! But it remains to be said, that the unfortunate manager of the Porte St. Martin did manage to fail in some one of these engagements. Which, we are not informed, and should like to know whether he had begged to be let off the sixty nights of a piece that was a failure, or had been seen on the Boulevard speaking to a young actor in M. LAFERRIÈRE's line, or could not get M. JULES LECOMTE, or any agent of that class, to procure the insertion of sufficiently laudatory puffs of the comedian. But he failed, and the action was duly brought, and the court gave the performer the full amount of damages claimed, francs to the amount of One Thousand Pounds!

Actors and malefactors seem to have it all their own way in Paris.

## BRITISH AND BELGIAN GROCERY.

AMONG other particulars of Continental news, we observe that—

"Five grocers of Brussels have been lately convicted for adulterating several articles of consumption, especially pepper and chicory."

It were well if London could say as much for itself as Brussels can. Adulteration is detected here continually in numerous instances; but few of the rogues who practise it are ever found out. As is the number of grocers in Brussels to five adulterators, so is the number of grocers in this Metropolis to how many? The answer to the question would be a large number of adulterant rogues; though only a small proportion of the absolute multitude of such rogues existing among London grocers. They would probably amount to a considerable multiple of five; to a figure that, could they be convicted, would pretty well suffice for the purpose of example. Had we the requisite statistics at hand, it would be interesting to calculate the quantity of oakum those rogues could pick in a given time, of motive power which they could communicate to the treadmill or crank, and the extent of line which, if the pillory were re-established (as, for the sake of such rogues, is almost desirable) and the whole lot of them were pilloried in a row, their collocated pillories would occupy.

"RIGHT about face!" as the man said when he asked his friend to publish a Treatise on Physiognomy.

APPALLING DISCLOSURES OVERHEARD BY AN OLD LADY IN THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO RUFFIANS IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

First Artist. "*Children don't seem to me to sell now as they used.*"

Second Artist (in a hoarse whisper). "*Well, I was at Stodge's yesterday. He'd just knocked off three little girls' heads—horrid raw things—A Dealer came in, Sir—bought 'em directly—took 'em away, wet as they were, on the stretchers, and wanted Stodge to let him have some more next week.*"

## A BOW TO THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

MR. PUNCH has too often been compelled, by a sense of duty, to delineate Bishops in undignified attitudes, situations particularly unbecoming of dignitaries of the Church. But the recent charge of the BISHOP OF LONDON has given *Punch* an opportunity, which he embraces with rapture, of drawing a right reverend prelate in a creditable position. *Mr. Punch* would, if he could, depict his Bishop in the form of the *Belvidere Apollo*, slaying the Monster Puseyism. But there is a difficulty in the way of this design. The Monster would be easy enough to draw—an Ape, of course, would be the image of the Beast, in an M.B. waistcoat and clerical crinoline. But the figure of the Bishop could not be so easily managed. A bare Bishop would not do, and an Apollo in lawn sleeves and mitre, to say nothing of apron, would not be the Belvidere, nor capable of being made to look like it.

Yet the BISHOP OF LONDON shall be the *Magnus Apollo* of *Punch* if he continues to behave as such, going on as he has begun, banishing and driving away strange doctrine and Puseyite puppies and jackanapes confessors after it, to the extent of his ability. His late charge has given *Mr. Punch* very great comfort and satisfaction in that particular; besides which, it pleased him immensely by its earnestness, perspicuity, and complete freedom from slang. It was disfigured by none of those terms of art which, varieties of cant, but all of them cant, alike distinguish the maudlin drivel of extreme Lowchurchism and the turgid efflorescence of Popery. Its mere style, apart from its arguments, makes the puffy slipslop pastorals of Cardinals and contraband prelates look ridiculous by the side of it, and must greatly conduce to bring those pretenders and their impostures into contempt. On the other hand, the Bishop's charge will doubtless tend to unite all Englishmen who read it against that Enemy, who is doing his worst throughout Europe, to destroy their liberties—against the Enemy and the unhappy fools, or traitors, who are holding a candle to him.

## CHEAP FOR THE QUANTITY.

THE HON. MISS BELLSIZE presents her compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and begs to inform him of a most absurd story which she read the other day in a Newspaper. It said that, at a wedding-breakfast at Liverpool, the father of the bride gave her a £1,000 note, which she handed to her husband, and he put in his waistcoat-pocket, along with a note of £5, and shortly afterwards paid it, by mistake for the latter, to the officiating clergyman, who, without looking at it, took it home, and presented it to his wife, to whom he had promised whatever fee he might receive, to get herself a new dress. When, the account goes on to say, "her astonishment was great;" and adds, "Of course the mistake was immediately repaired." Now, really, *Mr. Punch*, this is too ridiculous. The idea of a lady, moving in Society, being astonished at receiving £1,000 to get a new dress! Why, the money would be a trifle for head-dress alone, to say nothing of other jewels. "Her astonishment was great!" Indeed, Sir, one cannot help laughing at so funny a notion; and dresses now made so large, too. Of course the mistake was repaired as soon as it was discovered: yes, but how very odd to suspect any mistake; it really is so droll. Excuse this unsteady scrawl, which is caused by laughter.

### Letting the Cat out of the Jew's Bag.

ONE of the reasons advanced by PRINCE NAPOLEON for the employment of Jews in the Councils-General in Algeria is, because the Jews are "a rich and numerous class."

This looks suspiciously as though the Algerian Government was sadly in want of money.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.—You may always know that a young lady has been to boarding-school, by her want of education.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, November 27, 1858.

## SCENE—CHOP-HOUSE.

Enter Street-Boy, and, with suppressed ecstasy, *"Oh, please, there 's your Cat and Kittens having such a Game with the things in the Winder!"*

## THE FAR-ECHOED CREED.

"WHAT 's in a Name!"
Papists by any other name
Are still the same.
Echo—"The same!"

Slippery eels! Then,
Changing names often,
They, feigning true men,
Upright hearts soften?
Echo—"Often!"

Rouse ye then, Englishmen,
Wake from your slumber;
Add ye not one
To their treacherous number!
"TRUTH" for your Banner,
Unmask every snare;
And of all Falsehood
Beware! O Beware!
Echo—"O Beware!"

## A SLIGHT DISTINCTION.

THE French Minister of the Interior has forbidden the French newspapers to discuss Religious subjects. It is asked what the *Univers* will do, as this prohibition is understood not to except even M. VEUILLOT?

But surely those who think the *Univers* will be silenced by the new order, overlook the fact, that nothing could be less like religion than its daily outpourings of *Odium theologicum*. Unless polemics be religion, the *Univers* may still go on lying, sophisticating and maligning, in the name of the Church, as actively as ever.

THE DIFFICULTY OF A FAST MAN'S LIFE.—*Cheque-ing* his Tailors' Bills.

## TO JOHN BRIGHT.

OUT, JOHN, out, JOHN, what are you about, JOHN?
There 's a very useful proverb which you forgot, I doubt, JOHN,
When from talking of Reform Bills, to drawing them, you past, JOHN,
The proverb, that "a cobbler shouldn't go beyond his last," JOHN.

As an independent Member, with a party of your own, JOHN,
A weight in any scale you chose you always might have thrown, JOHN,
In oratory, none denies that you 're a famous craftsman,
Then, why change tongue for pen, and try your fortune as a draughtsman?

I had always thought that business, with its ups and downs, instils, JOHN,
A horror of the practice of rashly drawing Bills, JOHN;
Above all, when to meet their Bills, a firm have not a rap at all;
But draw their Bills, as you will do, by way of *making* Capital.

Of other folks' performances you 've been so sharp a critic, JOHN,
That of *yours*, when they 've the chance, who would not be analytic, JOHN?
You 'll find, I fear, (though of the fight I know you won't the shock shy,)
The diff'rence 'twixt cock-*shying*, and being made a cockshy.

Stout as you are, I sadly fear that you will get your gruel, JOHN,
Betwixt LORD DERBY and LORD JOHN, in the Session's three side duel, JOHN;
That your sections and your schedules, when the country comes to rummage 'em,
Will betray their place of origin, by their quality—viz.: Brummagem.

A bat, between the beasts and birds, I see you doubtful flitting, JOHN,
In Limbo Parliamentary disconsolately sitting, JOHN;
The millions disclaiming you, on grounds of Cottonocracy,
The middle classes shrinking from your out and out Democracy.

And when for panacea you the Ballot recommend, JOHN,
And take numbers as the basis on which Members should depend, JOHN;
When the New World for example you hold up to the Old, JOHN,
And bid us all JOHN BULL should be in JONATHAN behold, JOHN.—

Forgive us if your theory we beg to test by fact, JOHN,
And examine (without spectacles) the Union in act, JOHN;
With Club-law in its Congress, and Mob-rule in its streets, JOHN,
Log-rollers in the lobby, when its Legislature meets, JOHN.

With endless floods of Bunkum for useful legislation, JOHN,
Barnburning, filibustering, wholesale repudiation, JOHN;
The noblest of the citizens averse from public life, JOHN,
For those who speak what riles the mob, the tar and feathers rife, JOHN.

What is there in the fruits of the system you so laud, JOHN,
That we should clap our hands, when you request us to applaud, JOHN?
Better the inequalities that break us into classes, JOHN,
Than the dead-level each must keep, lest he offend the masses, JOHN.

With America on one side, and France upon the other, JOHN,
Facts speak too loud, for eloquence,—ay, even yours,—to smother, JOHN;
That e'en with Manhood Suffrage, a land may groan in thrall, JOHN,
And out and out Democracy 's but mob-rule after all, JOHN.

### The Nap-Sack of Flour.

PATERNAL LOUIS NAPOLEON, in his affectionate care for his free and loyal people, has taken to regulating their bakers' shops. Poor France! Between the man of iron and the man of flour, hers is literally a case of—Pull Emperor, pull Baker.

### Truth in the Streets.

*Bird Seller.* Buy a fine Bull-finch, Sir? You shall have one for an old coat, Sir!

*Chancellor of the Exchequer (peevishly).* Nonsense, fellow! I haven't an old coat,—I always turn mine!

### THE LOVE OF CHANGE.

A SOVEREIGN, once broken into, soon goes, and it is the same with a resolution. A resolution, unbroken, is hard as gold: once change it, and it is thrown, as it were, into so many coppers, and rapidly melts away.

## THE FALL OF A THRONE.

WHAT an idea of grandeur is presented by the following advertisement, which lately appeared in the columns of our fashionable contemporary:—

PORTER'S HALL CHAIR, covered with Black Leather, with carved oak frame, equal to new, recently cost £24, to be Sold for 7 guineas; a great bargain.

What an idea of grandeur — but of grandeur departed! Where is now the proud Porter, whose stalwart form once filled the spacious old Hall Chair of carved oak with its covering of goodly black leather? Where are the other livery servants? What is now the colour of their respective plush? Where are the Lord and Lady of the Mansion in the Hall whereof stood the noble piece of furniture, cost £24, to be sold for £7 7*s.*—a great bargain truly? Thus, all earthly thrones are subject to fall; thus, or to a figure still lower,—sometimes to nought! MONTALEMBERT has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment. Slighter circumstances have occasioned the fall of a Throne.

## OUR BROTHER AT BERLIN.

HERR FLOTTWELL, the new Prussian Minister of the Interior, has been addressing a Circular to the Prussian officials, recommending them to resist all erroneous and extreme opinions expressed at Public Meetings. M. FLOTTWELL may be quite easy. Tranquillity is assured at Berlin. What better proof could there be of this, than the fact that the circulation of *Kladderadatsch*, the Berlin *Punch*, exceeds, by many thousands, that of any other daily paper in the Prussian Capital. Now, German Punch, may be —of course it is—weaker than British, but still it is a wholesome liquor, and where it is consumed in such quantities, the body politic must be in a tolerably healthy state.

### "Look on this Picture, and on that."

"LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, during his stay, remained in the Bay on board of the frigate, and did not visit the King."—*Advices from Naples.*

"LORDS PALMERSTON and CLARENDON are conspicuous among the guests of the EMPEROR at Compiègne."—*Court Circular.*

### March of Rationality.

A MOHAMMEDAN Attorney was duly sworn in before LORD CAMPBELL last week. The Oriental gentleman had served his articles, and been passed by the Law Society, but there was doubt as to the form of his oaths, and therefore he came before the Court of Queen's Bench. We are happy to add, that the enlightened decision of LORD CAMPBELL and his brethren did away with the last fragment of the absurdity that affected to see a Christian in an Attorney.

## A STAIRCASE FULL OF LAWYERS.

### OUR GROUND FLOOR.

"OUR Staircase, *Mr. Punch*, somewhat resembles a Trifle, as the best of it comes towards the bottom. Our Ground Floor Chambers are occupied right and left by SERJEANT BROADGAUGE and MR. CROSSBILL respectively. BROADGAUGE is one of the favoured few who dropped into a Parliamentary practice at the time of the Railway mania, and is now at the top of the tree. He was quite an unknown man at the Bar twelve years ago, but what a merry time the last twelve years must have been for him. His only recommendations were a pleasant gentlemanly address and being the nephew of a Railway Director; his fame was unknown. But now, *Mr. Punch*, BROADGAUGE is 'some pumpkins,' as our Transatlantic brethren say, and it is popularly rumoured that he dictates decisions to weak Committees.

"'Now really, really, Brother CRUSTY,' exclaims BROADGAUGE, when some point is being made by the other side, 'you should *not* make such a statement to the Committee, the noble Lord in the chair, will, I am sure, see that this is travelling out of the question;' and down he sits with offended dignity, and shakes his head ominously at the Committee, who, not being quite clear where the question begins or ends, invariably side with BROADGAUGE.

"Again, when BROADGAUGE is summing up his case, and the Solicitor, in a fever of anxiety, suggests some point, little EAGER, the junior in the case, holds him back, and whispers, 'Leave him alone, he has got them by the nose.'

"SERJEANT BROADGAUGE has a name now, at any rate, and whether the promoters of some new scheme are concocting their plan at Bally-na-shan in Ireland, or some remote country town in Scotland, or in the City of London, the first idea that suggests itself to them is, 'We must retain SERJEANT BROADGAUGE.'

"The Serjeant's Clerk is reported to make two thousand a year in fees, and he taps the lid of his snuff-box and laughs if a Solicitor asks on what day he can attend a case. BROADGAUGE is retained for or against every important Bill before the Committees, and when a dozen Committees are sitting at once, eleven clients must be minus the Serjeant. 'My dear fellow,' he says to MR. SOFTSAWDER, 'I cannot come near you till Tuesday at the earliest; you can have a consultation at seven to-morrow morning or twelve to-night, but I can't come near the room earlier than Tuesday.'

"He has no more pleasure in his house in Hyde Park Gardens than you or I, *Mr. Punch*, have in Buckingham Palace. He is in consultation all the time during which he is out of the Committee Room, and in Committee hours he is hunted like a wolf by hungry Attorneys, all entreating him to come to their aid. But every picture has a reverse side, and I don't believe any man has a better moor in Scotland, or a better country house than 'the Manor' in Buckinghamshire; and after all, these are pretty good make-weights against five months' work during the sitting of Parliament.

"At consultation is the time to see BROADGAUGE in his glory. 'Well, SOFTSAWDER, now let us know something about the case in the first place,' he remarks, after some Bill has reached the tenth day of hearing, without the Serjeant having been near the room, or being aware of the nature of the evidence. Poor SOFTSAWDER begins to doubt whether he is getting full value for the three hundred guinea fee which was marked on the brief, and whether on the whole he would not have been better off if he had been contented with some smaller gun, who would have attended to his case; but there is no time for regret, as the Serjeant is in a jocular humour, and he and the Engineer exchange a little running fire of jokes, and PRECEDENT, the Parliamentary agent, even tries his hand at a pun, but it only fizzes like a wet rocket, and goes out. At the end of twenty minutes the Serjeant rings the Bell, and tells his Clerk to bring in his mutton chop when it is ready, which is a hint to the Clients that he is going to eat his scrambling dinner before the next consultation. After the professional men leave the room, the Serjeant's Clerk books a consultation fee of five guineas, and takes an approving pinch of snuff with the air of a man who will receive a per-centage on the plunder.

"You remember, *Mr. Punch*, how dazzling MRS. BROADGAUGE's diamonds were at the Ambassador's Ball at Paris, and you remember our remarking what a pity it was that an Englishwoman who was so conspicuous and so handsome should be so horribly stuck up. Any one can see by the way she drags in 'my French maid' and 'my carriage' on every opportunity, that the novelty of those extravagances has not yet worn off, and I fear that more grapes and pines from the country seat go to some great acquaintances whom she cultivates than to her poor relations at Islington.

"Our last tenant of No. 100, Lower Temple, is MR. CROSSBILL. CROSSBILL was one of those jolly fellows who as a boy was an excellent hand at swimming, running, cricket, rowing, football, *et id genus omne*, and there was not an amusement on land or water at which he was not an adept. CROSSBILL went to the Bar fairly against the grain. Hear his own version of the history of his success:—

"'Some twenty years ago, he tells me, I had to choose my profession, and like most youngsters I wanted to go into the Army, but my Father urged me strongly to try the Law. I gave in, and entered in the Lower Temple, and made up my mind to take the measure of my enemy and then tackle him, like we used to do with the bargees at Oxford. My Father was a liberal man, and I was enabled generally to take my day once a fortnight at cricket, shooting, or fishing, according to the season, and before twelvemonths were over I rather liked my work, and made the discovery that my amusements were all the fresher from the rarity of their enjoyment—'*Commendat rarior usus*,' says the old proverb. Well, soon after my call, the Corporation of Squashmoor, which is our country town, came to grief and got into Chancery, and REDTAPE, our family Solicitor, retained me to please the Governor. Of course I did my best, and REDTAPE was doubly pleased as it turned out, for he pleased the Governor and pleased himself too, as after the suit was concluded, the VICE CHANCELLOR, who was dead against us at first, complimented me on the manner in which the case had been conducted, not much to the satisfaction of my Senior Counsel I can tell you, who neglected the business sadly. This set the stone rolling, and business began to fall in, and better than that, five years afterwards, the people of Squashmoor solicited me to stand the Election, which I did, and added M.P. to my name, in addition to which, at rather an early period for a silk-gown, the Q.C. was thrust upon me.

"'It was good fun I can tell, when I first went to my Father's after being made a Q.C. The old Keeper thought I was a Judge, and called me, My Lord, and the household were a little astonished at seeing me drop into my velveteen and leather leggings, for my love of country sports has not diminished.

"'Take my word for it, that no study is too dry for a man of common energy to master. Oh! you say mine is a case of one in a hundred—granted, but how many men fail from want of application, and missing their first, and perhaps their only chance. I can tell you that only last week my Junior in a cause—'The John o'Groat and Land's End Railway *v.* BLOGGS,' and 'BLOGGS *v.* the John o'Groat and Land's End Railway Company,'—who held a brief on account of his being the son of a Director of the Company, was utterly ignorant, not only of the case, but of his profession. Of course no interest can keep *him* afloat.

"'Yes, I like my prosperity, and am thankful for it, and I don't deny that Fees on the Briefs make them more palatable than if there were no such interesting memoranda—but I can't stop talking any longer, for I have some people waiting for a consultation.'

"As I pass out of MR. CROSSBILL'S chambers, MR. BLUFF enters, and I could not help philosophising as I walked to dinner on the pleasures as well as the troubles of the Law. My conclusion is, *Mr. Punch*, that the honest and upright men are the only people who experience the former. When I see a man in the Law prosperous and happy, or happy without being prosperous, I take off my hat to that learned profession, and think there must be some sterling good in it after all: and when I see a man carping and money-grubbing, and avaricious, I believe that the fault is in the man, and not in the Law. I should have given you an account of our Laundress, but she is mysterious, and evasive, and I think it would be hardly fair to disclose her little failings. Her duties far exceed her pleasures, so let us respect her for the honest performance of the former, and wink pleasantly at her partiality for Geneva and Cognac."

## THE TRUTHFUL NEWS.

(*Paper of the Future. Object explained by title.*)

### OBITUARY.

ON the 28th ult., MR. CURMUDGEON, of Cross Street, deservedly detested.

On the 29th November, at his lodgings, 9, Raikes Terrace, at the early age of 25, MR. RICHARD GOITT, of premature decay of the constitution, brought on by dissipated habits.

On the 30th ult., to the inexpressible joy of her emancipated husband, age unknown, BELLONA, the wife of JOB HENPECKLE, ESQ., after severe and protracted suffering on his part, in consequence of her aggravating behaviour and violent temper.

On the 1st inst., aged 45, MR. TOPER, of the Goose and Gridiron, Sottington. His end was brandy-and-water.

On Dec. 2nd, in Houndsditch, in the 60th year of his age, MR. JEREMIAH SNEAK, thoroughly despised by all who knew him.

On Dec. 2nd, aged 85, in Booty Street, NICHOLAS CLUTCH, ESQ., late of the firm of CLUTCH AND IMPEX, Cursitor Court, leaving a large family of nephews and nieces to rejoice at his loss, in consequence of which they will come in for the whole of the vast property which he had accumulated by extortion and avarice.

On the 3rd inst., at Surley, MR. GEOFFREY BRIARS, in the 65th year of his age. He was an unkind husband, unnatural parent, and faithless friend. His memory will be long execrated by those who experienced his malevolence.

On Dec. 4th, aged 70, MRS. BELDAM, of Shipton-Broom, for many years a scandal to the parish.

On the 5th inst., in the Old Bailey, MR. JERRY ROUGH, aged 25, *Sus. Per Coll.*

## A FACT FOR THE FRENCH.

UNDER the name of a Disgraceful Exhibition, the *Manchester Guardian* relates the attempted sale of a wife. The would-be vendor of his little better half was a fellow named HARTLEY THOMPSON. The transaction was to come off in front of a beerhouse at Sheer Bridge, Little Horton, near Bradford, where MARTHA, the article to be disposed of, did actually, it is said, appear before the crowd, with a halter, adorned with ribbons, round her neck. The sale, however, was not effected; the person who had agreed to buy the lady, a MR. IKE DUNCAN, having been detained at his work, and a row having been made by a crowd from a neighbouring factory. Now here is a fact for the French; who will no doubt make the most of it; and subjoined is a translation of the version of the tale which probably will go the round of their journals:—

"Once again has occurred one of those enormities with which England, from time to time, shocks civilisation. It was near Bradford the little Horton, Shears Bridges, where this outrage took place before a beerpot; at which HARTLEY-THOMPSON, esquire, had arranged to sell his wife, according to English custom, to the baronet IKE DUNCAN. MARTHA was a lady blonde with fine blue eyes, of prepossessing appearance. A bellman, clothed in the splendid habit of a British beadle, had officially proclaimed the sale. Behold, a large crowd assembled. The charming MARTHA appears before the populace, her neck encircled with a cord of hemp, similar to the halter with which they execute criminals, but prettily decorated with ribbons of different colours. She is led forward by milord HARTLEY-THOMPSON her spouse, and makes a graceful obeisance to the multitude which fills the air with acclamation. On the scene so shameful now enters sir DUNCAN, in the splendid uniform of a Knight of the Cold-bath, with a short pipe in his mouth, and an immense bow of white satin attached over his left breast. The rabble redoubles its hurraux. Sir DUNCAN produces a note of fifty-thousand francs, which he delivers to the considerable HARTLEY-THOMPSON, and receives, in return, Madame. He takes her hand amid the deafening applause of the British public, and they exchange vows in the presence of the beerpot, with the contents of which they consecrate their union. After which they adjourn to a neighbouring tavern, where they all render themselves insensible. Behold the scandalous affair finished. The purchase having been thus concluded, the tipsy pair are conducted to their carriage, in which they proceed to spend their honeymoon at the palace of the bride's uncle, who is an Anglican bishop."

PAM AT COMPIÈGNE. RUNNING AT THE QUINTAIN.

## PUNCH TO MONTALEMBERT.

Go to thy Prison! Let the walls
(As sermons lurk in common stones)
Speak in high nervous minded tones,
To him on whom their shadow falls.

Look up!—'Tis not for thee to stoop,
If, in thy bold discoursing flight,
Thou hast set forth thyself in sight
As quarry to an Eagle's swoop——

An Eagle!—Such a bird, perchance,
Once had its wings clipped in Boulogne,
Nor could a welcome eyrie own
When Strasbourg looked at it askance.

Look up! and to thy prison-cell
Let every breath of Western breeze
Murmur the warmest sympathies
Of those who in a Land do dwell,

Where Law and Right have Giants grown,
To crush each would-be Despot's dreams,
To foster Freedom's waking dreams,
And make it—as thou 'dst have thine own.

### "Non Tol(l)i me Tangere."

*(A Scene at the Refreshment Stall at the Crystal Palace.)*

*Old Gentleman* (*indignantly*). I say, you have charged me twopence for this penny-bun?

*Coffee-man* (*civilly*). Quite right, Sir. Bun, One Penny—Toll, one Penny. Total:—Two Pence. You see, Sir, we have to pay a toll of one penny on every person who enters the Palace. If we charged you less, Sir, we should be out of pocket, Sir. We couldn't let you have a postage-stamp under tuppence, Sir.

## THE STAGE AND THE PULPIT.

A CORRESPONDENT asks, whether the animosity evinced by certain reverend gentlemen against actors may not be explained by the adage which says that "Two of a trade never agree"—pulpit (*pulpitum*) having originally meant a stage? He also wants to know, whether the word has really changed its signification very much?

The pulpit in some churches, is still a stage; in others the stage is the floor of the chancel, at the back of which are set up scenery and decorations; and whereon performances truly histrionic are enacted in costume. When the pulpit is a stage, it is so because it is rendered such by the occupant, who rants in it like a bad actor, and who is, indeed, an actor of a very inferior description. As stage is, etymologically, to pulpit, so is actor to hypocrite: and the latter is the species of clerical actor that entertains, or at least expresses, animosity against comedians who are more pleasant, and tragedians who are less dull, than himself.

As divines sometimes descend into the province of actors, so do actors, occasionally, soar into the sphere of divines. A work has lately been published under the following title:—

"*The Apocalyptical History contained in the Book of Revelation, solved upon an entirely new and consistent principle.* By HARCOURT BLAND, dramatic artist. Glasgow: MURRAY AND SON."

We may pretty safely say, that MR. BLAND'S book is as good a one as has ever been written by any clergyman, on the subject that he has taken in hand. We have not read it, and have no present intention of reading it; for we are quite sure that no book on the subject in question can repay perusal but one written by somebody who understands that subject better than the original author whose work he undertakes to explain. Therefore we can take the comparative goodness of MR. BLAND'S treatise on the Apocalypse on trust. That production is, however, well spoken of by decent authority; so that it is probably grammatical and intelligible, if not conclusive; and we may venture to congratulate MR. BLAND on the appearance which he makes in those black gaiters for which he has temporarily exchanged the sock and buskin.

# A LOSING GAME.

L. NAP——N. "WHAT ABOUT MY MATCH WITH MONTALEMBERT?"

PALM—RS—N (SHAKING HIS HEAD). "VERY AWKWARD FOR YOUR BRITISH BACKERS!"

## THE CLAQUE AT COMPIÈGNE.

YEZ! Under the head of Foreign Courts, in a Napoleonic newspaper, a letter from Compiègne, which at first sight appears to have been written by a valet, states that—

"The representation given last evening at the Palace by the performers of the Théâtre Français was a most brilliant one. The pieces given were *La Jeunesse de Henri IV.* and *Les Deux Ménages*, both of which were admirably played. Their Majesties frequently gave the signal for applause."

To any Englishman present at such a performance, except a footman overwhelmed with real reverence for the exalted persons likewise attending it, the House must have been more amusing than the Stage. Dull must be the performance which the spectators can refrain from applauding until the signal for applause is given to them; and the spectacle of an assembly of decorated and fashionable people, intent, not on the play they were supposed to be enjoying, but on its effect upon two other mortals of superior importance, is a thing laughable to imagine. The extreme dignity of such people in point of station, and the extremely undignified nature of their conduct, form a contrast which is ludicrous in the highest degree; and if there was a gallery in the palace theatre at Compiègne, all the rational servants in it must have looked down with derision on their masters and mistresses.

It would be an interesting experiment to test the servility and stolidity of such an assemblage as the Compiègne Court audience by subjecting them to the influence of an exhibition or an actor generally irresistible by common minds. For instance, to have a British Pantomime played to them; the Clown stealing legs of mutton, swallowing sausages, and sitting down on a red-hot poker. Or, to place PAUL BEDFORD before them in one of his popular characters, and see what effect would be produced upon them by PAUL. The point to be ascertained being, whether MR. MERRIMAN or MR. BEDFORD would exert an amount of comic force sufficient to overcome their courtly gravity and natural obtuseness, and compel them to burst out laughing, against their will, before "their Majesties gave the signal for applause." Or, on the other hand, whether, without seeing any fun, they would endeavour to explode in forced laughter if their Majesties laughed at "Here we are!" and "I believe you, my B'hoy!"

The same letter subsequently relates that—

"A grand stag-hunt was to have taken place on Tuesday, but the wetness of the weather prevented it; still their Majesties went to the place of rendezvous in spite of the rain; but it was considered injudicious to let the dogs loose."

For fear the poor animals should catch cold, perhaps. This last passage suggests a modification of the idea that the letter was written by a valet, and intimates that its author was more probably a lady's maid.

## A "RARA AVIS" SHOW.

THE *Bird Show* at the Crystal Palace was a curiosity in its way; and the curiosity being gratified, we do not care much about seeing another. The birds were either bashful or stupid: those who could talk would not talk; and those who could sing either lost their voices, or else were labouring under a severe cold. No medical certificates were issued, however, and not the smallest apology made. The Bullfinch even refused to go through his popular series of imitations; and as for the Mule Canaries, they were as obstinate as mules generally are. We suppose the presence of so much company intimidated the poor little things; this was a disappointment, as it deprived us of all opportunity of judging of the conversational powers of many of the feathered performers. One canary was advertised to say, "Polly sick!" and to cry out, "Call the doctor!" However, he broke down most shamefully, for he had evidently forgotten every word of his part. We waited, and waited, as long as our patience and the ladies pushing behind would allow us, but not the remotest resemblance to the above words did we hear issue from his imposing beak. It was a regular case of dishonoured bill; for, owing to some unexplained panic, every one of the bird's notes was stopped,—the result being, literally, "No effects." We were grievously disappointed, for it would have pleased us above all things to hear a canary say, "Polly sick!" It is a treat that does not occur every day.

Another impostor was a certain Starling, who was knocked down (and he deserved it richly) for three pounds "sterling," as a young gentleman, who was hanging on with all his might to a tremendous pair of moustaches, that threatened every minute to run away with him, said unfortunately in our hearing. Never was "Star" so indiscreetly puffed before! He was thus announced in the catalogue:—

"Words spoken by the bird:—JACOB, in several different ways; calls the fowls and dogs; imitates the canary, and whistles the oyster girl. Is very tame."

Now, there is scarcely a chirp of truth in the above. We should not have minded his pronouncing "Jacob in several ways" if he had only pronounced it in one. Why a Spanish town would be cleverer at "pronouncing" than that over-praised bird, who stood on his perch, puffed out with conceit, worse than any male dancer, and would not do a thing. Our disgust prevented our remaining to hear whether the "Oyster girl" was "whistled" or not, though we are afraid that that deceitful starling could not have been brought up in a very respectable family to have learnt such equivocal practices as whistling after oyster-girls. As we turned our back on this downy impostor, we could not refrain—for the deception was a little too *prononce* (or the reverse rather) to pass without some remonstrance—from giving relief to our indignation by favouring him with a parting hiss. Will it be believed, the hard-hearted bird was perfectly callous to the reproof! It did not seem to have the slightest effect upon him. That bird is a brute!

The great "star," however, of this twittering community was a "Hooded or Royston Crow," for which the modest sum of £100 was demanded. He was reported to be at least three hundred years old; so that after all the price asked was not so very exorbitant; it is only at the rate of £33 6*s.* 8*d.* for each hundred years,—not more than 6*s.* 8*d. per ann.* for the fee simple (which means the fee one pays when simple enough to go to a solicitor) of his existence. He was said to have seen all the GEORGES, and to retain a vivid recollection of old PEPYS. However, this sable gentleman was so thoroughly "hooded," that there was no seeing him at all. If he had any shining merits, they certainly shone by their absence. No explanations were given for this, nor did we notice any hand-bills, that pathetically entreated the "indulgence of a generous British public." At all events, they might have delighted our eyes with a sight of the Crow's baptismal certificate.

The Raven was, also, amongst the brilliant absentees. There was a magnificent Magpie, however, who hopped about most mischievously, and seemed wofully in want of some silver spoons that he could exercise his priggish propensities upon. We felt inclined to regale him with half-a-dozen electro-plated teaspoons; but we fancy he was far too knowing a bird to be taken in with so superficial a cheat.

Amongst the curiosities, must be honourably mentioned a piebald rat, a green canary, six dormice, and a white thrush. The feathers of the latter turned white in a single night, it was said, through disappointed love.

But the popular favourite was a "Long-Eared Owl" that had come all the way from Baden-Baden. He was in fine feather certainly, though the way in which persons stared at him seemed to ruffle him a bit. He was of a dark rich gingerbread colour, and his legs were clothed in a handsome pair of peg-top trousers of the very loudest pattern—so loud, in fact, as to be quite the *haut ton*. His eyes were of a golden *Amontillado* colour, and were round and big and glaring, like those monster agate marbles that children play with. The close propinquity of two German rats seemed to give him great uneasiness, and we thought he was debating within himself whether there was any chance of his getting out of his cage about ten o'clock that night. "Give me but ten minutes amongst those sweet little canaries," we fancied we could hear him whispering in his own ear, "and you shall see if I won't feather my nest finely!" Poor owl! the gas worried him terribly. We thought he would wink his white eyelids off, so furiously did he keep pulling them over his troubled eyes, as though they were cotton nightcaps, by the means of which he was vainly endeavouring to shut out the light that would not let him sleep. We cheered him for a passing moment, by exclaiming "Mouse!" He gave an electric start, stared wildly, and we fancied his two cups of brimming sherry were dashed with a tear. This majestic owl was the great success of the exhibition. Minerva would have made a great pet of him.

There are certain familiarities in the catalogue, which we condemn as decided sins on the side of gallantry. We think the judges are rather overstepping their duty, when they gravely print it as their own opinion that "MISS CLARA BARTLETT," is to be "Highly commended." Such very public admiration of a young lady is almost an impertinence; at all events, the judges might have told us what were MISS CLARA'S particular points of commendation. Was it the lustre of her eyes, the faultless grace of her ancle, or the magic charms of her fortune,—or pray what? Again, we think it is quite superfluous, not to say ridiculous, to append to the name of "MRS. THOMPSON," such a piece of information as:—"Age, four years and three months." The lady must have married very young. What may MR. THOMPSON'S age be?

A pretty boy about nineteen characterised the Show as "exceedingly seedy." The judgment, besides being classical, has a few grains of truth in it, and says "a heap" in a couple of words. We will not disturb it. After all, the best Bird Show, to our taste, is a game-dinner.

### A National Characteristic.

KOSSUTH informs us that the German is "the profoundest thinker of all." Your German may be excessively deep, but we can safely say that his profundity is generally obtained by extreme bor(e)ing.

## AN ENTICING BAIT, CERTAINLY.

*"Well, if they won't take this, by Jove, they 're hard to please."*

## MARTYRS OF THE BENCH.

SCENE, *the Court of Queen's Bench.* LORD CAMPBELL *presiding, assisted by his brother Judges. A crowded Court. Faint scent of incense detectable among some of the better-dressed spectators. Several Ladies present, looking rather sleepy, as unaccustomed to early hours.*

*Lord Campbell* (*facetiously*). Well, MR. BOVILL, as you are present in good time to-day, we conclude there was no fog, no *nebula*, to adumbrate your path hitherwards.

*Mr. Bovill.* No, my Lord. The accident yesterday was unfortunate; but the English climate is not to be depended upon.

*Lord Campbell.* The days are short, MR. BOVILL; and therefore the Court thinks that you had better abstain from wasting time in talking about the English climate, and proceed to the motion you have to make, to hear which the Court has assembled in this solemn and public manner, and in the presence of a considerable number of her MAJESTY'S subjects of both sexes and various ages. Unnecessary loquacity is always to be condemned, and, please Heaven, always shall be while I have the honour of occupying a seat upon this distinguished bench.

*Mr. Bovill.* Humbly acknowledging the rebuke, and the example, my Lord, I proceed to move, on behalf of my client, the REVEREND ALFRED POOLE, who is a clergyman——

*Lord Campbell.* We gathered as much by your calling him Reverend.

*Mr. Justice Wightman.* Not necessarily, because he might have been a dissenting minister.

*Lord Campbell. Castigatus sedeo.*

*Mr. Bovill.* He is a clergyman of great piety, much learning, a large amount of zeal, an unimpeachable sincerity——

*Lord Campbell.* The Court don't want his biography, but his motion. Come to the point, MR. BOVILL.

*Mr. Bovill.* My lord, the office of a priest——

*Mr. Justice Hill.* What does a priest want with an office? That 's the place for an attorney.

*Mr. Bovill.* I can assure the Court that this is no matter of jest. I may say it just isn't.

*Lord Campbell.* MR. BOVILL, we cannot sit here and have levities imported, integrated, and interpolated into matters of moment; not that you are making this a matter of a moment but of an hour. Pray proceed. What do you want?

*Mr. Bovill.* The REVEREND MR. POOLE, my Lord, is popularly regarded as a disciple of the school originated by DOCTOR PUSEY and his friends.

*Mr. Justice Erle.* Accomplices.

*Mr. Bovill.* As the Court pleases. He holds that confession is a very good thing——

*Lord Campbell.* We don't care what he holds, so that he holds his tongue, *viâ* his advocate. What do you want?

*Mr. Bovill.* Several of the Fathers of the Church, among whom I will mention: CHRYSOSTOM, ORIGEN, CYPRIAN, HARMODIUS, ARISTOGITON, TACITUS, ŒDIPUS, GALEN, PELAGIUS, HALICARNASSUS——

*Lord Campbell.* This is too bad. What has the Queen's Bench to do with the Fathers of the Church? There is one of those persons you have mentioned whom you will do well to personate.

*Mr. Bovill.* Who is that, my Lord?

*Lord Campbell. Tacitus*, MR. BOVILL. What do you want?

*Mr. Bovill.* I am coming to that, my Lord. The REVEREND MR. POOLE, adhering to the old practice of the Church, which expressly recommends her children to confess their faults, inasmuch as open confession is good for the soul, in proof of which I will cite to the Court the opinion of JUSTIN MARTYR——

*Lord Campbell.* You are disposed to include us in your martyrology, MR. BOVILL, but we decline the honour. What do you want?

*Mr. Bovill.* Well, my Lord, for cleaving to the doctrine of confession, and practising the same, the BISHOP OF LONDON, a prelate of whom I am anxious to speak——

*Lord Campbell.* But the Court is not in the least anxious to hear.

*Mr. Justice Erle.* Certainly not. Concerning DR. TAIT, *tais-toi*.

*Mr. Bovill.* But, my Lords, in the chain of circumstances which I narrate this is a link——

*Lord Campbell.* Keep your link for your next fog, MR. BOVILL.

*Mr. Bovill.* The Bishop having suspended MR. POOLE, for acting in conformity with the rules of the Church and the dictates of his own conscience in regard to confession, which was clearly practised by the early Fathers, and which is advocated by several of the most distinguished British and foreign divines of all ages——

*Lord Campbell* (*piteously*). What *do* you want? *Ambulas cunctanter.*

*Mr. Bovill. Festina lentè.* My Lords, MR. POOLE appeals from the BISHOP OF LONDON to his Grace the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, Primate of all England, and Metropolitan Governor of the Charterhouse——

*Lord Campbell.* We shall have *Magna Charta* next.

*Mr. Bovill.* Visitor of All Souls and Merton——

*Lord Campbell.* As a personal favour, MR. BOVILL, get on.

*Mr. Bovill.* My Lord, even to make your Lordship think I could oblige you would be the proudest moment of my life, and the crowning glory of my professional career; but my duty to my client, who is particularly anxious that all England should ring with his wrong——

*Lord Campbell.* But the Queen's Bench shall not be made his belfry. What do you want?

*Mr. Bovill.* The Archbishop, my Lord, refused MR. POOLE a public hearing——

*Lord Campbell.* I wish we were in a position to imitate the Archbishop.

*Mr. Bovill.* Therefore, my Lords, inasmuch as MR. POOLE, for adhering to the old custom of the Church, which prescribed confession——

*Lord Campbell.* Then she was a quack doctor. Go on.

*Mr. Bovill.* Was suspended by the Bishop——

*Lord Campbell.* And the Archbishop wouldn't cut him down. Go on.

*Mr. Bovill.* And refused a public hearing——

*Lord Campbell.* You want——

*Mr. Bovill.* I apply, on Mr. POOLE'S part, for a rule——

*Lord Campbell. Take your rule.*

*Mr. Bovill.* But, my Lord, I want to explain——

*All the Judges.* No, no!

*Lord Campbell.* You 've got what you asked; shut up: *claude os tuum.*

*Mr. Bovill.* But I am desirous to mention that POLYCARP——

*Lord Campbell.* We can't hear about her.

*Mr. Bovill.* He was an early Christian condemned to a beast——

[LORD CAMPBELL *mutters something to the other Judges, at which they laugh, and then, in a voice of thunder, his Lordship demands the next case.*

### Our Money Article.

OLD PATERFAMILIAS very nearly made a joke the other day. In answer to his daughter's inquiry, "Where Mamma got her Pin-Money?" he answered quite glibly, "Why, at the Bank, in Threadneedle Street." However, PATERFAMILIAS laughed just as much as though he had made a joke.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S VISITATION TO HIS CLERGY.—A Series of TAIT-*à*-*Têtes*.

## THE ADVANTAGE OF ADULTERATION.

MUCH harm as may be done by this wholesale adulteration, by which every retail customer is certain to be victimised, there is still, we cannot help thinking, at least this one advantage in it. Drugs are so diluted, and poison so mixed up with more innocuous ingredients, than one would find it difficult by use of them to make away with oneself; and many a suicide may be stopped from taking prussic acid by the doubt if prussic acid would be strong enough to kill him. As everything now-a-days is almost anything on earth but that which it is said to be, we question very much, if by buying, what in nine shops out of ten would be sold to us as arsenic, we should be served with such an article as would do our business for us. Death would much more probably ensue from a pennyworth of peppermint, or a lollipop or two, or whatever else we fancied to be perfectly innocuous. Anything that is reputed to be harmless, we may be almost sure is harmful and poisonous in the extreme; and whenever we are warned that this or that would kill us, we may swallow it with very little thought of being hurt by it.

For the welfare of humanity these facts should be known, and every one, we trust, will lend a hand or tongue to spread them. Circulation through the press will ensure them a wide hearing, and our playwrights may, we think, likewise extend the knowledge of them. Poisons are more frequently in requisition on the stage than in real life, and it would be competent for any of our dramatists to put the fact of their adulteration before the footlights and the public. What striking situations might be made in melodrama through the taking of a dose of adulterated poison! What villany might be thwarted, and what virtue triumph by it! Villany buys laudanum, and Virtue finds it liquorice. Villany has forged Virtue's will, and proceeds to read it. Villany sheds tears over his d-dear f-friend and d-d-departed b-b-b-benefactor, who to every one's surprise has left Villany his fortune. Slow music. Lights burn blue. In stalks Virtue all serene, holding in his hand a bottle labelled "Liquorice." Villany takes him for his ghost, and falls down on his knees, with his hands up and his teeth chattering. Enter in procession the Police of the Period. Villany is walked off, and the Gods hooray for Virtue. *Vivat Adulteratio! No Money Returned!*

Or say it is a tragedy the writer is engaged upon, and that he wants to clear off some half-dozen of his characters to end it. Why not take a leaf from the LUCREZIA BORGIA *Cookery-book*, and make them all sit down to an adulterated dinner, and there polish them all off with adulterated sweetmeats? In farces or burlesques the same text might be preached, and WILLIKINSES and their DINAHS might be killed by some "cold poison" in the shape of cheap ice-creams in which both ice and cream had been deleteriously adulterated.

In the like way, too, our novelists might do the State some service, by giving more publicity to the important truth, that just now one had best eat very little and drink less, if one has a wish to avoid adulteration. Plots might be constructed wherein all the troubles and the torments of the heroine and hero might be brought on or cleared off by a judicious introduction of adulterated articles. What affecting invalid scenes might be worked out of the fact of the hero's having eaten an adulterated sausage, or been lunching off cold meat and adulterated pickles! What touching reconciliations might be got up through the incident of both heroine and hero simultaneously sickening from the effects of having seen each other at a party, where, to drown their feelings, the hero drank two glasses of adulterated negus, while the heroine consoled herself with some half-dozen cups of what in trusting innocence she fancied to be coffee. Negus has the character of being harmless stuff and the weakest-headed hero, one would think, might take two glasses of it. But when made of doctored wines, it is in fact mere doctor's stuff; and one should never take a dose of it, except it be prescribed for one. In like way tea and coffee are now far from being so innocuous as many people deem them, and should never be "exhibited," excepting under proper medical advice. Now that the *Lancet's* searching fingers have probed the trades where poison lingers, it is clear that tea and coffee, harmless as we think them, are drinks which may by no means be indulged in with impunity. Besides the milk which is chalk-mixture, and the sugar which is "daff," half the coffee which is sold is merely beans and bone-dust, flavoured with baked chicory, and coloured with burnt cow's liver; while the "genuine unmixed tea," with which the public are supplied, is merely a trade synonym for what is in reality nothing but sloe poison.

### The Literary Famine in France.

THE next phenomenon that may be expected in Europe is a French Exodus. Either the intellect of the country must emigrate, or the Government must go out. Which is it to be? Heads—or tails?

THE RESULT OF ALL TRAVELLING.—"Well! I am glad to get home again."

## WORTHY THE ATTENTION OF MANAGERS AND MINISTERS.

THE value of a triumph in Paris can be calculated to a nicety. Pay so much, and you can be the hero of an hour; pay so much more, and you may be elevated into a kind of *Demi-Dieu* for the entire day. Applause is sold, like paper, *par la main*; a disturbance can be got up at so much a foot. These *Entrepreneurs de Succès* are indispensable to every theatre. We have our doubts whether Government, even, could get on for four-and-twenty hours without their sweet voices? There is scarcely an institution in France, to which they do not lend a hand. In fact, what was LOUIS NAPOLEON himself on the second of December but a grand *Entrepreneur de Succès?* the military being his paid band of *claqueurs*, with full permission to "draw" or "charge" to any extent they pleased?

Here is the card of one of these UNDERTAKERS OF SUCCESS. We give it *au naturel*, for fear of diluting the racy flavour of it:—

"SALOMON (DIT PIGONNEAU), claqueur en chef, tient *bravos, chûtes, ris, pleurs, rappels, bouquets, sonnets, vers, colombes*, le tout au plus juste prix. Son bureau, chez le marchand de vin, au *Bon Coin*."

Any one anxious to know what is the price of Glory, can be informed *au plus juste prix* (how far it is *juste* let the victim, on opening his eyes to his folly, himself determine), by applying to MONS. PIGONNEAU. Has this gentleman been engaged lately at Drury Lane Theatre? Has he had the contract for supplying the bouquets, and wreaths, and encores, and bracelets that have recently been poured down in such fragrant showers on those melodious boards? If so, we must say that he is entitled to every praise for the general accuracy of his aim and the impartial prodigality of his awards. The only thing that detracts from our pleasure is to witness the introduction of a Parisian mummery on to our stage. It is imperative, we suppose, that we should take everything from the French stage, but somehow *claque* does sound most offensively in our ears like *cloaque*.

By the bye, might we introduce MONS. PIGONNEAU to the notice of MR. DISRAELI? He might be of material assistance to that talented Caucasian economist on the introduction of his Reform Bill. He might prevent its being a tremendous *chûte;* with his manual and vocal co-operation, the measure might unexpectedly turn out a *succès* equal to that of the *Juive*. And, to commemorate the triumph, M. PIGONNEAU might even consent to throw in a *colombe*, which should be trained to alight on the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S nose, carrying a palm branch inside its bill, with "Reform" printed in golden letters on the latter. We have no doubt the sensation would be tremendous.

## TWO LITTLE FAVOURS REQUESTED.

SINCE MR. GLADSTONE is so near Greece, would he mind obliging *Mr. Punch* (who has done him many a good turn before now), by making a few inquiries about the Greek Kalends and the Greek Loan? He is requested to ascertain the future date of the former and the probable payment of the latter? and to report at large on the chronological chances of the two events, and particularly as to which of them, in his opinion, is likely to be entitled to the priority of occurrence?

At the same time, *Mr. Punch* humbly begs to apologise to MR. GLADSTONE, for laying before him only two courses, instead of the three which his active mind generally delights to feast upon.

AN UNCOMFORTABLE POSITION.—Rushing up to the City—not a minute to spare—to take up a bill, and finding oneself in the middle of a herd of oxen on a foggy day.

## IT MUST BE ALL RIGHT!

*Mamma.* "I WONDER WHERE THAT CHILD, ARTHUR, IS—HE IS VERY QUIET. I HOPE HE IS NOT IN MISCHIEF."

*Child.* "OH, NO, MAMMA, DEAR! HE'S NOT IN MISCHIEF, FOR HE IS IN THE LIBRARY, PLAYING WITH THE PENS AND INK."

## THE CAT AND DOG COURT.

AIR—"*The Literary Dustman.*"

THERE is a Court, contrived by late
Enlightened legislation,
Where couples who each other hate
May get a separation;
The Court of Probate and Divorce,
To which, mate spouse ill-using,
The party wronged may have recourse:
Its business is amusing.
For thence we see that married life,
Is often stormy weather,
And some folks live, as man and wife,
Like cat and dog together.

Some fools there are who wed for love,
Whilst many wed for money;
Their matches were not made above:
Their moon soon fails of honey.
Then words grow sharp, and manners rough,
At length no more they smother
Their mutual ire, but kick, and cuff,
And beat, and scratch each other.
And so, &c.

We from these matrimonial suits
Derive strange revelations,
How pairs genteel like common brutes
Behave in altercations;
They bandy curse, and oath, and blow,
And each tries each to throttle,
And if they don't the quart-pot throw,
They fling the claret-bottle.
And so, &c.

Take warning, lads and lasses too,
That are about to marry;
Look ere you leap, mind what you do,
And for reflection tarry.
More haste may chance to prove worse speed,
And wise is he who pauses;
Or she, Divorce reports to read,
And matrimonial causes.
For so, &c.

TAUTOLOGY.—PROFESSOR BLUNT'S *Plain Sermons.*

## EXCESSES OF THE PARISIAN PRESS.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has offended the POPE. He has got into disgrace with the Holy Father, for having allowed too much liberty to the French Press. Fact. The *Armonia* of Piedmont, Ultramontane journal and organ of the Roman Court, says that Rome is offended with the French Government for having permitted the French papers to make the remarks which they have dared to make on the Mortara business. After praising Austria for the "dignity and generosity" which that Empire has manifested towards the Holy See—by kissing the Concordat—the Jesuitical print continues thus:—

"No Austrian journal has ever dared to speak of the Holy See in the manner in which the French journals have done; nor could they exercise the same temerity without running the risk of having to expiate it. We have seen, on the contrary, COUNT WALEWSKI, in the Paris Congress, mix himself up with the private affairs of the Papal Government, and we consider it a grave fact, that the *Moniteur* has calumniated Rome in its feuilletons; and we regard as worst of all the attacks now made with impunity on the Holy See, in the capital of the French Empire."

This is not All Fools' Day; really it is not: and the foregoing quotation is copied literally from the *Times*. Fair play for ever!—and now that people are shaking their heads so seriously at the treatment of M. DE MONTALEMBERT, it is but just they should know the difficulty that LOUIS NAPOLEON has to contend with at head-quarters, that is to say, at Rome. What is he to do? His soul is not his own. Where would he go if the POPE were to excommunicate him? Even if he believes in his heart excommunication to be all fudge spiritually, he knows that it would be a serious temporal matter for him. What if the POPE (who has not crowned him) were to fulminate a bull of deposition against him, call the COUNT DE CHAMBORD HENRI THE FIFTH, and present that nobleman with an *oriflamme*, which his Holiness had himself blessed and sprinkled with holy water out of his own pump? Let us be just.

It is true that the French Government has now, at last, silenced the journals as to the papal kidnapping case. But none of them have "expiated" their "temerity," as the *Armonia* says. What expiation would Popery exact of our Parisian contemporaries, for taking the rampant liberties which the Imperial Government has allowed the Press? If it could have a stuffed editor given it, taking him for a real one, with full licence to do just what it liked with him, how would it treat the effigy?—and what disappointment would it feel at finding that the victim was a man of straw!

Popery is offended because the French Press has not been made to expiate its excesses. LOUIS NAPOLEON has not yielded to all its demands. Perhaps he will also not yield to its steady suggestion, that England is Carthage, and that Carthage ought to be destroyed.

### Euclid Outdone.

A MATHEMATICAL friend of ours informs us of his having made a very wonderful discovery. It is no less than a solution of the Euclid-puzzling problem of the squaring of the circle. Our friend states that its discovery was made by him one evening in the parish of St. Pancras, where, he says, that he discovered, in the course of ambulation, that several of the Police nightly go their rounds in squares.

### Cheap Portable Warmth.

THE cheapest and best is to buy a penn'orth of roasted chesnuts when you are walking home from the theatre, munching them, or passing them from one hand to the other, until you reach your door. They warm the hands, like a Christmas-box, and are a capital preventive against chilblains. When chesnuts are not to be had, try a potato "all hot."—*One who has tried both.*

INSCRIPTION FOR A TEMPERANCE BANNER.—"We lead a life of Jolli-tea."

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex. Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—Saturday, December 4, 1858.

## THANK YOU FOR NOTHING.

*Punch's* frontier, *alias*, pitching them out of his own garden into *Mr. Punch's*.

REALLY when the EMPEROR OF FRANCE does the merciful thing, he does it handsomely. To say nothing of his full pardon of MONTALEMBERT, who had been just found guilty, on the clearest evidence, of the heinous offence of speaking the truth, we are informed that he has further extended his clemency to GOMEZ, the accomplice of ORSINI—and how do you think? By directing that he is to be liberated on the Sardinian frontier.

This reminds *Mr. Punch* of the process by which his neighbour JONES used to get rid of his snails. Being fond of cabbages, JONES felt it his duty to take the snails into custody; but being a humane man, he used to "extend his clemency" to them by liberating them on *Mr.*

## JERUSALEM AND ROME.

A DEPUTATION of gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion, headed by MR. MOSS, waited yesterday on *Mr. Punch*, to request him to use the vast influence which he possesses over the POPE, in order to persuade his Holiness to cause young MORTARA to be restored from the bosom of the Church to that of his family.

*Mr. Punch* cordially shook hands with the deputation, and said he sympathised warmly with their feelings towards the bereaved MORTARAS; but that, after the remonstrances which had been addressed to the Court of Rome by the chief Roman Catholic powers, he was almost afraid that his further interference would be productive of little effect. He would recommend the deputation to apply to their powerful brethren the leading capitalists of Europe, and to obtain from them an engagement not to lend the POPE any more money at any per-centage until he surrendered the little Jew.

The Deputation concisely thanked *Mr. Punch*, and slunk out.

### Imperial Masonry.

THE French Press has been ordered to be silent on the Mortara case of Papal kidnapping. The object of this decree is the consolidation of the Empire, which, it is hoped, will be effected with Roman Cement. France would perhaps prefer Plaster of Paris.

## THE LYTTON DESPATCH IN FULL.

THANKS to our little bird in the Colonial Office (not MR. WELLINGTON GUERNSEY) we are enabled to lay before a hungrily expectant public the passages of the great LYTTON Despatch which were omitted from the copy officially made public.

After expressing the hope—(see published despatch)—that "with time and forbearance the supposed jealousies of race would vanish amid congenial institutions and common interests." SIR E. B. LYTTON'S powerful manifesto, in the copy sent to SIR JOHN YOUNG, proceeds as follows:—

"That a race, individually gifted, however weak politically—the seignory of which has passed through so many and various phases, from the iron sceptre of the Macedonian conqueror to the law-reverencing *fasces* of Imperial Rome, and thence, from the enervate grasp of the degenerate Byzantine to the stern but glorious guardianship of the Lion of Saint Mark and the tortuous tyranny of the Muscovite, that Byzantine of the eighteenth century, in whom, alone among the nations, the craft of Constantinople has not excluded the sternness of the Scyth, and the rapacity of the Roxolane—that such a race—alternately the oppressed of the Cross, and the decimated of the Scymitar—should chafe under the mild incidence of British rule is a phenomenon which might well provoke the incredulity, if it did not engender the risibility, of the historic student. But in the contemplation of the Real we must suspend our reverence for The Abstract; and submit ourselves to the stern dominion of The Fact, even when it conflicts most with the Siren-like suggestions of The Idea.

"The Beautiful has ever found her favourite home among the purple islands of the Blue Ægean, but the Rational has spurned those seductive shores for the more inclement regions of the north. From the wave that crisps along the yellow sands of Cythera arose the Homeric Aphrodite—the Foam-born—and fancy still loves to trace in The Actual, the faint but fascinating traces of The Mythic. Aphrodite—the daughter of the foam—still haunts these shores, but no longer as the Incarnation of The Beautiful. As an embodiment of The Unreal she disports herself in the senate of Corfu, and paints the bright but impossible future of a Septinsular Republic, upon the bubbles blown by the breath of a Press too soon set free, while she floats forward before the popular breezes unwisely fanned into an occasionally tempestuous existence by the SETON Constitution of 1849.

"HER MAJESTY'S Government have viewed with regret these unexpected results of a policy, which, if it partook largely of The Rash, cannot surely be refused the praise justly due to The Confiding. From ground still hallowed by the recollections of the Garden of ALCINOUS, they had hoped for fruits less repulsive in rind, and less acrid in flavour. They had fondly imagined, that the descendants of those who owned the gentle sway of the Phœacian monarch would have imitated, at least, the household virtues of his daughter, and, like NAUSICAA, have washed the family linen, without calling upon Europe to witness its foulness. HER MAJESTY'S Government had not anticipated, that the factions, whose bitterness, in the Corcyra of the Peloponnesian Campaign, had taxed the pen of a THUCYDIDES, would, in this, our more philosophic day, have called forth the reprobation of one who, did he not reverence THUCYDIDES so profoundly, might also venture to inscribe his own name on the emblazoned and undying roll of Hellenic Historians. The senators of the Isles of Greece will surely pardon me for reminding them that it cannot be grateful to the author of *Athens and the Athenians*, to be chosen as the organ for conveying to them the opinion of England and the English upon their councils and their conduct. But they will not, I trust, confound the language of advice, however unwelcome, with that of Ill-will, however justifiable. If Eros led the passionate poetess of Hellas to the white rocks of Leucadia, affection for the Hellene may well urge the Colonial Secretary of England to sacrifice popularity on the altar of Truth. SAPPHO sank but to sing again. If the waves of septinsular execration close for awhile over the name of LYTTON, I may still look for comfort to the fate of SAPPHO, and bear my barbiton aloft, amid the Scyllean howl of Corcyrean execration, and the turbid outpourings of anonymous detraction.

"But HER MAJESTY'S Government would appeal to the gentler elements of the Hellenic race, which still, they would fain hope, find a home where ODYSSEUS garnered the wisdom culled in a life-harvest of travel and anthropologic observation, and where EUMÆUS practised the contemplative occupation of guardian of the Royal Swine. They trust they are not unreasonable in their hope that the power of drawing the long bow is not the only legacy left to his descendants by the sagacious Basileus of Ithaca, and that HER MAJESTY'S Government may find some better precedent for action in this crisis than that furnished by the constant and cautious PENELOPE, for undoing in 1859 the web woven with such pains by the Lord High Commissioner, in the first year of the decade which is about to expire, since the SETON Constitution was bestowed."

The despatch then continues, as printed:—

"These are the general principles and sentiments entertained by HER MAJESTY'S Government with reference to the questions which at present agitate the Ionian mind," &c.

It is believed that the omission of the passage we have supplied is due to the narrow notion of SIR JOHN YOUNG and MR. BOWEN, that as it was unintelligible to them, it was not likely to produce any wholesome effect upon the Ionian Senate.

They seem to have forgotten that what a scholar and a poet writes to the collective wisdom of a Hellenic people may be—indeed ought to be—Greek, and therefore when SIR JOHN states—as he is understood coarsely to have stated—that the omitted passage was "so much heathen Greek to him," he was pronouncing at once its highest eulogy and most conclusive justification.

"No Collars, Sir? It must be Miss Julia, for she sent fifteen to wash only last week."

## SIR BENJAMIN.

DON'T you observe the vulgar sneer
On the thin lip of fawning toady?
"O law, my Lady, listen here,
They're going to make a peer of BRODIE!

"He was a doctor, near the Park,
Some kind of surgeon or physician;
How true your ladyship's remark,
'The country's in a sad condition!'"

But no, your fright is premature,
You ancient, toad-devouring virgin,
The Peerage will be still kept pure
From contact with a titled surgeon.

It's not to be; but if it were,
While men are born, men live, and men die,
Some recognition might be fair
Of those who use the *ars medendi*.

Lords from hereditary trees
(My lady's gone: we've sadly shocked her),
Where were your lengthening pedigrees,
If vain the cry "*Per opem*, Doctor!"

If the good Sword may claim its fee
In titles, as our codes determine,
'Twere no unseemly thing to see
The Scalpel laid away in ermine.

You, Peer, for having understood
All the dark labyrinths that our laws have,
What Saving Clause has done the good
That BRODIE's forceps' saving claws have?

To cut bad throats, and stretch bad necks
Are claims on Fortune's purblind goddess,
But clear-eyed Honour gladly decks
The man who heals good people's bodies.

But, wise and kind old man, you know,
A bauble's, what the thing will fetch, worth;
And *Punch* still bows to you, although
He greets SIR B., and not LORD BETCHWORTH.

## "A HALL OF DAZZLING LIGHT."

MY friend SHORTHORNS, an amiable agriculturist from whom I have expectations, having suddenly, to my great discomfiture, arrived to "stop a week," it became evident that something must be done, both to amuse S. and to prevent the writer being utterly bored to death, by that intelligent but not cheerful individual. What was to be done? We had on the occasion of his last week in town, explored the Polytechnic, Madame Tussaud's, the Colosseum, and other exhilarating haunts of pleasure.

It was over that peculiar pint of port at the Rainbow's cheeriest of hostelries, that this question presented itself most forcibly to us. We had dined well (I took care of that, and SHORTHORNS invariably, under protest from me, paid the bill), and S. was thirsting and raging for pleasure. I felt that unless something were done shortly, my chance of a legacy (may the day of its receipt be far distant!) would be small. I took a bold resolve. Yes. We would go to the theatre. Considering the general state of the drama, *Mr. Punch*, you will own that this was suicidal. But we did it, and were agreeably disappointed.

The temple of the drama we selected, on account of its being in the neighbourhood, was rather of the bandbox order of architecture; small, but very clean, very neat, very pretty, and most curiously, very full. The entertainment, a pretty little comedy or vaudeville, the best burlesque this child ever had the pleasure of seeing, with a bunch of pretty girls in it that—well, never mind, we will not confide our love-secrets to the general public.

We left the bandbox in rather a pleasant frame of mind. Of course we wanted refreshment, bodily and mentally. What should it be? Bodily? Beer, of course. Mentally? Not so easy to decide, let's see, eh? what? of course! we could arrive at but one conclusion. British melody. "Come," we cried, "follow us, O SHORTHORNS, and we will take you to the abode of bliss. Have you not heard of that famous Cave of Harmony, in which we are inclined to think, and most certainly hope, CAPTAIN COSTIGAN sang that song which drove our dear COLONEL NEWCOME away? We will take you there, my boy; but be not afraid, strict propriety is the law. Decorum reigns in the halls of BIVINS, and though it has been pulled down and rebuilt, still it is the Cave." SHORTHORNS being too much surprised at our rhapsody to make any objection, we carried him across the Strand, up Wellington Street, through cabbagy, dull, dreary, Covent Garden, to the entrance of the modern Cave of Trophonius. Not dull though is our Cave's entrance, but cheerfully lighted, and with a convivial air about it, very promising. Not so convivial however in appearance is an inscription relative to "Pay here," observing which, we inquire of the policeman standing by, "How much?" The municipal replies, "Sixpence." Which we pay and enter.

Bah! What a puff of hot air comes out to meet us as we push through the spring door! What a combination of chops and stout, and "grogs," cigars, gas, and harmony. Listen! They are singing that most beautiful of all beautiful madrigals, "*Down in a Flowery Vale*." It ceases, and several hundred maniacs at once proceed to batter the tables with pewter noggins and heads of sticks. Let us sit down, SHORTHORNS, at one of these little marble-topped tables. We can hear the music quite well here, and are besides out of the way of the demonstrative applauders, who are, between ourselves, rather a nuisance. We will order our suppers, and then take a survey. "Waiter! Chops and stout."

Now, SHORTHORNS, use your eyes. Look at the pictures first. Theatrical you will observe, and mostly good. Everybody is here. It is the Walhalla of the drama. MR. GARRICK as *Richard III.* you will please notice, all his fingers stretched out in impossible positions; MISS MELLON behind you; on your right, MACREADY, with an inhuman scowl, not the least like him we are delighted to see; and on your left, SHERIDAN KNOWLES. Good company, you think? Well, not bad. Hark! The president raps with his hammer, and lo! on the stage appears a group of small boys, all of whom instantly place their hands behind their backs, and survey the company. (Why do the little boys at BIVINS's always do this? Nobody can tell, but it is their constant habit.) To them enter various gentlemen elaborate as to whiskers, curly as to hair, evening as to dress. These forthwith begin the selection from "*Euryanthe*," which they sing, to do them justice, with much effect. "That little boy in the corner has a splendid voice." So he has, and doubtless when the wicked week is over, he forgets BIVINS's, and you may hear him in the choir at one of the cathedral churches. Here are the chops, however, and straightway we fell to, and forgot Master What's-his-name.

Giants refreshed after these delicacies, (the baked potatoes at BIVINS's always being superb), we mix our steaming grogs, and turn our attention to the company present. We don't care about the people in the body of the hall, which is vast, palatial, resplendent, &c. We know them. The farmer come up to town about that lot of southdowns, (pardon, SHORTHORNS, no personality is intended), who thinks BIVINS's is the glass of fashion, the mould of form in fact, and dissipates here majestically, especially in the Cattle Show week, when he is amazing. Here is the boy of seventeen, who looks seven-and-twenty, and is in the ways of the world seven hundred, smoking that enormous cigar, which he don't like, though he thinks he does, and wondering what "the governor" will say to his being out so late. No, no. These, and the omnipresent gent are not for us. We will remain in the "café part of the rooms," and are sure to see plenty of noteworthy individuals. See, there, at that table near the clock, four authors, two actors, and a barrister. All celebrated men, all names that are household words to most of us. That further table is occupied by critics, and this behind us by two of the most resplendent Swells in London. They come from their Club, and have been dining with other Swells, but now are to be seen taking to their beer with great apparent relish. BIVINS's society is full of such contrasts, he levels all distinctions, and fraternity is the order of the day.

But who is this who comes, snuff-box in hand, jolly, grey, rosy, and comfortable to see? Watch him nodding to this one, shaking hands with that. "Chop good?" he says, "dear, good, excellent friend? all well? How is our kind excellent parent?" (He never saw him in his life perhaps, but still takes as affectionate an interest in him, as if he had known him from boyhood.) Observe him well. He is the great institution of BIVINS's. He is MR. BROWN, in point of fact, BIVINS. The *beau idéal* of a host. May he long give us that pinch of snuff, which makes us sneeze for a quarter of an hour after we have been rash enough to take it, and may MR. JOHN, who pervades the room now like his shadow, follow worthily in his footsteps. Did we say *the* Institution, though? We were wrong. For lo! a figure bearing a glass of cigars. "Cigars, gentlemen?" he says. His accent is foreign, his coat loose, his mouth slightly puckered. No wonder. This is the famous whistler, who still delights us with the same imitations, and whistlings, and *jödels* which delighted our forefathers. "He will always be retained on the establishment."

I have not told you about the size or shape of this Hall of Dazzling Light, dear *Mr. Punch*, its history, or its resources. Else, could I have told you rare anecdotes of the old market, and the old theatres, strange stories of the Beef Steak Club, and marvellous tales of the consumption of kidneys and chops.

Why should we? *Cui bono?* Is it not written in the book of the words of the songs? and if you want further information you had better go to BIVINS's and get it for yourself.

## ORTHODOXY WITH ELEGANCE.

PERHAPS there is a mystical meaning in the subjoined notification to those to whom it may concern:—

WM. CLARK'S CLERICAL SUITS at 84*s*. Made from the permanent finished cloth, that will neither spot nor shrink. Clerical Gowns and Surplices equally moderate in cost.

The unshrinking and spotless cloth must be a superior article in the clerical line. It is warranted, perhaps, to stand both prosperity and persecution. The figure is low, and in connection with that fact, we note that the material is not termed "Super-Saxony," as it might be by an establishment that pretended to cut out LUTHER AND CO. We apprehend it may be an Oxford mixture of the sort that may be termed Broad-cloth; at the same time, we are quite aware that we may possibly have dreamt of finding a mare's nest; that MR. CLARK is an actual tailor, and that in business as such alone has CLARK any relation to Parsons.

## WISDOM FOR EVERY WEEK OF THE YEAR.

THE *Building News* informs us, that PRINCE NAPOLEON has in his library "Fifty-two wigs that belonged to VOLTAIRE." It is a wig for every week throughout the year. If there really was "wisdom in a wig," what a clever head the Prince would have upon his shoulders, when he was *coiffé à la* VOLTAIRE! He must be over head and ears in love with his subject to carry his admiration to the extent of Fifty-two wigs. It is lucky that the great philosopher is not alive, or else the chances are, that the Prince would get an ear-wigging of a very different kind.

We have often heard of the donkey in the lion's skin. But PRINCE NAPOLEON in one of VOLTAIRE's wigs is, we think, a much more amusing reading of the same fable!

THE LAST ABSURDITY OF FASHION.—We saw at the Soho Bazaar, a Doll decked out with all the grotesque honours of Crinoline!

## SHAKSPEARIAN SOMERSAULTS.

WE have always known that it was hard work to act SHAKSPEARE, and very hard work to see him acted, except in certain special cases. But of the intense exertion necessary to the due rendering of this dramatist we had formed an inadequate idea. This fact has been forced upon us by a paragraph, forwarded to our worthy contemporary the *Era*, touching a recent performance in a Dublin theatre. It states that a MR. COOKE, "the SHAKSPEARIAN Clown and Acrobat, threw a treble somersault in the air without once touching the ground." We imagined that we were tolerably well acquainted with the works of W. S., but we cannot call to mind by what process of association this terrifically athletic feat was introduced in illustration of any passage in his works. Even at the Princess's Theatre, where the principle of showing what SHAKSPEARE might, could, would, should, or ought to have meant, is supposed to have reached its climax, we doubt whether a treble somersault could be vindicated as a homage to the great bard. *Ariel*, sent off in that fashion for Its journey round the world, would have the effect rather of a Catherine wheel than a creature of the element, and we can hardly realise the gentle *Desdemona* availing herself of this discovery to do as *Othello* suggests, namely, "turn, and turn, and still go on." In a long course of theatrical experience we have seen *some* assaults upon SHAKSPEARE, but we never saw any so uncalled for as somersaults, and we do not know where the system is to stop. We shall next have *Ariel* above mentioned singing,

"On an Acrobat's back do I fly."

We are the rather disposed to protest against this new notion of Shakspearianity, because we regret to read in the same journal that another clown, emulous of the skill of his Shakspearian rival, attempted the same feat, but with a result too painful to permit of a smile, and also that other mannerists of the same school are challenging one another to yet more difficult mountebanking, also, we suppose, in honour of the Swan—who, not being the Swan with Two Necks, does not demand in his votaries the extra supply of neck which their "various readings" require. We recommend these tumblers to let alone both SHAKSPEARE and somersaults.

## "LE RENARD DANS LES FILETS."

(*Not after* LA FONTAINE.)

M. BARTHÉLÉMY DE ST. HILAIRE, the illustrious Hippophagist—who never found anything too tough for him till he tried the secretaryship of M. DE LESSEPS's Suez Canal Scheme—is outdone at last. Treading in the Tartar steppes, he has eaten horse, and founded a society of horse-eaters. But let him hide his diminished *casserole*, before that sporting society in the Département of the Corrèze, at one of whose dinners, we are informed, *filets* of fox were served and declared excellent eating! From filets we shall come to hind-quarters, and so on, gradually, till the whole of the body being disposed of, fox-tail replaces ox-tail in French provincial tureens.

Our sportsmen have long known that Frenchmen shoot foxes. *Facilis descensus.* From shooting foxes to eating them is but a step; but can anything more clearly prove that France is going to the dogs?

## SKETCHES FROM THE BRIGHTON PARADE.

THE DISMAY OF FITZ BRUMMEL ON PERCEIVING HIS VERY COUNTRY COUSIN UNEXPECTEDLY APPROACH.

### "THE UNTRADESMANLIKE FALSEHOOD OF THE SAME CONCERN."—A CARD.

THE Worshipful Society of Knights Hospitallers, which meets weekly at the Long-room, Jerusalem Tavern, St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, (kept by BROTHER BLAGGS, P.S.M., K.R.C.X.), begs to put the public on their guard against a malicious statement, calculated grievously to injure the Society—that the POPE has nominated G. BOWYER, M.P., a Knight of their worshipful and loyal order.

The K. H. don't know anything of the POPE, otherwise than as making mischief abroad, and leading a happy life at home (as sung at their Harmonic Meetings on Monday Evenings), and none but the Grand Master of the St. John's Lodge (meeting as above) has the right to instal Knights of the Order, which he will be happy to do on payment of the usual fees, at the weekly meeting of the K. H. on Mondays, at the above respectable tavern. The Worshipful the K. H. further beg to state, that the said G. BOWYER is not entitled to any of the privileges or benefits of the Order, such as being admitted free to the Monday's Harmonic Meetings, wearing the badges and insignia of the Worshipful Society, holding Office in any of the Society's Lodges, receiving weekly pay during sickness, taking part in the annual excursions to Hampton Court, and the Rye-House, or the annual dinner at Highbury Barn (*See the rules of the Society as certified by* JOHN TIDD PRATT, ESQ.). And the Society of the K. H. do hereby give notice, that the said G. BOWYER is an impostor, and that if he present himself at any of the Society's Lodges, and refuse to withdraw on being requested, or otherwise attempt forcibly to avail himself of any of the above rights, franchises and privileges, he will be given into custody.

### "Give your (Money) Orders, Gents."

THE *employés* of the Post-Office are getting up a Library and Reading Room, and appeal far and wide for subscriptions and contributions. A gruff official in St. Martin's-le-Grand refuses to give a rap, declaring that the Post-Office has quite enough men of letters already.

### THE REIGN OF SMALL TALK.

THE following idea of the present state of Paris is presented by our fashionable contemporary. It is very significant:

"Nothing is talked of in Paris but the diminution in the price of silks and laces, in consequence of the latest intelligence from China. The Magasins du Louvre, in the Rue de Rivoli, have been foremost in their endeavours to profit by this change, and have laid in a most wonderful assortment of the richest silks at the most extraordinary prices. These Magasins du Louvre may indeed be said to have absorbed the popularity of every other establishment in Paris, for their shawls of French Cashmere, their rich laces, mantles, visites, sorties du bal, and silk goods, surpass anything of the same nature to be seen elsewhere."

That nothing is now talked of in Paris but the diminution in the price of silks and laces, is the natural result of the trial and sentence of M. DE MONTALEMBERT. There is hardly anything else that the Parisians could safely talk about except the weather, and conversation on that subject might, as seeming to indicate an English tendency, be taken as evidence of disaffection. The ladies, however, live doubtless happily under the rule of the Man of December; for, whilst discussion is confined to the fashions for that month, they have all the talk their own way.

### FIRE AND SMOKE IN ITALY.

ACCOUNTS from Milan state that—

"The war against cigars has been recommenced. If anybody is seen smoking in the street, he is requested to throw away his cigar, and he is compelled to do so if he refuses."

"Wherever there is smoke there is fire," is a saying, which the governing powers of Milan perhaps regarded in adopting the large and wise policy of extinguishing cigars. They do not seem to have considered that "one fire puts out another's burning;" so that the smouldering of tobacco may tend to check a more serious combustion; whilst, on the other hand, to put out cigars is a very promising way to kindle discontent. One would think that, if rulers wished to prevent, instead of causing, a revolution, they would encourage, and not forbid, their people to smoke a quiet cigar.

# FRENCH FASHION.

PAM (TO BRITANNIA). "HERE'S A SWEET THING IN BRACELETS, MA'AM; WORN VERY GENERALLY IN PARIS."

BRITANNIA. "AH, SO I'VE HEARD! BUT IT ISN'T MY STYLE."

## PROPRIETY AND POWDER.

"SIR,

"I FIND the following remarks in a speech reported to have been delivered the other day by the RIGHT HON. E. P. BOUVERIE, M.P., to his constituents at Kilmarnock:—

"'LORD DERBY seemed to be rather like a coquette with two lovers [one] on either side, ogling the one and pressing the foot of the other under the table, and trying to persuade both that he is all in favour of their views (*Laughter*). LORD DERBY tried to satisfy his own friends that he was a good Conservative, and, on the other side, pressing the foot of the Liberal party, persuaded them that he wanted progress, improvement, reform, and calling upon them to witness what he would do if they would stay and assist him. He was endeavouring to balance himself on a tight-rope from which he was sure to get a fall."

"If the Hon. Member for Kilmarnock had borne in mind those lessons, which I presume were impressed upon him in early youth, he would have remembered the maxim of penmanship and propriety proposed in the copy-books to both his caligraphy and conduct—'Comparisons are odious.' What comparison can be more odious than that of a noble Earl to a coquette between two lovers, ogling one of them, and treading under the table on the other's foot; unless it is the idea of the same noble Lord balancing himself on a tight-rope? What a position for a Peer to be in, either the one or the other of those unbecoming situations! Where is the dignity of such similitudes? Did the ancient Romans indulge in comparisons of that description? did CATO, or CICERO, or MARK ANTONY, or JULIUS CÆSAR? Did the great British orators and statesmen permit themselves to employ such images? did MR. PITT, or MR. FOX, or MR. BURKE? No, Sir; and the reason why members of Parliament in the present day condescend to the adoption of such very popular phraseology, is, I verily believe, the disuse of hair-powder. To propose the re-introduction of that venerable embellishment is the object of this letter. A sense of being in powder would, I feel confident, be a great inducement to preserve decorum; and do you now, yourself, think, Sir, that the idea of the Premier in the characters and under the circumstances, which I need not repeat, would ever have entered MR. BOUVERIE'S head if the outside of it had been solemnly powdered?

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"POMPONIUS RUFFLES.

"P.S. Hoops have been revived, you know, Sir. Shall we suffer the weaker sex to distance us in the march of retrocession?"

### Art-Drapery.

CANNOT the large extent of surface, afforded by the enormously inflated dresses of ladies, be turned to some account? Pictures might be hung about it, instead of being suspended to the walls; and thus it would become in some measure ornamental, if not useful. The only objection to this proposal is, that valuable paintings could not safely be placed in situations where, as accidents of almost daily occurrence prove, they would be in extreme danger from fire.

## "THE OFFENCE IS RANK."

THE possession of a free press is, no doubt, one of the greatest boasts of every Englishman; and *Mr. Punch*, of course, shares in the sentiment; the more so because it is so remarkably seldom that anything is to be found in the papers which might have any tendency to make him regret that feeling.

However, a case does occasionally occur, which *Mr. Punch* thinks requires a little gentle correction, and for the future, when such delinquencies attract attention, he shall administer a tap with his *bâton*, in the hope of effecting a reformation.

The *Illustrated Times* of Saturday, December 4th, contains a passage which is the subject of this notice; and it is to be found in a column, headed "The Lounger at the Clubs."

"My personal experience of baronets, limited though it be, does not inculcate a belief in them as a class. Perhaps I have not been fortunate, but of the half-dozen with whom I have been brought into contact, one is a cynic, one a stupid nincompoop, one a spiteful fool, one an antiquated fogey, one a harmless chip-in-porridge, and only one a real gentleman. Two of these live on their estates, two on the reputation of their ancestors, one by bedabbling his 'bloody hand' in coal-dust and retailing Yorkshire 'slack' to London merchants, and one by his wits—and, heaven knows, he has but a slight subsistence!"

Really, really, good MR. LOUNGER, this is rather strong. We are not ourselves acquainted with many baronets, and consequently cannot speak to the exact truth of your little observations. We are ready to believe that you who, no doubt, belong to all the crack clubs of London, and move, of course, in 'gilded saloons of fashion,' are better up in the subject than ourselves, but we must take leave at the same time to protest entirely against the re-introduction of such a style, and such a repetition of the old habits of coarse invective and abuse, which we thought had disappeared entirely from our press.

You may possibly be unfortunate in your acquaintances, but what of that? Is that any reason why you should take to calling men "Nincompoops," "Chips-in-porridge," and "Spiteful fools," in a public newspaper?

Let us give you a word of advice, which our respectable old age entitles us to give such a mere boy in periodical literature, as is the "*Illustrated Times*." Learn that coarseness is not brilliancy, that slangy vituperation is not wit; and depend upon it you will find that the interest the public take in your writings and the confidence they repose in your contributions will not be one whit the less. We give you this advice the more gladly, as we think you can do very much better things if you will only remember a little—just a little—that a journalist should also be a gentleman.

## MASTER SHALLOW AND MASTER SILENCE.

THE ensuing newspaper paragraph will cause many a middle-aged gentleman to heave a sigh:—

"A VALUABLE LESSON.—Two silly young men, named WILLIAM THORNBURY and THOMAS CURTOIS, students at the Royal Agricultural College, at Cirencester, have been fined £25, including costs, for wrenching off and carrying away a large number of knockers in that town."

Oh, the days when he (the middle-aged, if not, indeed, the old gentleman) was young, and *Masters Shallow* used to pull off knockers, besides fighting with *Sampson Stockfish* and other blackguards behind Gray's Inn and elsewhere, flattering themselves that they were mad *Shallows* when really they were only acting in snobbish imitation of a weak-minded nobleman! The above extract will cause those old days to come back upon him, as BYRON says, "with recollected music;" namely, the melodious watchword or war-cry that sounded like "Variety!" and which fast youth, now (some of them) slow old fogies, used to warble when they were drunk and disorderly. Which was, doubtless, the state of the two young men who got fined £25 for stealing knockers at Cirencester. Mere silliness will not account for such an anachronism as stealing knockers; no fast young man in his sober senses would be guilty of an anachronism, which to him is worse than a theft. If drunkenness can excuse the former, it may extenuate the latter. We are therefore inclined to praise the leniency of the magistrates who convicted those two young gents, in fining them £25, instead of sending them to the House of Correction.

## TRUTH AT LAST.

OF all the wells frequented by Truth, everybody will admit that there is none in which that lady lies so long and so often, as in M. DUMAS' inkstand. What a comfort it is to know that this indefatigable penman is at Astrakan, and that after visiting SCHAMYL in the Caucasus, he proposes to take a trip to the Crimea, looking in at Sebastopol, Balaklava, and Inkermann.

What a series of *Impressions de Voyage* looms in the distance! Thanks to the great ALEXANDER, we shall have a true history of the war at last—with an impartial distribution between the French and English of that glory which our countrymen have hitherto so shamefully monopolised.

MR. SCRAWLEY TAKES A QUIET ROOM IN WHICH TO WRITE HIS PRIZE ODE ON BURNS, BUT FINDS HE HAS MADE A MISTAKE.

## THE BATTLE OF THE 'BUSSES.

A Lay of the Westminster Police Court.

SING the Battle of the 'Busses,
That ply in London Town,
Where one lot would be "nusses"
To put the others down;
Where all would be the despot Lords
Who every road control,
And wherein loud and angry words
From "Cads" upon their small foot-boards,
Resound from pole to pole.

Sing of Westminster Police Court,
Where PAYNTER sits serene,
Where as judicator he 's sought
The two to judge between;
Of Counsel of Old Bailey fame
Who sought for his decree:
BODKIN who nuisances doth blame,
GIFFARD of high old legal name,
Of ORRIDGE, and of SLEIGH.

Sing of EDWARDS, who much laboured
To prove that the "Saloons,"
By the "Generals" badly neighboured,
Were like to be "gone 'coons."
Sing of Policemen wary-eyed,
Who swore they often saw
One Company of right denied,
But t' other could not bring inside
The compass of the Law.

Sing of the fees to Counsel
That in the year's accounts,
Will choke as thick as groundsell
The profit-crop's amounts,
Let those who look for dividends
From either rival 'Bus
Think, if they don't become good friends
Each is a *mons parturiens*
From which *nascetur mus*.

## JUSTICE TO BIG BEN.

WE have a ringing in our ears. It is not indigestion. Big Ben's ghost is haunting us. Rest, perturbed spirit! Oh, you won't till you 've had justice, won't you? Well, then, we must plead for it.

Gentlemen of the public, our client holds himself ill-used, and (we can't escape the pun) it is left to you to right him. His plaint is briefly this. After suffering the brutalest of usage at our hands; after being clanged, and banged, and beaten, and ill-treaten, he was so knocked up at last, that for peace sake he reluctantly was forced to go to pieces. Heaping insult on his injuries, you then pronounced him cracked; you declared that he—ill-used one!—was in an unsound state; and instead of trying to restore a healthy tone in him, you gave him a bad name and then refused to hang him. Being quite broken up, he was shortly melted down: and when, after passing through that fiery ordeal, our client, like a Phœ—yes, we *will* say like a Phœnix, resurges into being, you put an agonising climax upon his protracted sufferings by taking away the name under which he meekly bore them.

Whatever were his character before you broke him up, our client, you must own, is now totally re-formed. His metal is the same; he is made of the same stuff; but there is now a better tone in him. Whoever hears him speak feels thrilled, and listens tremblingly. Then why, now London rings with him, why rob him of his rights? Why filch from him the name which his godfather, *Punch*, gave him? Big Ben, gentlemen of the public, for all your brutal usage, is still Big Ben. His constitution is the same, for all you have remoulded him. You may call Big Ben, St. Stephen; but to *Punch* and to posterity he will still remain Big Ben. St. Stephen! faugh! the words sound weak and milk and waterish. You hear nothing deep and striking in them as in the two, Big Ben. There 's a ring in that "Big Ben," which proclaims it of true metal. "Big Ben" tolls on the ear with the boom of a big bell!

There! *Punch* has done his duty. He has pleaded for his godchild. Rest thee now, Big Ben. What! never whimper, ghost! Posterity shall right thee, you may depend on *Punch*. For the present you 're a martyr. Be consoled with that. You have suffered—who has not?—but you 'll have your reward. Remember, Ben, my boy:—

"*Il faut souffrir longtemps pour être* BELL."

## A MODERN DONALD CAIRD.

"DONALD CAIRD 's come back again."—M'ANON.

THAT eminent philosopher, DR. LYON PLAYFAIR, having accepted the Chair of Chemistry at Edinburgh, delivered the first of a course of lectures there at the beginning of last month. On this occasion the learned Professor made the following statement, which has created a profound sensation amongst his countrymen:—

"I propose to introduce considerable alterations into the mode of teaching these classes. I will say nothing further in regard to my intentions, except to state that, though perfectly conscious how difficult it is to follow men of such character and mark as those who have preceded me in the chair, I have accepted the trust with a single desire to advance the interests of my pupils, and by doing so to promote the science of chemistry in my native country. If you do not confide in my power, you will at least believe in the sincerity of my desire when I state that I have left London at a time when I am President of the Society which devotes itself to our science, and with the sacrifice of emoluments considerably greater than I can ever expect to realise here."

We have been requested to give universality to the fact, that at least one Scotchman has thus relinquished the fleshpots of England for the bannocks of his native soil. With this request we have much pleasure in complying, and proclaiming the magnanimity of DR. PLAYFAIR, whose chemistry has taught him that there are some things, even in Scotland, more desirable than the precious metals. We do not wonder at the immense admiration his example has excited on the part of those who will probably not imitate it. Yes, it is a fact that a Scotchman has recrossed the Border—losing money by the retrogression.

This last circumstance makes the thing quite unprecedented. The Border has been recrossed before by Scots—the last of whom, we believe, was the hindmost of a party of "blue-bonnets," running as fast as they were able, with a drove of English cattle in front of them, and a lot of English yeomen and English constables after them.

The countrymen of DR. LYON PLAYFAIR have got him back again. Let them, therefore, make the most of him; but this advice is unnecessary: for that they will be sure to do. They will, doubtless, make the most of him, and justly feel that they cannot make too much of him.

## THE BRAVE AND THE FAIR.

OR THE GIRLS AND THE GARRISON.

SUCH conquests—though followed with little renown—
An Officer makes in a garrison town,
Where all the young ladies distractedly dote
On the poorest of creatures that wears a red coat!

'Tis strange how Mammas will o'erlook the main chance,
And invite seedy Captains to dine or to dance,
In hopes that their daughter's bright eyes will betray
A man that has nothing on earth but his pay.

The juvenile Ensign, scarce out of his teens,
Who has got neither manners, attainments, nor means,
On the slightest acquaintance is hailed as a guest,
Is feasted, and flattered, adored and caressed.

To quiet observers 'tis really good fun
To see how the damsels will after him run,
With a frenzy of passion they cannot conceal,
Who move in the sphere of the little genteel.

Poor doctor, poor lawyer, poor curate, alas!
Whose wife makes herself and her daughter an ass,
To ensnare CAPTAIN SCAMP by demeanour and dress;
CAPTAIN SCAMP who exhibits their notes at the mess.

Young Captain, old Colonel, 'tis no matter which
Good, bad or indifferent, needy or rich,
Provided he has but a name to bestow,
To the belle of the town may the handkerchief throw.

'Tis in vain to bid mothers or daughters take care,
But you, doctors, and lawyers, and curates, beware.
On their heads lest your females discredit draw down,
And themselves make the laugh of the garrison town.

## THE HEIGHT OF ADULTERATION.

THE recent disclosures respecting the adulteration of food have created great alarm and uneasiness among the footmen of the superior classes. In consequence of this feeling a numerous and influential meeting of the liveried attendants of the aristocracy took place yesterday at JENKINS'S Rooms, with a view to the consideration of the subject in its special relations to the interests of plush. Several noblemen's and gentlemen's gentlemen addressed the meeting with alarming statements of the extent to which bread was adulterated with various articles. Of these the principal one was alum, which in many cases had been found to have been mingled with the flour before that had got into the baker's hands. This was a point with which the meeting were intimately concerned, for flour was the basis of a substance of serious importance to them, and it was impossible not to feel a painful misgiving that the substance in question might be contaminated with vile impurities. After an animated discussion, a Committee was appointed for the purpose of communicating with a distinguished chemist, and getting him to ascertain by analysis whether alum or "daff," or any other base ingredients, are commonly contained in hair-powder.

## RANDOM REVIEW.

A BOOKSELLER'S Advertisement announces, as "Now Ready,"

RECOLLECTIONS of an EX-MANIAC, and other Tales. By ALEXANDER ROSS. Also, Hints on Dress and on the Arrangement of the Hair.

These volumes are probably comic, and calculated to heighten the mirth of the approaching festive season. The Recollections of an Ex-Maniac, who can recollect any of his vagaries, must be droll; and, doubtless, any Hints on Dress, and on the Arrangement of the Hair, emanating from the same author, are worthy of the attention of anybody who desires to cut a remarkable figure. We must get these works.

## PRIZE PETTICOATS.

VISITORS to the Cattle Show, at least those who go in Crinoline, would do well before they start to read the following short paragraph, which we extract for their perusal from a country print:—

"The Show was attended by several of the fair sex, for whose admission, special means of entrance were provided. Through a pardonable neglect on the part of the Committee, this was neglected to be done at first, and a highly amusing incident occurred through the omission. Within a very few minutes of the Show being opened, a distinguished party of ladies and gentlemen arrived; and on coming to the turnstile (which was then the only entrance), it was discovered that the ladies, who we need not say were dressed in all the amplitude of fashion, could not possibly squeeze through so limited a space. In this dilemma, as the turnstile could not possibly be widened to the width that was required, the only course was, obviously, to throw open the great gates; through which the ladies, not without a titter, sailed majestically Show-wards in the wake of the prize beasts."

Not having the power of sight into the middle of next week, we cannot, when we write this, say what means of entrance to the Show in Baker Street will be provided. But as it is as well to be on the safe side, we should advise all ladies going there to leave their Crinoline at home. It would be rather awkward for them, and might occasion some more savage ebullition than a "titter," if on their getting to the Show they found a placard posted up, stating that there was

☞ "NO ENTRANCE FOR LADIES, EXCEPTING IN LIMP DRESSES!"

We rather think dear GEORGE or ALFRED, or whoever were their escort, would be somewhat apt to treat it as no laughing matter if, when they got to Baker Street, they found they must go home again, because the doorway was too small for their wives' petticoats to pass through. The titter, if there were one, would be raised at their expense; and if they joined in it they would do so on the wrong side of their mouths. There are few things make men savage more than being laughed at; and the placidest of husbands will cut up rather roughly when he finds his better half is bringing him to ridicule.

We have long since ceased to wonder that ladies should wear Crinoline. While they are told it is the fashion, of course they will continue it. In Japan, we hear, the ladies blacken their teeth and shave their eyebrows. In England they content themselves as yet with wearing Crinoline. Personal disfigurement is in either case submitted to, because it is the fashion. There is no other reason—at least a male mind can conceive of none. Neither blackened teeth, shaved eyebrows, nor Crinoline excrescences can in any light, we fancy, be looked upon as beauties. Japanese gentlemen may have eccentric tastes, and for aught we know, may like to see their wives deface themselves. But were British husbands polled, we think not one among a million but would vote for his wife's ceasing to disfigure and deform herself.

Nevertheless, we may depend that so long as it is the fashion, our ladies *will* wear Crinoline, however ugly it may make them, and however much their husbands in their hearts may hate it. Perhaps their chiefest cause for hating it arises from the fact that it so often gets them placed in a ludicrous position. A wide petticoat, like poverty, "*nil habet durius in se quam quod ridiculos homines facit.*" A man goes to a Cattle Show and his wife can't get through the turnstile. The bystanders all titter, and the husband looks ridiculous.

Ladies, think of this and lay the thought to heart. Deform yourselves and welcome: so long as only you get laughed at. But if you love your husbands, spare them from such torture. Balloonify and swell away as widely as you please: but when you do so, don't expect your HENRY to escort you. How can you, dear, expect him to take you to a Cattle Show, when he knows the chances are the turnstile won't be wide enough, and that you 'll have to waddle in the wake of the prize animals, because, in point of petticoat, you have made such a great beast of yourself?

## A SHOT FOR BOWYER.

As will be seen from a card, in another part of this week's number, the worthy Knights of Malta refuse to recognise the papal intrusion of MR. BOWYER, M.P., upon their worshipful Order. We should recommend the learned Member for Dundalk—failing the Hospitallers—to try the free and ancient Order of Foresters. He will surely be held entitled to mount the green baize tunic and yellow leather boots of the followers of ROBIN HOOD, not more by virtue of his name, than by the excellent long bow he has drawn in defence of Rome. Perhaps, however, he might object to aiming at the Bull's-eye, lest the bull should turn out a Papal one; or to shoot at the "butts," from fellow-feeling with a body of which he has long been so conspicuous a member.

### The Clemency of Louis Napoleon.

JONES, of the Stock Exchange, conversing with BROWN, remarked that the COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT was a "great gun." "Yes," replied BROWN (who was a wag), "and you see that LEWIS NAPOLEON has let him off."

First Jocose Stable Boy. "*Well, I'm blowed if he* AIN'T BEEN FIRED!"

## MUSIC IN MARINE STORES.

IT is all very well to talk of commercial prosperity, but the subjoined advertisement shows that we are arrived at barter:—

WANTED TO EXCHANGE, a Grand PIANO-FORTE, value £15, for 5 Tons of Unburnt Old CAST IRON.—Apply to MR. ———, ————, Runcorn.

Here is a gentleman who evidently despairs of turning his piano into money—as some gentlemen are now and then obliged to do—and will be satisfied if he can convert it into old cast iron. Do not hastily conclude that he has no music in his soul! Bartering a piano for a quantity of iron is not simply equivalent to selling a mangle. It is the exchange of one musical instrument in *esse* for numerous musical instruments in *posse*. How many Jew's-harps are contained in five tons of iron?

### 'One at a Time, Gentlemen!"

*Les Lionnes Pauvres*, a comedy now performing in Paris, has been forbidden at Madrid, because of the plain-spokenness with which it exposes immorality. At the same time, *Tartuffe*, till now prohibited on the Spanish stage, has been performed by permission of the authorities. This is surely inconsistent. On the principle of respect for the Sovereign, we can understand the prohibition of any exposure of immorality on the theatrical boards, while Pleasure reigns paramount in the Royal Boudoir; but how tolerate at once *Tartuffe* on the stage and triumphant Jesuitry in the Closet of the Prince Consort?

### A Stationary Barometer.

A FRENCH newspaper indulges in the following strain. We fancy it must be intended for satire:—

"It is very well known that the receptions of LORD COWLEY are an excellent barometer of our foreign relations."

It is a barometer, then, which, as visitors punished by those same "receptions" say, invariably points to "DRY."

## FORENSIC FICTIONS.

THE Editor of the *Times* received, the other day, a letter which raises a very interesting question. The communication proceeded from MESSRS. DESBOROUGH, YOUNG, AND DESBOROUGH, of Size Lane, Solicitors of DR. LANE, who was recently in the false position of co-defendant, lastly in the true one of witness, in the case of ROBINSON *v.* ROBINSON. It consists of this short and expressive statement:—

"Sir, In your report of this case, MR. CHAMBERS is stated to have observed as follows:—

"'If he (DR. LANE) had really come forward now to vindicate an innocent woman, what a pity he did not think of doing so when MR. ROBINSON commenced the suit in the Ecclesiastical Court?'

"This remark appears to derive force from an observation attributed to the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE in the earlier part of the report, in which he is stated to have said:—

"'He (DR. LANE) could have been examined *ex proprio motu*; but if the wife had chosen to resist the suit, she might have made him a witness.'

"It is obvious that the word 'not' is accidentally omitted from the first part of the sentence, but as the misprint may lead to erroneous conclusions, we rely upon your well known sense of justice to correct the mistake."

The very interesting question—the deeply interesting question—that arises out of this significant letter is two-fold:—1. When MR. CHAMBERS insinuated that DR. LANE might, if he had chosen, have come forward to give evidence, did he make that insinuation in ignorance of the law? This question concerns MR. CHAMBERS's reputation as a barrister. 2. When MR. CHAMBERS insinuated respecting DR. LANE that which was not the fact, did he know that it was not the fact? This question concerns the reputation of MR. CHAMBERS in the abstract. For surely there are some limits to what a barrister is privileged to say on behalf of his client. False law may be put into his brief as well as false statement, but he is not, at least, to assert the former if he knows better. We know what an ambassador is sent abroad for, but a counsel has not quite the same general commission as a diplomatist. Moreover, when the allegation of that which is imaginary tends to damage a man's character, and a character that he lives by, forensic fiction is so much the rather to be deprecated. A journalist cannot call a scoundrel a scoundrel without having to pay at least a farthing damages. Is it quite fair that an advocate should have licence to say whatever he pleases to discredit a witness; to make for that purpose, or to insinuate, charges which are not pure inventions only because they are foul inventions? We can only hope that some mistake may have been made in this matter—by the solicitors of DR. LANE, or by the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, or by MR. CHAMBERS.

## A DANGEROUS ALLUSION.

DURING the festivities at Compiègne, one of the great successes in the Imperial Theatre has been the vaudeville of *Les Deux Ménages*. How comes it that the EMPEROR should have tolerated the performance of a piece so suggestive of awkward comparisons? Everybody must have been reminded of the contrast between two other *ménages*: the *ménage* of that happy couple, JOHN BULL and LADY VICTORIA, and the troubled one of their neighbours, MONS. LOUIS NAPOLEON and MADAME LA FRANCE.

The first *ménage* is known to be one of the most harmonious, orderly, and yet free and easy, households going. For an account of what the other is, apply to M. DE MONTALEMBERT.

### Self-Supporting Ragamuffins.

BESIDES the "One Tun" there is another *quondam* Thieves' Public-house in the Devil's Acre which has been converted into ragged schools. This was the "Green Man;" Pear Street and Duck Lane Ragged Schools being its present denomination. We understand that it also wants assistance, and advise it to follow the example of the first-named institution, which got up an entertainment, and took a benefit the other evening at St. Martin's Hall. The "Green Man" might thus improve his position in the Devil's Acre, in which he is "pulling the devil by the tail."

AND JUST THE RIGHT TIME.

*Q.* WHY is the *Morning Chronicle* like the Inner Temple Clock?

*A.* Because it has got new hands upon it.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, December 11, 1858.

"WANT A LINK, YER HONNER?"

## DINNER TIME.

### PART I.

ONE o'clock in the City is a most important period. It is looked forward to by the "City man" with as much excitement as a school-boy feels in contemplating the blissful moment when class ceases and play begins. We dine in fact in the City at one o'clock, and if you like you may, *Mr. Punch*, dine with us on this occasion only. You think you would like a chop? Good. Pinch Lane is evidently our destination, and JACK, or JILL, or one of the numberless Christian-named chop purveyors of the neighbourhood shall provide us our entertainment. JACK is a myth and does not exist, indeed there are grave doubts as to whether JACK ever did exist, or whether he is merely a polite fiction invented as a sign, by reason of his brevity, and being therefore easy for busy men to pronounce. JACK is, however, represented by a remarkably fine waiter (City head waiters are generally fine men we have observed) and a goodly crowd of attendant sprites. One of these speedily takes our order to the cook, who, visible to the diners present, presides at the end of the long, low, boxed off room, at a gigantic gridiron, which is continually covered with hissing and bubbling chops and steaks, gently browning sausages and turbulent kidneys. Other dainties you may have, as per bill of fare, but the man who is wise eats his simple chop or steak at JACK'S and leaves *entrées* alone. We will go presently and see one of the great miscellaneous houses. Everybody goes to JACK'S, and I think, it is almost the only place we know of in the City which has no defined class of visitors. Here comes MR. CONTANGO the Stockbroker, one of the old, respectable, steady school. There is no humbug about CONTANGO, men will tell you, he is "warm," and they think that young TOM SCRIPTON is a lucky fellow to be engaged to MISS C., with a share in the business in perspective. CONTANGO has a very nice box, as he mildly calls it, out Hornsey way, and although he has one of the first businesses of its kind in the City, does not disdain the 'bus to convey him to the City.

Different are the habits of little JOE CHARTER, the shipbroker's clerk, who comes rattling down to "the shop" every morning in the dashingest of Hansom's cabs, and may now be seen ordering and devouring the best of everything JACK'S can give him. He is an immense swell is JOE, and loud on all theatrical and operatic matters. He always attends first nights, and goes to the opera, as a matter of course, twice in the season, where he patronises the gallery, and has, I am given to understand, a magnificent view of the great central chandelier from that elevation. He is likewise, the wit of his office, and much given to indulge in snatches of wild harmony at improper periods. Still, he is generally popular, and it is universally allowed, that "there is no harm in JOE."

RAFAEL'S opposite, is a very different sort of establishment to JACK'S, and is great in lunches. It is very small, perhaps inconveniently so, and the down-stair boxes are limited to two rabbit-hutches, stowed away at the end of the shop. There is, besides, a counter, at which MISS RAFAEL, fairest of her sex, presides and carves impossible joints with the sweetest of smiles, and sharpest of knives. Up-stairs the room is set out with chairs and table, and we are waited upon by a neat-handed PHILLIS, who attends to our little wants as if she loved us. Down-stairs the same kind office is performed by a splendid personage, not unlike our youthful ideas of a duke or prince of the blood, with a pair of whiskers to turn all Capel Court pale with envy. Whiskers are very fine at RAFAEL'S, as it is frequented by most of the young stock and shipbrokers of the neighbourhood. Awful beings these for the most part. There is more haw-haw about them than about most West End exquisites, and their cool superciliousness is astounding. Towards the end of their repast, however, they generally thaw a little, and endeavour to get up a mild sort of flirtation with MISS RAFAEL, who treats them with edifying calmness, and like WERTHER'S *Charlotte*, "keeps on cutting bread-and-butter." What wonderful shapes they trim those whiskers into! and why are they almost invariably red? A profound question, and admitting of many theories.

But I am detaining you too long in Pinch Lane, and we will consequently leave it for fresh fields and eating-houses new. I wouldn't advise you to go into the billiard-rooms at the corner, as perhaps you might find it "hot;" also it is perhaps doubtful if you would get paid if you won much.

Therefore take our advice, and let us go on to the great American dining-house in Cornhill. The American is, as you will at once perceive, slap bang to the core. No end of boxes. Hard seats. Perambulating proprietor in black satin waistcoat. We wish the table-cloth were a little cleaner, but what of that? Nobody seems to mind, so we must take it as it comes, and make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances will admit. The eatables and drinkables are good, and that is the great point after all. The American has a very large connection, principally among clerks. There they are, old and young, seedy and swell. The swell element predominates. It is easily done in these days of Sydenham trousers and Inverness capes. Those four boys in the further box are from the great banking-house close by; they are luxuriating in cod and oyster sauce, which they look upon as the greatest delicacy of the season, and prefer to beef and mutton, as being a greater treat. They are rather a nuisance, as they talk shop a good deal, indeed that is rather a common characteristic in the City.

Look at this old fellow who has just come in. Dressed in black, he is, with a marvellously still collar, and a brooch stuck into his shirt, which (the brooch) clearly cannot be there for any use, and is more clearly still no ornament. He sits down with the greatest deliberation, and orders a plate of whatever is in best cut, and producing a *Morning Star* from his pocket, disappears at once into politics. He is quite a character, and my first introduction to him was peculiar. I was quietly reading my paper after dinner, when my attention was attracted by a series of complicated sniffs and coughs, which I thought odd, but took no further notice of. Presently a tapping at my paper took place, and on looking up I saw my friend with a troubled air looking over the top of it. "Sir," he said, "will you be kind enough to decide a little difference between myself and JAMES?"—"JAMES?" I replied, interrogatively.—"The waiter. I believe you had beef?" I admitted the soft impeachment. "Did you find it at all tough?"—"Well, yes a little." My friend turned round to JAMES with an air of the sublimest satisfaction, and observed, "Remember, JAMES, argument should always be supported by the effects of personal observation." Which he evidently thought a crusher, but which I didn't understand.

## QUITE ACCOUNTS FOR IT.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"Thursday's *Globe* had a stupid paragraph about a REV. MR. REES of Sunderland, who has been denouncing Crinoline from the pulpit. I like his impudence! Depend upon it, he's in love with a scrag, and a badly-dressed scrag too,—who, not wearing a *jupe* herself, persuades her narrow-minded admirer to abuse the elegant fashion of the day. My brother NED (who has just peeped over my shoulder) says I'm to say, 'It's a case of *Res angusta Domi*.' What that means, I don't know, but he says it's the best thing in my letter, so I put it in for your readers to find out, and remain, dear *Mr. Punch*,

"Yours affectionately.

"BLANCHE BELLOWSBLOWN."

TO MAKE GAME PIE.—To make Game Pie, procure your Game from poachers, and then you will have it ready boned.

*There's some pleasure in giving anything to that industrious body, Mrs. Sloppies—even the old Crinoline that my Lady Bountiful gave her when the cold weather set in, she has turned to some account.*

## THE HOUSE TELEGRAPH.

A TELEGRAPH all over London? The wires brought within 100 yards of every man's door? A Company established to carry it out?

Well—I don't know. There's a good deal to be said on both sides.

It certainly would be pleasant to be within five minutes of such a message as "Dine at the Club with me at seven;" or "SQUATTLEBOROUGH JUNCTIONS" at six premium —I've sold your hundred, and paid in the cash to your account;" or "Little stranger arrived safe this morning at twelve, mamma and baby doing well;" and one might occasionally be grateful for such a warning as "KITE and POUNCE took out a writ against you this morning—Look alive;" or "JAWKINS coming to call on you; make yourself scarce."

But think, on the other hand, of being within five minutes of every noodle who wants to ask you a question; of every dun with a "little account;" of every acquaintance who has a favour to beg, or a disagreeable thing to communicate. With the post one secures at least the three or four hours betwixt writing the letter and its delivery. When I leave my suburban retreat at Brompton, at nine A.M. for the City, I am insured against MRS. P.'s anxieties, and tribulations, and consultings, on the subject of our little family, or our little bills, the servants' shortcomings, or the tradesmen's deliquencies, at least till my return to dinner. But with a House-Telegraph, it would be a perpetual *tête-à-tête*. We should all be always in company, as it were, with all our acquaintance. Good Gracious, we should go far to outvie SIR BOYLE ROCHE'S famous bird, and be not in two places only, but in every place within the whole range of the House-Telegraph at once. Solitude would become impossible. The bliss of ignorance would be at an end. We should come near that most miserable of all conceivable conditions, of being able to oversee and overhear all that is being done or said concerning us all over London! Every bore's finger would be always on one's button; every intruder's hand on one's knocker; every good natured friend's lips at one's ear!

No—all things considered, I don't think society is quite ripe for the House-Telegraph yet. If it *is* established I shall put up a plate on my door with "No House-Telegrams need apply."

## OUR DISCOURTESY TO OUR ALLIES.

MR. DRUMMOND instructs MR. BRIGHT that—

"The hatred of this nation by the French is obvious to every one who will take the pains of examining into the subject. Not a month ago there was a long and virulent attack upon us for purposely insulting the Parisians in their own city by wearing clothes of such shape and colour as no man who values the decency of his appearance would wear in London."

This is a fact for SIR F. HEAD, as well as for MR. BRIGHT. It may show SIR FIDDLESTICK how determined his French friends are to find fault with us, and how hopeless on our part is any endeavour to please them. If they are determined to see insults in the costume of our countrymen in Paris, they will find affronts in all that we may do, or refrain from doing, in regard to them. Were we to abstain from making any remarks on them and their affairs, they would accuse us of contemptuous silence; if we set to and praised their manners, customs, institutions, and the acts of their Government, they would charge us with irony. Perhaps the best way to avoid quarrelling with them is, to assail them and their rulers with the greatest possible vehemence, because that will make them think that they are of some importance in our eyes. We have not resented their abuse and vituperation with sufficient seriousness. We have not duly repaid the rancour of their furious journalists and colonels. This is unjust and uncomplimentary. The invectives and reproaches of a great nation are not to be received with smiles. We must not expect to preserve our temper and also our alliance with a high-spirited and sensitive people.

### Quite out of the Question.

IT is difficult to believe that the practice of calling the natives "niggers," and otherwise treating them with rudeness, can ever have prevailed among the Company's officials—at least, those who belonged to the Civil Service.

A CASE IN POINT.—Talk of introducing the "Pointed Style" into the Public Offices, said BERNAL OSBORNE to SIR BENJAMIN the other day; "Look what a mess BULWER LYTTON has made of it!"

## A WHIP FOR THE CONFESSIONAL.

*To Mr. Punch.*

"DEAR SIR,

"ALLOW me to call your attention to the subjoined appeal to benighted tomnoddies:—

"S. BARNABAS, Pimlico.—The S. Barnabas Church Association solicits the SUBSCRIPTIONS of the clergy and laity towards defraying the expense incidental to the legal proceedings instituted on behalf of the REV. ALFRED POOLE. Subscriptions, crossed cheques, or post-office orders will be thankfully received at the London and County Bank, Knightsbridge; or by JOHN THOMAS HAYES, 5, Lyall Place, Eaton Square, Treasurer."

"There they go, you see, Sir, with their nasty superstition! *Crossed* cheques they want, do they? they must have their cheques *crossed*, must they?—oh! I wish I was the Bishop: I'd check 'em; I've no patience with their good-for-nothing Popery. I should like to take a good stick, and lay it across their shoulders; that's the way I'd cross 'em; crossing cheques, indeed; it's as bad as the gipsies, I declare, wanting their hands crossed with silver! Two-shilling pieces they'd prefer, I suppose, because of the cross upon 'em. Well, there, if they had to wait for money till they saw the colour of mine, it would be a long time first. None of your crossings and confessionals for

"Your constant reader,

"MARTHA JOLLY.

"P.S. Catch a weasel asleep. You must get up early to take me in. S. Barnabas—what does S. mean? Saint? no, snake I say, snake in the grass. Ah, drat 'em!"

### A New Want of the Age.

So numerous are the accidents that occur almost daily with regard to ladies' dresses, that most of the London hospitals have determined upon providing fresh accommodation for such special cases by throwing open additional compartments, which are known as "CRINOLINE WARDS." They are three times as spacious as any other ward.

## WHAT WILL HE DO WITH THEM?

HIS momentous query may be regarded as *par excellence* the question of the day. It clearly precedes in importance the questions of political and sanitary reform, of auricular confession, and the mission to Corfu. Even SIR FRANCIS WRONGHEAD'S letters cede in interest to it. You rather seem to stare, reader. You ask, who are "he" and "them?" Why, these punsters who perpetually are plaguing *Mr. Punch*. We repeat, what will he do with them? That something must be done with them, any one with half a mental eye must see. The defenceless state of *Mr. Punch* is a matter undeniably of moment to the nation. Something must be done to protect him from his torturers. *Mr. Punch* has for years borne their torments like a martyr; but it is plain that if not stopped, they will ere long be the death of him. They have already turned eleven of his blackest hairs quite white (*Judy* counted them last week); and the light in his once laughing eye is now well nigh obscured by the denseness of the atmosphere of bad jokes which surrounds him. What then will he do with the miscreants who make them? For revenge TIMOTHEUS, that is to say, *Punch*, cries. But in what way can his vengeance most signally be wreaked.

Kicking with boots made in the reign of EDWARD THE THIRD, and duly tipped with the sharply-pointed toes of the period, would be but a mild pun-ishment for making such a pun as this:—

*Q.* "When is a shrimp most like a leopard?"

*A.* "When he is (s)potted."

Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind. If we accept it as a truth, and we have classical authority to back us up in doing so, that "*Nemo repentè fuit turpissimus*," it afflicts us to imagine what a number of bad riddles the culprit must have made, before he could have perpetrated one so vile as this:—

*Q.* "Why is a lady making a morning call like a letter of the alphabet in an easy position?" *A.* "Because she is V-sitting."

Everybody knows it was the custom with our forefathers to keep a jester in their pay to crack jokes for them at dinner-time. The exercise of laughing, it is well known, aids digestion; and these jesters may with truth have been regarded as digesters. If the practice obtained now, there might possibly be comfort in it. Considering the bad cookery with which we are tormented, a course of jokes might prove a useful adjunct to a dinner. We know several mahoganies where we should like to see a jester, if we thought his jokes would save us from attacks of indigestion. Great care would, however, be essential in selection. To persons who have any proneness to dyspepsia, the effect of a bad pun might cause as much uneasiness as swallowing a bad oyster. A joke such as the following would be no joke to gulp down:—

*Q.* "Why is a fishmonger throwing a small flounder at his wife like a hatmaker whose name is AMINADAB FISH?"

*A.* "Because, don't you see, he is AMINADAB FISH, hatter."

[*An interval of ten minutes allowed here for reflection.**

When it is considered that of puns such as these, *Mr. Punch* by every post is afflicted with some dozens, we think it no great wonder that he finds his temper failing him, and that his milk of human kindness shows some signs of curdling. To add to his annoyance, *Mr. Punch*, be it remembered, has to read the riddles sent to him; and this is far more aggravating work than merely hearing them. The penmanship is frequently no better than the punmanship; and, besides, we know of old that—

"Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta."

Until lately *Mr. Punch* conceived his patience was pun-proof. But he has since then been exposed to such a heavy fire of jokes, that the experience of the last few weeks has undeceived him. Something, it is clear, must be done for his protection. LORD RAYNHAM and the cruelty-preventives ought to look to it. What torture can be crueler to a person of fine mind than the agony of reading a riddle such as this?—

*Q.* "What is the most biting wind that blows?"

*A.* "A Gnaw-Gnaw-Easter!"

* Do you still give it up, reader? Well then, we will help you. Answer, (please observe the italics)—Because he is *aiming a dab-fish at her!!!* (Reader goes off in convulsions and is carried out upon a stretcher.)

## PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN.

THE following proclamation in the second column of the *Times* contains a sketch which is remarkable as a specimen of word-photography:—

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.—ABSCONDED, about a month ago, OWEN PRITCHARD, late agent at the Rhuelryfdir Slate Company's Quarry, in the parish of Festiniog, in the county of Merioneth, for whose apprehension a warrant has been issued for defrauding his employers of money to a considerable amount. The said OWEN PRITCHARD is about 48 years of age, in height about 5 ft. 6 in. to 5 ft. 7 in., stout built, sharp abrupt manner, large bald head, sometimes wearing a wig, has a flat face, short nose, and prominent chin, and, having lost many teeth, the nose and chin appear to be sometimes drawn towards each other, one of the fingers on the right hand had been cut or otherwise injured at the end, a swaggering gait, and has rather large whiskers, and generally well dressed for a man in his station of life. Whoever will give such information as shall lead to the apprehension of the said OWEN PRITCHARD, will, on application to the said Company, receive the above reward. Information to be given to SERJEANT F. WILLIAMSON, Detective Police, Scotland Yard, London; the Central Police Station, Liverpool; H. H. LLOYD GLOSSOP, Esq., Chief Constable, Dolgelly, Merioneth; or to MR. STANIER JONES, Solicitor, Portmadoc.

One would probably know MR. OWEN PRITCHARD if one saw him, by the foregoing description, which is vividly personal. There may be a few grammatical errors in it; but there is no mistake about MR. OWEN PRITCHARD. Being "well dressed for a man in his station of life," MR. PRITCHARD has probably some little vanity, by way of feeling, in his composition; which the mention of his "sharp abrupt manner," his "large bald head," his "wig," his "flat face, short nose, and prominent chin," his "having lost many teeth," his nose and chin appearing "to be sometimes drawn towards each other," and, in aggravation of all these physical comicalities and imperfections, his "swaggering gait," is likely to irritate. He will be sure to read it; and this consideration may console his employers, in case, notwithstanding the reward offered for his apprehension, and the ridiculous facilities afforded for his recognition, MR. OWEN PRITCHARD shall have crossed the ocean on his own account, and found an asylum in the Model Republic; where a person so well dressed for his station of life, particularly if his consequents resemble his antecedents, will doubtless be considered a smart man. He may, perhaps, be allowed to be a pretty fellow in one sense of the phrase, though not in that which regards physiognomy. Thus much, however, may be said for him at any rate; a worthless fellow he cannot with truth be called, being worth at least one hundred pounds, which sum is offered for his apprehension.

## OUR NATIONAL DEFENCELESSNESS.

DISCLAIMING with some vehemence the charge of being an alarmist, SIR FRANCIS HEAD, nevertheless, writes his best, or worst, to "fright the isle from its propriety." In his late letters to the *Times*, he draws a dismal picture of the defenceless state of London, and the terrible French Colonels who are thirsting for its wealth. It is as much, he says, as our Imperial ally can do to stop their steaming over and sacking our Metropolis. If they once crossed the Channel, it would clearly be all up with us. Within six hours of their landing, England would be theirs. From the Bank to Buckingham Palace, from the Land's End to JOHN O' GROAT'S house, all would then be in their hands. Before night, there is no question, not one brick in all London would remain upon another.

This is a fearful picture, countrymen; but let us not be dismayed by it. England is not quite so defenceless as some think it. As SIR FRANCIS sees our danger, we look to him for safety. There is no doubt that he can protect us, if he will. Let him but pen a few more letters such as those he has just written, and we will wage our circulation against his that they will save us. If we placed them in the hands of an invading foe, his progress, we feel certain, would be instantly arrested. They would form such a bulwark as could not fail to shield us. So impassable a barrier of a surety must protect us. If written like his late ones, they would be found full of such impenetrable stuff, that not one man in a thousand, we will warrant, could get through them.

## AN ATTEMPT AT WIT.

AT the Annual Meeting of the Smithfield Club, according to the report of the transactions:—

"MR. JOHN BEASLEY'S resolution to define by the rules what is and what is not a pure-bred animal, or how many crosses constitute a pure-bred beast, and what qualifies it to be shown in the pure-bred, and what in the mixed classes, was agreed to."

The Smithfield Club should relinquish the rustic, not to say clownish, custom of applying nicknames. If they must be used, however, let them be properly spelt. Why, because a gentleman is a connoisseur of fat cattle, should he be called BEASLEY? Where is the wit, and where is the orthography?

*Old Party from the Country (with much wheezing and embarrassment).* "I—I—WANT TO GO TO—TO—TO—"
*Conductor (with alacrity).* "ALL RIGHT, OLD BOY! JUMP IN! I KNOW—*CATTLE SHOW!*"

## THE MANCHESTER MANIFESTO.

IT having been announced that MR. BRIGHT, Reformer-Extraordinary to Her MAJESTY'S Government, would appear at Manchester on Friday evening last, and state His intentions for the benefit of the country, *Mr. Punch* made immediate electric arrangements for receiving intelligence as to the destinies of the nation. He caused a wire to be carried from the Telegraph Office near Temple Bar to the left hand side of his desk in Fleet Street, just between his letter-weigher and cigar case, and having ordered a number of pages to be in attendance, in case of emergency, *Mr. Punch* calmly awaited the Manchester Utterances. And this was the order in which they arrived :—

*Free Trade Hall. Manchester.*

¼ *past* 7 *p.m.*—"MR. BRIGHT is up, and smiling affably."
*Mr. Punch dipped a pen into ink, and prepared for action.*

½ *past* 7.—"MR. BRIGHT announces that he will not dethrone the QUEEN, whom he compliments."
*Mr. Punch despatched a message to Osborne to relieve the minds of the royal party.*

¼ *to* 8.—"MR. BRIGHT will not touch the House of Lords, and, indeed, considers it beneath the notice of practical men. It is moribund."
*Mr. Punch wrote brief notes to the aristocracy, congratulating them.*

8 *p.m.*—"MR. BRIGHT reminds the audience that it is not He and his friends who have raised the question of Reform."
*Mr. Punch made a comical face.*

8·5.—"MR. BRIGHT states that *He* never saw the British Constitution."
*Mr. Punch made a contemptuous face.*

8·15.—"But considers that it was not meant solely for the monarch on his throne, or the peer in his gilded chambers."
*Mr. Punch nearly yawned, and thought of replying "Get on."*

8·20.—"MR. BRIGHT abuses the county proprietors."
*Mr. Punch observed "Connu."*

8·30.—"MR. BRIGHT abuses the boroughs."
*Mr. Punch quite yawned, and sent out for some snuff.*

8·35.—"MR. BRIGHT abuses the House of Commons."
*Mr. Punch took a good deal of snuff.*

8·40—"MR. BRIGHT abuses the game laws."
*Mr. Punch agreed; but didn't see how hares could vote, even with the protection of the Ballot.*

8·45.—"MR. BRIGHT announces that Reform is not only necessary, but inevitable." *Mr. Punch again took up pen.*

8·46.—"MR. BRIGHT states that it is the Independent Liberals who habitually save the country by making Government impossible."
*Mr. Punch smiled tolerantly.*

8·50—"MR. BRIGHT has decided that he will grant the Ballot."
*Mr. Punch took a note, but wished to hear more.*

8·53.—"MR. BRIGHT has decided that He will grant Household Suffrage." *Mr. Punch, who only lives in splendid lodgings, felt furious.*

8·55.—"MR. BRIGHT taunts the aristocracy with being afraid of American institutions, when they gladly paid £10 to the American, MR. RAREY, for teaching them the secret of horse-taming."
*Mr. Punch remarked "Bosh."*

9 *p.m.*—"MR. BRIGHT compared himself to M. DE MONTALEMBERT, whose praise of England was treated as MR. BRIGHT'S praise of America is." *Mr. Punch repeated "Bosh."*

9·10.—"MR. BRIGHT admits that He has only given the Faintest Sketch of his intentions." *Mr. Punch growled.*

9·20.—"MR. BRIGHT strongly urges upon the people of England to consider whether they really want Reform, and if they do, what reform; and then to hold meetings, and petition, and let him know what they would like, as he sees great difficulties in his way."
*Mr. Punch cast off the wire, and mixed himself an exceedingly strong glass of brandy and water, during the imbibition whereof he uttered several significant sentences, touching fish out of water, promises and performances, case of veal distress, &c., &c., and finally got rather maudlin in his compassion for J. B.*

MR. BRIGHT OFFERS TO GIVE SATISFACTION TO THE LIBERAL PARTY.

## FRENCH FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

(*From Le Follet.*)

WITH regard to the general character of dress in Paris there is nothing particularly new. Manacles are still much worn, in some cases upon the wrists, while with other persons, especially those who are thought to be meditating a visit to the English Life-Baths (celebrated by M. DE MONTALEMBERT), those ornaments are found attached to the ancles. The gag is a good deal in requisition, and is worn after the fashion of a respirator. For domiciliary visits the robe *à la Tartuffe* is in favour. The mask is much worn, especially at receptions at the Tuileries. Travelling dresses, *à la Cayenne*, continue to be ordered, but they are not much seen about the streets. Several changes are, however, shortly to be heard of, and whispers in the fashionable circles speak of a novelty, called *l'Epée de Damocles*, which already creates a great sensation at the *Elysée*. A new cap, of classic origin and character, is said to be likely to be introduced; but there is difference of opinion as to its probable colour, some anticipating that red will be *de rigueur*, while others think that entire liberty will be the order of the day.

## DAMMING A BROOKE.

BRAVO, my LORD DERBY!

There are so many JAMES BROOKES in the world,—so many men looking out for pirate tribes to put down, and savage races to civilise, and straggling villages of a few hundred inhabitants to convert into well-ordered towns with their twenty-five thousands of population, and export trades to create out of nothing, and violence to extirpate by law, and heathendom to drive out by Christianity,—that it is clear we must beware how we deal with one of this intrusive and troublesome sort, lest we should have a hundred on our hands before we know where we are. Undertakings such as SIR JAMES BROOKE's are certainly, as you say, "extremely inconvenient." Colonies are costly things. It costs a great deal to set one going, still more to keep it going. And, as for dependencies, we have more than we know what to do with already. And yet here comes a man, who has made a capital and a trade, has got the sovereignty of a valuable territory, full of ores and dye-woods, of coal and antimony, of timber and spices, and the LORD knows what besides, and will insist on throwing it into the over-laden lap of poor BRITANNIA, whose hands are so full already she doesn't know which way to turn.

It really is "extremely inconvenient;" and then the whole thing has been managed so very irregularly; conducted (as one may say) with quite a shameful disregard of official ways and forms; no diplomacy, at least, none of our own highly-paid, cut-and-dry, decorous, embroidered-coat-and-gold-laced-trousers diplomacy, properly accredited from Downing Street; no fighting, that is, no recognised, expensive, protracted, regular warfare; no overreaching, or destruction of savages; no official staff, governor, secretary, treasurer, and so forth; no correspondence with "The Office;" no despatches; no minutes; no blue-books; no red tape; nothing, in fact, but a resolute Englishman, with a sturdy yacht's crew, a strong will, a noble purpose, and a few six-pounders, going in the most unheard-of way, and establishing a government, and building a town, and creating a trade, and attracting settlers; and doing all this quicker, and cheaper, and better, than "we" have any idea of doing it "in the Office."

Really, you know, if this sort of thing is to be encouraged, there's no knowing where it may end!

And then *his title* isn't quite clear. Of course PENN's was without a flaw; and our Indian titles, from that to Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa, in the days of CLIVE, to that to Oude, in the days of DALHOUSIE, are free from stain or blemish. We are so very particular, you know. We never swallowed any camels, certainly not. And then, as for the coal your City people make such a fuss about,—well, after all, you know, we don't know much about it, and we have lots of coal at home, and there's only the carriage of our Wallsend and Welsh half round the Globe, and this Sarawak coal mayn't be such very good coal after all. And as for the antimony, one really don't know what use antimony can be, except as an emetic, and there don't seem to be any want of it for that purpose just now. And as for the Dutch being eager to get possession of the island, and keep the trade to themselves; well, after all, the trade's no such great things; only £300,000 a-year, or thereabouts, just now; and what's that to a country like England? And then, as to the necessity of an intermediate telegraph station for Singapore or China, really, you know, it's quite premature to talk of that sort of thing; who knows if we ever *shall* have a telegraph in those parts? and if we have, I dare say we shall find means of laying it without Sarawak. And as to the protection of the British subjects who have settled there; of course it was their own look out. And, in short, we don't like RAJAH BROOKE; and we don't mean to encourage this irregular, unofficial, "shirt-sleeves" sort of colonising and civilising, and Christianising; and we rather agree, on the whole, with JOHN BRIGHT, that colonies are a bore and an expense, and a nuisance: and we really can't be dictated to by Manchester, and Liverpool, and Glasgow, and Belfast, and places of that kind; and we have no doubt, RAJAH SIR JAMES BROOKE is a very estimable person, and all that sort of thing, but he doesn't belong to our party, and we don't see why we should go out of our way to be civil to him; and—and—in short, we prefer to wash our hands of Sarawak altogether, unless the House of Commons thinks otherwise: and, in that case, of course we shall bow to the House of Commons, as we always do, you know.

## A SACRIFICE TO THE LADIES.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times*, in reference to the fatal fashion of Crinoline, says:—

"If fashion is still to be the tyrant murderer of our fair young girls and blooming matrons, let fashion also insist upon high fenders and protecting guards, or else invisible fires, and covered hand lamps instead of hand candlesticks. But let me ask what are fathers, husbands, and brothers doing? Truly they help to destroy those nearest and dearest to them."

Certainly; and there can be no doubt as to what course we ought to pursue. We must instantly abolish fires, and take to stoves. Selfish ideas of comfort must be sacrificed; what is the cheerfulness of a blazing fire when it involves the risk of blazing dresses? The idea of any retrenchment of the dresses is only mentioned to be declared preposterous. Our countrywomen must follow fashion at all hazards, even at the peril of being burnt alive; and if we would secure them from that shocking fate, we must generously resign our jolly fires.

### National Bragging.

A FRENCHMAN was expatiating on the good wish of HENRI QUATRE that the day might come when every Frenchman would have his *pot-au-feu* with a good fat chicken inside it.

"Why, we 've got far beyond that already," exclaimed a lusty Englishman, who had evidently more love of patriotism than knowledge of French; "I can tell you, Monsieur, search all England through, and there is scarcely a respectable family but where you will find that on Michaelmas Day "*Chacun a son Goose!*"

The Frenchman had not another word to say.

MOTTO FOR MR. CARDEN OF BARNANE.

"I am more an antique Roman than a Celt."

*Hamlet*—with a difference.

## MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

Down Passenger (we will not say Yankee Skipper). "*'Ere I say, you A. 1, lock our door, will yer; 'reckon me and my mate 'll be smoking off and on all the way down.*"

## "SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE."

OUR friend PAM has been assisting, we see by the *Times*, at an Agricultural Meeting at Romsey; and from the report of the proceedings we select the following gems of oratory:—

DR. BEDDOME observed:—

"He had the pleasure of seeing the other day a statuette, on which were inscribed the names: 'PALMERSTON—Crimea, China, India,' and these three names would go down to posterity with the noble Lord. His Lordship, however, could not show his moral courage by crossing the Channel without becoming the subject of public criticism and remonstrance. Yet there was this coincidence connected with his visit to France, immediately after his return the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH gave a free pardon to COUNT MONTALEMBERT."

DR. BEDDOME appears to us to be rather an awkward apologist. We wonder what he means by his Lordship's moral courage in crossing the Channel. Was it displayed by his not fearing sea-sickness? or did it require a very great exercise of moral courage indeed to visit our well-beloved ally? We should be inclined to suppose the latter. It must have been very like putting your head into the lion's mouth.

We are glad that India, China, and the Crimea, will go down to posterity with the noble Lord. It will be, doubtless, a great honour for them, and one they will of course highly appreciate, though we think they would prefer to be associated with some other names, such as RAGLAN, CLYDE, ELGIN, or HAVELOCK.

The pardoning of MONTALEMBERT, hitherto unexplained, has new light thrown upon it by this oratorical Doctor. No doubt he was put up as a prize at quintain, or fencing, or skittles, or some other light and exhilarating pastime, and was won by the noble Lord, who immediately pardoned him off hand. We should like to know whether it was the Bottleholder who suggested the delicate irony of making the pardon take effect on the anniversary of the great Napoleonic prize-fight, 2nd December, on which occasion the EMPEROR though he hit foul managed to win.

"Save us from our Friends," PAM no doubt said at hearing the Doctor's feeble remarks, which we couldn't explain till we found he had filled the office of Mayor six times; a fact quite sufficient to account for any signs of dulness which might be perceptible in his speech.

THE PROPER NAME FOR CRINOLINES.—Fire-balloons.

## CONVENTIONALITIES OF THE STAGE.

### THE OPERA.

"IN choosing this title, *Mr. Punch*, pray don't imagine for a moment that I am going to say a word against the green curtain. No, Sir, from the street *Punch* down to the Italian Opera, and from the Italian Opera down to the transpontine Naval Melodrama, I see good in all. As regards the first-named performance, your own street drama, its national importance is patent to any passer-by who is acquainted with the faces of public men, if he will only take a survey of the crowd. I, the writer of this, have seen at the corner of Derby Street, Westminster, a 'favourite pitch' about four o'clock during the Session, more than one Cabinet minister arrested in his progress to the House by the set-to between the Hero of the piece and *Mr. Merryman*, and on one occasion I saw the BISHOP OF —— slacken his pace as he passed down Parliament Street and see as much as he could, as if it were by *accident*, without actually stopping.

"To return to my subject, I have been speculating on the changes in the manners and customs which would take place in my native place, Furzebrake, in Mangelworzelshire, if we were to adopt the rural habits of the stage for a day, at the same time bearing in mind that our population consists of a class who are so often represented on the stage. We have lots of pretty girls, and girls who are not so pretty, but who are jealous of them; we have no end of huntsmen, as SQUIRE RATTLEBONES' hounds meet three times a week close to Furzebrake; of course 'Villagers, &c.' are abundant. I may also mention that we rejoice in a sentimental Heavy Dragoon, who has been in India for the last twenty years and has just returned, and in addition to the above *dramatis personæ* we sport an Attorney, a Ghost, and a Somnambulist. Now, let us suppose that a London Stage Manager had absolute power over us for a day, next Tuesday we will say, when MARY ANN MULCIBER, the Blacksmith's daughter is about to be married to CHIPS the Carpenter, and without following the plot of any particular Opera, let us also suppose that we, the real Villagers, Huntsmen, and others, were to be compelled to pass MARY ANN'S wedding-day in the manner peculiar to Her Majesty's Theatre.

"In the first place we should all be out before sunrise, 'chiding Bright Phœbus for delaying his car on *Mary Ann's* bridal morn' in full chorus, and our country girls would all be clad in white muslin frocks trimmed with roses, cheeseplate hats, silk stockings, and white satin shoes, regardless of the mud being very deep, and in some places as high as one's knees. Our agricultural labourers would be attired in red and white striped stockings and pumps, peg-top trousers cut off at the knees, blue and white striped tunics or smocks, and straw hats bound round with particoloured ribbons, and would sing alternate verses with the young women about Bright Phœbus (which we will hereafter call B.P. for shortness), and ultimately join in full chorus, which would conclude just before the actual appearance of B.P. Now, taken as a sunrise proper, I think our real article at Furzebrake is vastly superior to B.P. as represented in London, either out of doors, or at the Opera House; so the Manager would probably let Nature alone: but as there are, as I said before, plenty of sporting gents who join the Squire's meet, he could not resist the opportunity of bringing in a chorus of Huntsmen, for the double purpose of getting a picturesque effect and having an additional chorus, and also of introducing an obligato on the horn for M. CORNUCOPIA. So, before the sun actually rose, we should hear a few plaintive notes on the horns, and the *Rattlebones Hunt*, instead of appearing in pink and tops on their thoroughbreds, would come out in Lincoln-green coats and brick-dust boots, set off with large beaver hats and drooping feathers. I must say, *Mr. Punch*, I should like to see FARMER TWENTYSTONE in that attire, or CUTAWAY our sporting parson, or CAPTAIN PODAGER. As soon as the sun rose, the Manager would insist on the *Fête* beginning, and the *Rattlebones Hunt* having sung a song in praise of the joys, of the chace, with many remarks and allusions to a fox (which would be slung on a pole and carried between two Foresters, as a matter of course, after the fashion of the stage, the peasants would indulge in a dance with the female portion of the village. I must remark incidentally that the only style of dancing known at Furzebrake is the

hob-nail dance on a deal table, or the clog dance on a brick floor. Of course, with all this scenic effect, and singing and dancing, *Mary Ann*, outside whose cottage the scene would take place, would be allowed to slumber on in peace, and if she happened to sleep through it all, she certainly would gain the credit of a good sleeper.

"*Captain Banjo*, our heavy Dragoon, who has not two ideas beyond fighting and pig-sticking, two very good things in India, would re-enact the scene of his return from abroad, and would sing a long song about the old village forge, interspersed with many reminiscences of Furzebrake. I much doubt if the audience would stand very much of the Captain's singing, so *Mary Ann* would be called on to arise, and would run out of the trellissed cottage, and run round singing and shaking hands with everybody, including all the gentlemen of the hunt, till she came to *Captain Banjo*, when she would pull short up and sing a plaintive song, to which the *Captain* would reply, and a little coquetry would go on, till *Mr. John Chips*, the Carpenter and Bridegroom, and his *Mother*, a most respectable Laundress in Furzebrake, arrived, and the duet would merge into a trio, and ultimately into a quartette, with a tremendous crushing chorus of the Villagers, Huntsmen, and others, to make a fine termination to the first Act.

"The next Act would commence,—by the bye, I don't exactly know how the Manager could find a curtain large enough to cover our village—with a repetition of the choruses of Villagers and Huntsmen, who would re-appear with the same, or a fresh, fox as the case might be, and form an audience for *Kitty Figs*, the Grocer's daughter, who is really in love—unrequited love! *Mr. Punch*—with *John Chips*, and who after the manner of her kind, spreads all kinds of scandal against *Mary Ann*. *Kitty Figs* would pour out her griefs to the chorus, and run over all her scandals, and gradually retire with the crowd on the approach of *Mary Ann*, *John Chips*, and *Mrs. Chips*, his mamma. We should then have a pretty scene of *Mary Ann* on her knees to her future Mother-in-law (between you and me, *Mr. Punch*, I know they will quarrel in a few days,) asking her blessing, and the 'Chorus of Villagers and Huntsmen' would all come forward in time to go down on their knees and invoke the aid of heaven in favour of the happy pair; (as I before mentioned, the mud at Furzebrake is awful), and would all rise up again in time to greet the arrival of *Lawyer Redtape* with cries of '*Viva il Notario*.' As we all know, *Lawyer Redtape* usually goes about in a neat gig, and dresses in pepper and salt waistcoat and continuations, and is a merry well-to-do man, but the Manager would insist on his wearing a wig and gown, and a neckcloth like a round towel, and on his coming in with a solemn step, and taking his seat at a three-legged table in the street, and then and there preparing the marriage settlement. Now, if the settlement was signed, there would be nothing more to do than to have a procession to the church, which little affair we could manage very well at Furzebrake, so *Kitty Figs* would be called in requisition again, and after we had finished our wedding procession, and were about to enter the church, she, *Kitty Figs*, would rush forward and declare that *Mary Ann's* Crinoline had been discovered in *Captain Banjo's* portmanteau. Now, we should get really a good effect in *John Chips* rushing away with *Mary Ann* clinging wildly to him, and the whole chorus shouting '*Ingrata! In-gra-a-ata!*' and the end of it all would be, that the village would be cleared with the exception of poor *Mary Ann*, who would be lying on her back in the mud.

"These, *Mr. Punch*, are half-a-dozen random ideas of what Furzebrake might become if a Stage Manager was Autocrat of all England and arbiter of our manners and customs: and I might go on for a week stringing together the discrepancies between our social life and what we see on the stage, but *cui bono?* Of course we all know that when the Blacksmith's daughter is married the members of *Squire Rattlebones' Hunt* will know nothing about it, unless they happen to pass the church as the bridal party are leaving, in which case possibly one of the City gents (many of whom run down from town by the 7·30 train, and give an account of the run at Clapham Common in the evening) might think it a fast thing to give the view halloa! Nor will *Mr. Redtape* be wanted at all, nor will any one be up at sunrise, except a few labourers who live far from their work, and their wives who have prepared their meal, and who may be seen yawning at the cottage door. We have had our laugh, and there's an end of it. And now, Sir, I challenge you fairly. Produce me a better set of singers than those who move our tears or laughter at will in either Opera House, and a more painstaking or hardworking set of ladies and gentlemen than those who act as chorus singers, or a more industrious staff than the carpenters and scene-shifters, down to the eighteenpenny men who line the battlements or guard the dungeon moat, and I will say, 'Let us change the whole system:' but if you *can't* produce me a better system, I say let us thank those who have devoted their talents and energies to give us such a glorious amusement as the Opera, and who help us to get the cares off our minds and the cobwebs out of our brains. In *strict confidence, Mr. Punch*, I firmly believe that if it was not for a little pardonable exaggeration, the Opera would be as dull as real life. Who knows but that I may fall foul of the Legitimate Drama some day?"

## "NO STRANGERS ADMITTED."

THE Japanese told MR. HARRIS, the obliging American Consul-General, who rendered LORD ELGIN such valuable and courteous service at Jeddo, that—

"In former times, when hospitality was the practice, and foreigners were allowed into their islands, there was nothing but interference, intrigues, and blood-shed; but that for the last 200 years, since Japan has been hermetically sealed, they have enjoyed uninterrupted peace and happiness."

Now that the "seal" has been broken off, and Japan, like a bottle, has been opened to the world, we wonder if the "peace and happiness" will long continue "uninterrupted." Civilisation will be stepping in, and one of the natural results will doubtlessly be, that the country will be immediately put under a strong course of opium. In the meantime, before the population has been nearly drugged to death, and their simple manners almost poisoned by the contact of civilisation, if a distressed shipping-owner were to start a series of fast-sailing emigrant ships direct to Jeddo, the run would be all in his favour. "UTOPIA REACHED IN TEN WEEKS," would be a capital catch-line, such as the most stay-at-home old fogies would not be able to resist the fascination of. Emigration will now leave the dull shores of America, and flow towards a land that overflows with milk and tea, and pretty women to pour them out. Before long the unanimous cry will be, "I'm off to Japan." We ourselves are victims to the general excitement. It is not at all improbable that the next Volume of *Punch* may be published at Nagasaki. Our beloved wife, JUDY, has already shaved off one eyebrow, and begun to blacken her teeth, the dear creature's extenuation being, that "if one does go to Japan, it will never do to be out of the fashion."

## THE BRITISH INQUISITION.

OUR French neighbours need not be quite so envious as they are of our civil and religious liberty. Witness the following extract from the *Blackburn Standard*:—

"THE STOCKS AT PADHAM.—This ancient custom of punishment has been again revived at Padham. On Saturday last a man was placed in the stocks for Sabbath-breaking, and compelled to endure six hours of exposure. The week previous a man underwent the same punishment."

Six hours in the stocks is a tolerable spell of torture, and, inflicted for breach of a Sabbatarian ordinance, is, moreover, persecution. We don't roast people alive now for offences against a creed, but we freeze them by keeping them in the stocks half a day in December. Naples is not so very much behind Padham, and BOMBA's judges are not greater brutes and bigots than the British justices who perpetrated the legal atrocity reported by our Blackburn contemporary.

### Goth v. Italian.

THE battle of the Styles seems likely to become as savage and internecine among the architects, as the battle of the Gauges among the railway-engineers.

"COE and HOPLAND *en avant!*" cry the partisans of the Renaissance: "SCOTT to the rescue!" shout the soldiers of the Gothic, DENNISON at their head.

There is one reason in favour of the Gothic style for our public offices that has not yet been insisted upon. Gothic offices would be admirably suited for hanging with *red tape*stry.

### Cause and Effect.

"The part of *Tom Small* every night by SIR. W. DON, Bart."—*Haymarket Bill.*]

SIR WILLIAM DON, to judge by the eye,
Must stand near six feet six inches high;
And in comedy ought to be marvellous strong,
If, as some people say, he's as broad as he's long.
But no wonder, if thus inconveniently tall,
That SIR W. D. (see the playbills) *runs Small.*

MISERABLE EXCUSE OF A LAZY CONTRIBUTOR.—"It was so confoundedly foggy, I couldn't see to write."

*Irate Proctor.* "SIR, I SENT YOU BACK TO YOUR COLLEGE ONLY FIVE MINUTES AGO, TO INVEST YOURSELF IN YOUR ACADEMICAL COSTUME!"

*Fast Freshman (with affability).* "YES! AND HERE WE ARE AGAIN! ISN'T IT ODD?"

## A CANZONET UPON CONTENTMENT.

*By a Poet with a decent Balance at his Banker's.*

HAPPY the man who, free from care,
Holdeth no joint-stock bubble share:
To place his cash, whom it contents,
Securely in the Three per Cents.

Happy, whom fate propitious grants
An income certain as his wants:
And, blest with common sense, is found
Within his means those wants to bound.

Him, by no anxious thoughts distrest,
No maddening dreams deprive of rest;
No duns disturb his waking hours,
No gloomy bailiff near him lours.

Him no ambition e'er annoys,
Nor greed of Wealth's vain gewgaw toys:
A house, a horse, good wine, good friends—
And there his love of lucre ends.

For pomp and state he never sighs,
Nor seeks by Hymen's aid to rise;
Content he makes a frugal marriage,
Nor envies DIVES in his carriage.

Turtle and venison he 'll enjoy,
If no black care the feast alloy;
Else to him vainly they are sent,—
Give him cold mutton and content!

Him neither bulls nor bears can hurt;
With him MISS-FORTUNE ne'er will flirt;
Not all the Stags of Capel Court
Can from his income take a nought.

Sweet to the soul, on gain intent,
Is the usurious Ten per Cent.;
But sweeter is the mind that 's free,
*Solutus omni fœnore.*

## THE CIVIC CROWN OF SOUTHAMPTON.

SOUTHAMPTON has long been known to be a rising town, but some people may not be aware of the height to which it has risen. It has always possessed a Bar which is greatly superior to Temple Bar, and it now also rejoices in a Mayor, who for oratorical ability may be backed against any Lord Mayor of London. Here is some eloquence which the MAYOR OF SOUTHAMPTON displayed the other day in the Town Hall of that same beautiful Bar, in presenting an address from the Corporation to SIR JOHN INGLIS:—

"It was at Lucknow that the deeds of daring and noble triumphs which you had previously achieved were surpassed in that patient endurance and forbearance which, assisted by your noble wife—(*cheers*)—and which has likewise celebrated her—you then manifested, and it is not at all an unlikely thing that a great deal of that courage and devotion you evinced was attributable in a great measure to the devotion of a woman—(*continued cheering*)—who stimulated you in your zeal."

Not at all an unlikely thing, your Worship. Spoken like a Mayor, Sir; ay, like a Lord Mayor. His Worship proceeded:—

"We, as Englishmen, can understand that sort of thing. We are a social people and we are in the enjoyment of all the benefits resulting from that social position. Our wives insensibly exercise a very powerful influence on the whole state of society, and no doubt, Sir, that in your case you were enabled patiently to endure a siege of 87 days in consequence of the assistance you derived from your wife, and from the high feelings of integrity by which you were moved. (*Cheers.*)"

For breadth of generality, intellectual depth, and enthusiasm of moral sentiment and domestic feeling, the foregoing remarks will bear a comparison with any that were ever uttered at Guildhall or the Mansion-House by the brightest ornament of the civic throne.

Southampton ought to be proud of her Mayor, embodied in whose person her municipal dignity now rivals that of the Metropolis. It remains for her to appreciate her position. Let her commission her principal sculptor to execute statues of BEVIS and ASCAPART which shall exhibit a proper analogy to GOG and MAGOG. She must also institute an annual Mayor's Show; and her future chief magistrates must count hobnails and chop sticks to afford the requisite security for their possession of that intelligence of which the present capital Mayor has, in the observations above quoted, displayed so brilliant an example. We, as Englishmen, and, we will add, as citizens, can understand that sort of thing; and we trust that the truly worthy MAYOR OF SOUTHAMPTON will soon invite Her MAJESTY'S Ministers to dine; not forgetting to send round the Loving Cup.

## COMMERCIAL SLANG AND SENTIMENT.

AS INTENSE cold burns the fingers, so does extreme stolidity produce the effect of wit. The subjoined example of this proposition has been appearing for some time immediately under the "Deaths" in the *Times*:—

"SANCTITY OF THE GRAVE COMBINED WITH ECONOMY OF CHARGE.—The London Necropolis, or Woking Cemetery, is situate within an easy distance from town by South Western Railway, starting from the Company's private station in Westminster Bridge Road."

If wit consists in the apt association of incongruous ideas, the advertised combination of "economy of charge" with "sanctity of the grave," would indeed be true wit, if meant for wit, and wit, as the author of it would say, of a superior description. Probably, however, the party that composed the above saw no incongruity between those two subjects in point of seriousness, and considered the pecuniary one not the less serious. If the combination alluded to is really a fact, we shall be glad to give it every possible publicity; for the sanctity in question is generally profaned by absurd pageantry, combined with ruinous expense.

## A CANINE CURIOSITY.

THE animal mentioned in the subjoined notice in the *Times* must be an extraordinary creature:—

DOG.—FOUND, a BLUE SKYE TERRIER. The owner can have the above by stating full particulars and paying all expenses.

Of all fancy dogs, a blue Skye terrier must, one would think, be the first; all that fancy painted it, like a young lady, who, however, was one ALICE GRAY—not blue. If the blue Skye is also sky-blue, it must be quite a celestial pet. Perhaps it turns red at day-break, though at all times, notwithstanding its azure tint, it may be described as the pink of terriers.

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## "IF THIS SHOULD MEET HIS EYE."

MR. PUNCH, What has become of Christmas?—Old Father Christmas, as poets and song-writers delight to call him. 'He has gone from our gaze,' eh?

"Of course I don't mean to ask what has become of the days between Christmas Eve and Twelfth Day. They are still in the Almanack, and will, no doubt, be here in proper time. What I do want to know is, where is the jolly, hearty Christmas time that you and I, *Mr. Punch*, remember in our younger days?

"The numberless advertisements of illustrated books, the Christmas numbers of all the periodicals (rather a generic sameness I observe in these), and fat cattle week, already past and gone, remind us that Christmas time is at hand. Also, the unpleasantly fat and yellow joints garnished with brave ribbons and bits of holly in the butchers' shops; the approaching completion of goose clubs, as advertised in the window of the 'Silver Fork and Nutmeg-grater,' at the corner of our street; the advertisements of Christmas hampers in the newspapers; and the appearance of your own brilliant Almanack, are all signs of the times.

"But still, all seems changed, and I really don't recognise the season at all.

"The Waits for instance. There are no Waits now. Stop a bit, MR. PATERFAMILIAS, scowling and groaning at the remembrance of your lost sleep; I mean it, though in a different sense to what you suppose. Formerly, the Waits used to be either a band of individuals with voices more or less bad, who used to sing a good old carol or quaint chorus outside your window, and their melodious notes rarely, if ever, woke you; if you happened to be awake, indeed, when they commenced, you were usually lulled to sleep very shortly. Or else the Waits consisted of a couple of old fellows with a fiddle and a harp, who made very little noise, and what there was was not very unpleasant. What is the case now? Several sturdy, and generally intoxicated, parties, with great power of lung, blow VERDI and other noisy composers at you in the dead of night out of fearful and incomprehensible brazen machines. You are sure to wake up, and as sure to be kept awake for a considerable time and at a considerable sacrifice of temper.

"Christmas-boxes, too, have quite degenerated. The bestowal of this, at any time exceedingly unnecessary *bakshеesh*, has become merely a system of plunder. Everybody who wants anything proceeds to levy unmerciful black mail on every unfortunate householder; and, in fact, Boxing Day is for PATERFAMILIAS one of the most terrible instruments of torture ever invented. Your servants, your clerks, your scavenger, your literary dustman, your butcher, your baker, your candlestick maker, all imagine they have a claim upon you; and if half-crowns do not flow like water, you are denounced as a humbug and a surly miser, and probably get even more swindled and cheated throughout the year than usual.

"The Theatres, too, are showing dreadfully revolutionary tendencies with respect to Boxing Day, and though there is still one good point about them,—pantomime still holding its own,—several managers, oblivious of their evident duty, have taken to deprive Boxing Day of its only redeeming point by producing their Christmas pieces on Christmas Eve, or even earlier. Evil befall the manager who first introduced this horrid idea! may his traps all hang fire, and his transformation scene fail! Then, again, even pantomime is not pantomime now. Duplicate clowns, allegorical openings, and the 'comic business' sacrificed for the sake of the scenery of the opening, are the order of the day; and most pantomimes are rendered entirely distasteful to the juvenile public by the introduction of fearful bits of school books instead of the jolly old nonsense which used to be the delight of our childish years.

"As for Christmas festivities, where are *they?* Where are all the good old games? They have disappeared. You can't play Snapdragon for fear of the ladies' dresses; Blindman's Buff is scorned by the children of the present day, who vote Hunt the Slipper slow, and 'Post' stupid. In their place is the microscope, the moral magic lantern, with the *Pilgrim's Progress* instead of *Mother Hubbard*, and a magnified drop of water instead of the *Old Man and his Donkey*. No doubt it is all right, but still, I for one must own to very much regretting the old sports and pastimes; and, indeed, I have observed most children yawning frightfully under the influence of these latter amusements. As for the mistletoe, I know what MRS. JONES said to my nephew, on the occasion of that youth's embracing his cousin SOPHY under the branch in the hall, last Christmas Day. In fact, she insists upon it that not a morsel of the horrid, vulgar thing shall be allowed to enter our house next week, and I am afraid that she will carry her point, as usual.

"The weather, again. We know pretty well what that has been lately in Christmas week—warm, muggy, greasy, dirty, unpleasant; sore-throat-provoking fogs have held almost undisputed sway, and even if a little frost has appeared before Christmas, it has speedily vanished and remained in hiding until about March, when skating (if it is a severe winter) occasionally takes place, I believe.

"In fact, *Mr. Punch*, I want to know where he is, and if this should meet his eye he will hear of an individual who will be delighted to renew acquaintance with him by applying to

"CRUSTY GRUMBLER."

"*The Growlery, Grufton.*"

## MILK AT THE DOOR.

TWO little boys were charged at the Westminster Police Court, the other day, with stealing milk, when an interesting conversation took place between MR. ARNOLD, the magistrate, and MR. SCOTT, dairyman in large business, about the milk-carriers' practice of leaving their cans of milk exposed at customers' house-doors. Housekeepers, on reading the report of the case, may, some of them, have learned for the first time that their milk, being brought in the morning before their servants are up, is deposited upon their door-steps, and, until JOHN THOMAS or MARY comes down and takes it in, remains there.

The milk-can, standing at the street-door half an hour or so, offers, during that time, a strong temptation to the passing boys, of whom, at least one will, in all probability, take a swig at it. If the boy prefers mischief to milk, he can add a variety of unpleasant things to the contents of the can. Thus, even if the milk is left unadulterated at the door, it is not certain to come pure to the table.

The milk-can, standing at the street-door, is exposed not only to the boys, but also to the dogs.

It is hoped that these observations may have the effect of checking the practice of leaving milk-cans at street-doors.

## SPANISH BONDS OF FRIENDSHIP.

THE respectable QUEEN OF SPAIN, on opening her Legislative Chambers, delivered a speech, whereof the following is a portion:—

"I have the satisfaction to announce to you, that our relations with friendly powers are at this moment most cordial and sincere."

Humph! What may be the number of those friendly powers, please your Majesty? Our relations with friendly powers might be most cordial and sincere, and yet we might have only two friendly powers in the world. Your Majesty's satisfaction on that point is not quite as satisfactory perhaps to your loyal Chamber as the gentlemen who worded it for your Majesty's utterance may have expected it to prove.

Your Majesty's friendly powers would be rendered more numerous by the punctual payment in full of interest on certain Spanish bonds about which the speech of your Majesty contains nothing. Short accounts make long friends; but long unsettled accounts are not productive of the most cordial and sincere relations of friendship.

### A New Historical Parallel.

JOHN BRIGHT insists on JOHN BULL accepting American election machinery, because he admires and subscribes to our friend the American horse-tamer. The analogy of horse-taming and electioneering never struck us before. But it holds good in more ways than one. Both arts, it is obvious, depend much on a judicious combination of "gentling" and "the whip;" and both have for their object the making their subjects easy to lead, docile to drive, and tractable to bring to the poll. How, if RAREY was but a political agent in disguise, and his subjugation of *Cruiser* in the stable at Dorchester an English version of PRESIDENT BUCHANAN'S flooring of our Cruisers in the Gulf of Mexico?

*Mrs. Jones sets up a Page, but finds he does not add much to her Dignity.*

## "AUNT SALLY."

(Vide *Times*, Lawkeport, Dec. 13.)

Of all the games for Peers to play,
There 's none that beats "Aunt Sally;"
Although 'tis fitter, some may say,
For small boys in an alley.

You say you do not know the game?
Then I'll describe it, shall I?
The *Times* has lately spread her fame,
The Courts have known "Aunt Sally."

"Aunt Sally" is a doll, like one
Of those which ragmen hang up:
The nobs pronounce her "rawther fun,"
The snobs declare she 's "bang up!"

Between her lips a pipe is set,
Stout sticks are thrown to break it;
The game is slightly vulgar, yet
E'en Dukes their pastime make it.

'Tis sweet to note the simple taste
Of our superior classes;
No idle fear of losing caste
Across their mind e'er passes.

'Tis sweet to see Peers condescend
With 'prentices to rally,
And Dukes their lordly leisure spend
A-playing of "Aunt Sally!"

RIVAL ACHIEVEMENTS.—CAPTAIN PARRY got round Melville Island, but SERGEANT PARRY cleared GUERNSEY.

## "AB OVO USQUE AD MALA."

CADDY'S LAMENT OVER THE LIME-WATERED EGGS.

Oh dear, I really fancied, spite of this here 'dulteration—
Though they puts red lead in 'chovies, and coffin-dust in coffee,
Daff in lollipops to pison the rising generation,
And 'Evins above alone knows what in gingerbread and toffy—

I really did imagine—poor hinnocent you may call me—
Do what they would with groceries, and sassengers, and wittles,
That heggs was heggs,—but now, I don't know what will befall me,
I hears hegg-sarsepans isn't safe, a bit more than tea-kittles.

For in the *Times* this morning—I thought I should have fainted—
I reads how most they calls "fresh laid" and charges tuppence each for,
Has been "pickled"—that's lime-watered—to prevent their bein' tainted.
(What 'ave we all hour Sunday schools and Ragged schools to teach for?)

Wich this "picklin'" (so the *Times* say) makes 'em look quite white and fresh like,
But they cracks, with nasty gasses, when popped in bilin' water,
And outside they feels quite damp, and clammy, and dead-flesh like,
And don't give 'alf the nourishment they ought—no, not a quarter.

Well, I really think it 's time to leave this wale of tears and trouble,
(Wich it 's like a 'bus with little else but pick-pockets for passengers);
New-laid heggs I *did* believe in, but they 've busted like a bubble,
And are no more what they ought to be than saveloys or sassengers.

## QUERIES FOR SHAKSPEARIANS.

"POTATIONS pottle deep." Were pottles used as drinking-cups in SHAKSPEARE'S time; and if so, were they made of twisted shavings, as those in Covent Garden are? What was the average depth of a potation pottle?

Is there evidence for believing SHAKSPEARE to have been educated at the Blue Coat School, seeing that he turns *Malvolio* to ridicule by making him put on a pair of yellow stockings?

"It were unmannerly to take thee out,
And not to buss thee!"

May we accept this as a proof that omnibuses were extant in the reign of HENRY THE EIGHTH, and that it was then customary for the King to ride in them?

## A WORD TO JOHN BRIGHT ON A SLIGHT CONFUSION IN TERMS.

MY DEAR JOHN BRIGHT,

YOU talked at Edinburgh of "the thousands and scores of thousands who assemble,"—when you address a public meeting at Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow, or elsewhere,—"to express *their* opinions on the subject of Reform." Allow me to point out to you the difference between people meeting to express *their* opinions, and meeting to hear you express *yours*. The latter is a pleasure so great, that I am sure I only wish many thousands and scores of thousands of your countrymen may long enjoy it. What the former is, we saw in 1832. It was very awful, my dear JOHN, and by no means pleasant.

That we now find the "thousands and scores of thousands" listening to your opinions, instead of expressing their own, is the best proof that three-fourths of what you say to them so strenuously and fluently is,—you will excuse the word, my dear JOHN, for the sake of its brevity,—Bosh.

Yours, very sincerely, PUNCH.

## PRETTY THINGS IN A PIGSTYE.

THIS is pretty:—

"Yesterday the gold medal pen of pigs was denuded of one of its finest specimens, one of those most extraordinary animals having expired from its obesity during the previous night. There were other demises from apoplexy amongst the porcine fraternity during the show."

The foregoing is part of a report contributed to some of our daily contemporaries, and it is really a very elegant specimen of penny-a-lining; certainly the best that we have seen since the paragraph announcing that the elephant had departed this life. It is suggestive: it brings the pig-pen not only before our eyes, but under our noses; and causes us, whilst in fancy we behold its corpulent occupants, decorated with garlands and neck-bows of pink and light blue ribbon, to be sensible in like manner of the odour ascending from their flowery garniture mingled with the perfume of the *eau de Cologne* which the swine have been sprinkled with.

THE MAGIC OF REFORM.—Even talking about it does wonders. BRIGHT becomes obscure; LOW takes high ground; NEWDEGATE talks downright radicalism: and MILNER GIBSON confesses that he knows nothing.

## INSECTS AND THEIR OBSERVERS.

*Entomology in Sport, and Entomology in Earnest.* Such is the title of a lately published work by the HON. MRS. W. and LADY B. One entomology may sometimes run into the other. Studying the habits and manners of bees may be entomology in sport; but suppose you upset the hive, then it becomes entomology in earnest. Entomology is very good fun so long as it is purely objective; but subjective entomology is a serious matter, and keeps many an unhappy victim awake all night. A subjective entomologist is a person with whom it is advisable to avoid contact.

## A REAL SCOTCH GRIEVANCE.

LET nobody say that we are disposed to make light of a genuine Scottish grievance. There is one of which our Scotch friends have really good reason to complain; and we have much pleasure in calling attention to it just now. It is, in fact, a grievance of annual occurrence; and this is the time when it comes round. For about a fortnight before Christmas, the inhabitants of London and the neighbourhood are wont to be awakened at midnight or some time after, by a noise of brass bands, which go about playing polkas, waltzes, and nigger-melodies, in celebration of the hallowed season at hand.

But where are the bag-pipes? Shall English brazen serpent-blowers and trumpeters monopolise the privilege of disturbing our sweet slumbers, and subsequently call to demand remuneration for affording us that pleasure? Is our rest to be broken or prevented by the *Traviata Galop*, and not by *Johnnie Cope*, a much more appropriate air for the purpose? Have the police orders to take up all the pipers, and leave all the other sleep-murdering musicians alone? If that is the case, it is very hard upon the Scotch; and the injustice is the more unkind as emanating from Scotland-Yard.

## "THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING, BOYS!"

OF all the Christmas Waits this season, we have not seen a body of such ancient and well-established ones as those mustered and turned out by the Birmingham Reform Association.

These Christmas Waits include:—

Administrative Reform.
Readjustment of Property and Income-Tax.
The Abolition of Excise Duties.
The Suppression of Pauperism, Seduction, and Profligacy.
Revision of the Statute Law.
Complete Change of the Bankruptcy Law.
And, Facilities for Transfer of Real Estate.

Brayvo, Birmingham!

"Such are a *few*," modestly says the Association, "of the questions which will occupy the attention of the House of Commons, as soon as that House represents the national will."

It strikes *Mr. Punch* forcibly, that that House must represent the national wisdom as well as the national will, before it achieves the solution of a few, even, of these few questions.

But, if the House of Commons of the future is to do a tithe of the work here cut out for it, it will indeed deserve the title of "The BRIGHT House of Commons."

## PEGASUS IN THE CIRCUS.

THE maxim that "good wine needs no bush," it appears, has not much influenced the writer of the following: which, merely altering the names, we copy from the columns of a country print:—

THE ROYAL MAMMOTH CIRCUS.—MESSRS DASH beg to state that the different departments for the visitors, will be found to have all the comforts necessary to make an Evening's Amusement one of pleasure and enjoyment. The interior at first sight has a pleasing and novel effect, the costly chandeliers with countless numbers of glittering jets conveying to the mind thoughts of Alladin's Palace, manufactured by MR. BLANK. The sound and substantial manner the edifice is constructed by MR. STARS, and the elegance of the boxes, being covered with rich drapery and elegant carpeting, affords an opportunity of witnessing the evening's amusements with all the ease and comfort of Drawing-room Entertainment. The building erected under the superintendence of MR. ASTERISK, Architect, &c.

The accommodation of this Leviathan Temple, and the Elegance of its Appointments, are of the most Stupendous and Elaborate Kind, and stand without a parallel in the Equestrian Annals. An Unexampled Array of

EQUESTRIAN, GYMNASTIC, AND ACROBATIC TALENT,
Embracing a full and efficient Corps for the production of Historical Spectacles, Magnificent Pageants, Gorgeous Processions, and Antipodean Grandeur, unique, interesting, novel, and effective realisations of the Poets' imaginations.

FIFTY MALE AND FEMALE ARTISTES.
Mirth Provoking Clowns, who dispense Wit without Vulgarity.
Stud of Sixty Horses and Lilliputian Ponies.
The Appointments and Costumes will exceed every effort hitherto presented to the Public.

GRAND DAY SOIREES EVERY FRIDAY,
At Two o'Clock, by Gaslight, in every respect equal to Night.

There is a grandiloquence about this composition which reminds us of the language which GEORGE ROBINS used to revel in; and we incline to think his mantle has descended on the writer. We do not know if the composers of equestrian advertisements receive payment in proportion to the largeness of their phrases; but if they do, we think the gentleman who concocted the above must derive a handsome income from his post of penmanship. We have noticed more than once that every Circus Company is, according to its posters, the very best one extant; but when we find one "standing without a parallel in the equestrian annals," we are prepared for something even better than the best, and feel that no superlatives could do it proper justice.

Believers as we are in the *Arabian Nights*, the bare announcement that this Circus would "convey to our mind thoughts of Alladin's Palace" would be sufficient of itself to make us go and pay a visit there: notwithstanding we feel puzzled by the spelling of Aladdin with two l's and one d, and by the statement that his palace was "manufactured by MR. BLANK," whereas we thought it was constructed by the *Genie of the Lamp*. We feel somewhat perplexed too by the junction of the words "Antipodean grandeur." What peculiar sort of grandeur is Antipodean grandeur? Australia is famous for a great number of things, but we have never before heard of grandeur being one of them. We thought our grand folks, when they emigrated there, left their grandeur here behind them.

*Omne obscurum pro magnifico*, as an M.P. on his legs would not omit to say. We accept what is obscure to us as something wonderfully fine; and as we don't know what it means, we think it must be something preternaturally splendid. A climax is, however, put to our bepuzzlement by the statement of there being "grand day Soirées every Friday" at this palace of enchantment, poetry and horseflesh. In making this announcement PEGASUS, we fear, has let his fancy run away with him. Giving a day soirée must be literally turning night into day; a feat of conjuring more often spoken of than witnessed. We can only liken it to the making of "hot ice and wonderous strange snow." Paragons as they are, we rather apprehend that the "mirth provoking clowns," do not very often make a richer joke than this. Paragons we say they are, for Paragons they must be, seeing that they "dispense wit without vulgarity;" in which respect they clearly are plagiarists of *Punch*.

### How to Stay the Passport Plague.

THE *Times* says, that "it is asserted, on the highest authority, that the passport system is only kept up because it maintains some thousand poor fellows, who would otherwise have to sweep the streets for their bread." This being so, could not British Travellers, comprising so many of both the mercantile and fashionable worlds, subscribe enough money to buy up the interest of the French passport officials in their several offices? Why, surely the members of the Travellers' Club alone could do it, if they would all club together.

A REASON AGAINST THE ENFIELD GUN-FACTORY.—Surely it is superfluous, when the Government offices already produce such an enormous number of smooth bores.

## AN INTERESTING QUESTION.

*Young Swell* (*who has just received promise of a Commission in a Highland Regiment*). "NOW, GIRLS! WILL THE KILT SUIT MY CALVES?"
*Sisters* (*tittering*). "REALLY, DEAR, YOU ARE TOO ABSURD!"

## MR. BRIGHT'S NEXT.

RISE, Britons, rise! What, won't you rise, ye slaves?
Alone in Europe slaves—all else are free.
Behold where proud France Freedom's banner waves,
And Austria wears the Cap of Liberty!
Ye miserable thralls, uplift your eyes
To Italy, where men indeed are men,
Where self-ruled Rome with uncurbed Naples vies
In licence of the conscience, tongue, and pen.

Look where the sovereign people yonder reigns
In Russia, ye unhappy serfs, who cower
Beneath the tyrant's frown, and hug your chains,
And kiss the rod of arbitrary power.
What, don't you feel the yoke that galls your polls,
The gyves whose gripe has cut you to the bone,
The iron, which has pierced your very souls,
Crushed by an Aristocracy and Throne?

Down with your Constitution!—'tis a cheat,
A fraud that made and keeps you bondsmen. Down
With England's House of Lords! 'Twere indiscreet
To add—I therefore do not add—the Crown.
Down with the hated Faith that Crown defends,
The Church with gore of (Church-rate) martyrs red.
And my Society of Irish Friends
Shall set up true religion in its stead.

Arouse ye, then, and shout your fierce demand
That the most noses shall our laws decree,
As in America, my favourite land,
Where all mankind, except black men, are free;
America, that model tract of earth,
Where Concord reigns, and Union needs must last;
Where public virtue equals private worth:
And manners are by morals not surpassed.

What, won't you shout? What, won't you bawl and roar?
What, don't you know how badly off you are?
And revolution will you vote a bore,
And bid a would-be demagogue despair?
Your corn I cheapened—'twas a foolish act,
And when I did it, I was very young.
You're full, and you're contented—that's the fact.
You "eat your pudding, slaves, and hold your tongue."

## AMUSEMENTS OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

WE understand that preparations are already being made for the contribution to be furnished to the sport of Epsom Races by the nobility in person. A game of Leap-frog, to be played by Peers, is in contemplation, and noble parties will be organised for Prisoners' Bars. Marbles will also be honoured with aristocratic patronage, and several sets of personages of exalted rank will engage in the amusing competition of Lob-out and Shoot-ring. It is also whispered that some Scotch Lords will condescend to play Hop-scotch. Of course, a distinguished Duke, whose name it is needless to mention, will not fail to gratify the British public by the exhibition of his dexterity in shying at "Aunt Sally."

## "Judging Things by their Fruits."

JOHN BRIGHT insists, that because we employ American machinery for making bricks, we ought, therefore, to resort to American machinery for making Legislators. The argument halts. We use the former machinery for the very same reason that we reject the latter—because it *turns out* the bricks.

# A STEP IN REFORM.

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